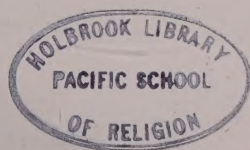




Archibald Heightley

Vols. I - II - III -







THE SPEECH OF THE GODS.

"Master of the Green-waving Planisphere, it is thus we invoke thee."

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, THE STUDY OF
EASTERN LITERATURE AND OCCULT SCIENCE.

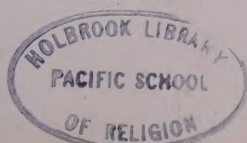
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THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

NO. 1 VOL. 1

DUBLIN, OCT. 15 1892

PRICE ONE PENNY

This being the first issue of a new journal, we think it right to offer a few words which will, in some degree, indicate our objects. The march of events in connection with the spread of Theosophy in Ireland necessitates, in our opinion, some publication which will, in a measure, represent the teaching of Theosophy, and bind more closely the already existing bonds of brotherhood, so clearly defined in the first object of the Society. It is evident that at present there is more than a usual stirring in the hearts and minds of people, that there is a breaking up of old beliefs and customs. "Religion is herself in transformation;" the broken images that have been set up for the world's worship, lie scattered about like the wreck of some plaster model. Thus, the letter of religion perishes, and all that remains is a religious sentiment. As religions commence to perish, they adapt themselves as far as possible or profitable, to the custom of the age; the priestly teachers commencing to interpret their standards of dogma, figuratively and fancifully, as they do their scriptures, until men begin to feel it is time to put away childish things and have realities.

How to grapple with the problem, is the question we must face. It is a generally understood modern idea that the pursuit of pure science is a safe retreat from the many perplexing problems both spiritual and religious. But when we consider the actual state, in which the life of man and his surroundings is; that science bases all its conclusions from the facts of life so presented, it is not to be wondered at that history bears a dismal witness to the continual dissatisfaction of the human mind with all previous attempts of science to harmonize the philosophy of things.

What is wanted in our opinion, is a clear conception — a true knowledge of man's spiritual condition, aim, and destiny, and this we believe is offered to a reasonable certainty in Theosophical teaching and literature. This brotherhood we speak of is, in our thinking, no mere Utopia, it is a fact of existence. In its unity all are embraced. As the law of growth throbs through every atom of the realm of matter, so in every expression of the moral nature, every mould and form of religious life, but the workings of that inward spirit, that from the raw material of human passion and experience, shall draw forth little by little, the perfect results of ideal goodness.

We will endeavour to point out the truth underlying every religion, favouring no form in particular. At the foundation we believe science and religion are together, germinally at one, and only as this is recognized can science take her true

place in the service of man. The best of men have made the greatest failures; one philosopher after another has dipped his sponge to wipe his slate and make a new *tabula rasa* for himself. Science in limiting herself to sensuous observation, pure and simple, and the mere mathematical and logical deductions therefrom, but posulates a negation.

We seek for something which will enlist all our sympathies and satisfy every aspiration of the soul. We seek truth, and she will not unveil herself to be gazed at by a purient intellectual eye; we must live for her, and her alone. Above all we lay emphasis on *Universal Brotherhood*, because we believe, in this alone lies the true key to all knowledge. In another column we give a few particulars of publication. Born as the result of private work and endeavour, we ask our readers to overlook any shortcomings, and invite their assistance, in making our work a success.

We wish to draw attention to the article on "The Theosophical Life" by Mrs. Besant, written specially for our first number. It expresses in her usual clear and forcible manner the importance of mental action, in relation to Universal Brotherhood.

... ..

It is worth while mentioning, that Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Reincarnation", delivered in the Antient Concert Rooms early in August, was reported by all the Dublin morning and evening papers without any unfriendly comment whatever; indicating pretty clearly, the change that has come over the minds of people, with regard to Theosophy.

It was a wise move on the part of the *Ethical Echo*, to give it a verbatim report in its September issue.

... ..

W. Q. Judge, president elect T. S. in his short address at the conversazione held at Dublin Lodge, made a remark that rather startled some of his audience.

He said, "To-night I have met some strange shapes in this room, and I asked them if any one here was trying to elevate their fellow men by a materialistic philosophy, and they answered 'yes.'"

"Now" said Mr. Judge, continuing, "I tell you, that is impossible."

About a month ago the Dublin Lodge issued its winter syllabus, presenting a most interesting series of discussions.

It is as follows:—Sept. 7 Why we are Theosophists, F. J. Dick; Sept. 21, The Seven Principles of Man, H. M. Magee; Oct. 5, Theosophy, its aims and methods, Wm. Kingsland; Oct. 19, The Higher Mind, G. W. Russell; Nov. 2, Mysticism and Modern Thought, W. B. Yeats; Nov. 16 Karma, friend or foe?, P. E. Jordan; Nov. 30 Inherited Karma, G. A. H. Johnston. The meetings commence at eight p. m. are open to all, and visitors are allowed to take part in the discussions. A new feature is added in the shape of a question book.

... ..

F. J. Dick the energetic and untiring secretary of the Dublin Lodge, is, and has been for some time, the principal mainstay of Theosophy in Dublin. We believe he was the one to make a permanent headquarters possible, and ever since its establishment he has been on the spot,—devoting all his spare moments to the cause.

... ..

In April last the North Dublin Centre was established, and all through the summer fortnightly meetings were held,

and some good work done. But it does not stop here. A new syllabus for the coming session has been prepared, particulars will be found further on. Up to the present its meetings have not been open to the public, but such a step may be necessary ere long.

“Honour to whom honour is due.” To the North Dublin Centre is due any credit that may be attached to the issue of the first printed Theosophical magazine in Ireland. All the work in connection with, it is done by its members after their necessary daily avocations are over, and is purely a “labour of love”.

The Ethical Society is now in full swing and with its Sunday evening discussions and monthly magazine, is doing useful work. The life and soul of the movement is Clement Richardson the secretary. Last session he read a paper on “A Useless God” which created rather a sensation among christian devotees. He is of powerful physique, and would impress one as if he had been combating the “Useless God” through different hemispheres and that some doubt still existed as to who would have the victory. He is a fine fellow withal, is Clement Richardson, and his genial smile reveals a kindly sympathetic nature, which is too often lacking these matter-of-fact days. He will be sure to make the best of the Society and of the Magazine.

W. B. Yeats and E. J. Ellis, we believe have now completed their work on Blake with memoir and interpretation, which will be of much interest to all mystical and occult students. Blake was the first to substitute the more universal language of literature for that of theology in connection with mysticism.

The first edition consisting of two vols of five hundred pages will be expensive, owing to the reproduction of pictures and illustrations, but we understand a cheap edition is in contemplation.

E. J. Ellis, so far as he is known to the public at all, is known as the author of a singular volume of poems entitled “Fate in Arcadia.” It deals mainly with mystical and occult subjects, and is illustrated by himself with strange and weird designs. He is a wit of no mean order, and a visionary of whom the world will some day probably hear a good deal.

W. B. Yeats contemplates following Blake with a book on the elemental world giving the result of his own investigations into realms invisible. He also intends publishing shortly a book dealing with ghosts, goblins and fairies, to be entitled “Celtic Twilight” and illustrated by his brother Jack Yeats.

Charles Weeks, whose article on Yeats’ “Countess Kathleen” appeared in the October *Bookman*, will we are told, shortly issue a poem called “Paul Verget,” founded on a story told by Eliphas Levi of a young priest who took to the study of black magic and was incited by demons to the murder of his archbishop. C. W. was, until recently, one of the most prominent Dublin Theosophists.

Next issue we will be in a position to give particulars of some interesting features, which at present we are trying to arrange for, and with your help we intend to go right on. It is our desire, that this little paper should be welcomed every month by our brothers and sisters as the inspirer of peace, love and abundant good-will.

THE THEOSOPHICAL LIFE.

People very fairly and rightly judge a tree by its fruits, and a practical philosophy by its effects on the lives of its professors. If a system puts forth ethical claims, it cannot complain if its claims and its results are set side by side, for an inoperative moral system is little better than no moral system at all.

Now the key-note of Theosophy is brotherhood, and it is on this that its great Teachers have laid so much stress. And the Brotherhood it enforces is not a dreamy Utopia, far away either in time or space, but a Brotherhood to be carried out, right here and now, in our family and social life. An unbrotherly brother is no brother, and so a teacher wrote:—"He who does not practise altruism; he who 'is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; 'he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, 'whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry 'of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother 'theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his 'own—is no Theosophist.

It may be said that this same key-note has been struck by every great Teacher of our race, by Gautama, the Buddha, as by Jesus, the Christ. That is a weighty truth, and it reminds us that every great Teacher has come forth from One Central Brotherhood, is a Branch of One Central Stem. The value of the teaching is not lessened, but increased, when we find that the Great Souls, honoured by millions upon millions of human beings, have all had one lip and one language on this vital truth. And if it is asked, why then should Theosophy re-proclaim it? the answer is, because the social and international condition of the world proves that the principle is not yet widely operative. Some of us think that if it be proved, as it is proved in Theosophy, that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, that it does not rest on a command, "Be ye Brothers" but on a plain statement, "Ye are Brothers," men, recognising the fact, will begin to put themselves into accord with it, as they do with other facts of nature once definitely recognised and understood. Now Theosophy does prove this fact; it proves it on the physical, astral, psychic, mental and spiritual planes of being, and so gives to the immemorial teaching a basis ascertained by a scientific method.

From this investigation into Brotherhood as a fact in nature, the Theosophist, learns that he is affecting his surroundings far more than he before imagined.

He learns on the physical plane that his body consists of myriads of minute lives, which come and go incessantly; that the lives that come to him dwell with him awhile, and are impressed and modified by the treatment they receive while they are his guests; they leave him to fall on other bodies; mineral, vegetable, animal, and human, and to carry to those the modifications received from him, their previous host. Hence the importance of physical purity, of pure diet, of temperance in all things. If these tiny lives are fed grossly, are impregnated with alcohol, are in any way tainted during their stay with us, they go out as our messengers of mischief to our surroundings, setting up fresh evils, or intensifying any existing evils of their own type that they may meet. To take a salient instance; the lives which take up alcohol in the body of a "moderate drinker", falling on the body of a drunkard intensify his craving for drink.

The Theosophist further learns that he is ever peopling the astral plane with the

offspring of his thoughts, desires, and emotions. These affect all around him, giving them impulses towards good or evil, for we all think each other's thoughts as we breathe each others' breaths. Pure, lofty and unselfish thoughts tend to reflect themselves in the brains of others, helping them to noble living. So also do thoughts of anger, lust and cruelty, reflect themselves in the brains around us, and epidemics of crime are due to this "astral light" action, playing on natures already morbidly susceptible to criminal impulses. All men are working thus unconsciously on the mental and astral planes, but the Theosophist should be a conscious worker, and should constantly be helping the world forward by his thoughts.

Thus mindful of the action on the outer world that he cannot avoid—being forced to act, but able to choose his line of acting—the Theosophist will further study his surroundings, to see where he can most usefully employ his energies.

Holding himself as a servant of humanity, and his powers as held in trust for the common good, he will seek opportunities of active personal service. He will take part in such social and political movements as his best judgment approves, testing each by love and justice, those being the two great aspects of Brotherhood in practice. He will be careful that his life is not a burden on others, but will faithfully render back in work all that he takes for support. He will, as far as is possible in our complex system, avoid making himself partner in oppression or injustice, and will try and understand his relations with those of his Brothers who provide by their labor any of the means of his subsistence. In choosing his line of service he will have regard to his capacity, his knowledge, and his opportunities, and work in public movements, in private benevolence, with pen, or tongue, or hand, according to his powers. One good rule he may follow: never to give up any kind of social service, unless it be to take up some heavier task; the ordinary work of political or social reform, or of philanthropy, should only be renounced in favor of some more toilsome and imperative duty, not in favor of ease and selfish pursuits.

Thus should the Theosophist live,

— Annie Besant, F. T. S.

While the yellow constellations shine with pale and tender glory.
 In the lilac-scented stillness, let us listen to Earth's story.
 All the flowers like moths a-flutter glimmer rich with dusky hues,
 Everywhere around us seem to fall from nowhere the sweet dews
 Through the drowsy hush, the murmur, stir of leaf and sleepy hum
 We can feel a gay heart beating, hear a magic singing come.
 Ah, I think that as we linger lighting at earth's olden fire
 Fitful gleams in clay that perish, little sparks that soon expire,
 So the mother brims her gladness from a life beyond her own,
 From whose darkness as a fountain up the fiery days are thrown
 Starry worlds which wheel in splendour, sunny systems, histories,
 Vast and nebulous traditions told in the eternities:
 And our listening mother whispers through her children all the story:
 Come, the yellow constellations shine with pale and tender glory!

G. W. R.

INVOKING THE IRISH FAIRIES.

The Occultist and student of Alchemy whom I shall call D. D. and myself sat at opposite sides of the fire one morning, wearied with symbolism and magic. D. D. had put down a kettle to boil. We were accustomed to meet every now and then, that we might summon the invisible powers and gaze into the astral light; for we had learned to see with the internal eyes. But this morning we knew not what to summon, for we had already on other mornings invoked that personal vision of impersonal good which men name Heaven, and that personal vision of impersonal evil, which men name Hell. We had called up likewise, the trees of knowledge and of life, and we had studied the hidden meaning of the Zodiac, and enquired under what groups of stars, the various events of the bible story were classified, by those dead Occultists who held all things, from the firmament above to the waters under the Earth, to be but symbol and again symbol. We had gone to ancient Egypt, seen the burial of her dead and heard mysterious talk of Isis and Osiris. We had made the invisible powers interpret for us the mystic tablet of Cardinal Bembo, and we had asked of the future and heard words of dread and hope. We had called up the Klippoth and in terror seen them rush by like great black rams, and now we were a little weary of shining colours and sweeping forms. "We have seen the great and they have tired us," I said; "let us call the 'little for a change. The Irish fairies may be worth the seeing; there is time for 'them to come and go before the water is boiled.'"

I used a lunar invocation and left the seeing mainly to D. D. She saw first a thin cloud as though with the ordinary eyes and then with the interior sight, a barren mountain crest with one ragged tree. The leaves and branches of the tree were all upon one side, as though it had been blighted by the sea winds. The Moon shone through the branches and a white woman stood beneath them. We commanded this woman to show us the fairies of Ireland marshalled in order. Immediately a great multitude of little creatures appeared, with green hair like sea-weed and after them another multitude dragging a car containing an enormous bubble. The white woman, who appeared to be their queen, said the first were the water fairies and the second the fairies of the air. The first were called the Gelki and the second the Gieri (I have mislaid my notes and am not quite certain if I give their names correctly). They passed on and a troop who were like living flames followed and after them a singular multitude whose bodies were like the stems of flowers and their dresses like the petals. These latter fairies after a while, stood still under a green bush from which dropped honey like dew and thrust out their tongues, which were so long, that they were able to lick the honey-covered ground without stooping. These two troops were the fairies of the fire and the fairies of the earth.

The white woman told us that these were the good fairies and that she would now bring D. D. to the fairies of evil. Soon a great abyss appeared and in the midst was a fat serpent, with forms, half animal, half human, polishing his heavy scales.

The name of this serpent was Grew-grew and he was the chief of the wicked goblins. About him moved quantities of things like pigs, only with shorter legs, and above him in the air flew vast flocks of cherubs and bats. The bats, however flew with their heads down and the cherubs with their foreheads lower than their winged chins.—I was at the time studying a mystic system that makes this inversion of the form a mark of certain types of evil spirits, giving it much the

same significance as is usually given to the inverted pentagram. This system was unknown to D. D. whose mind was possibly, however, overshadowed for the moment by mine; the invoking mind being always more positive than the mind of the seer. — Had she been invoking the conditions would have been reversed.

Presently the bats and cherubs and the forms that a moment before had been polishing the scales of Grew-grew, rushed high up into the air and from an opposite direction appeared the troops of the good fairies, and the two kingdoms began a most terrible warfare. The evil fairies hurled burning darts but were unable to approach very near to the good fairies, for they seemed unable to bear the neighbourhood of pure spirits. The contest seemed to fill the whole heavens, for as far as the sight could go the clouds of embattled goblins went also. It is that contest of the minor forces of good and evil which knows no hour of peace but goes on everywhere and always. The fairies are the lesser spiritual moods of that universal mind, wherein every mood is a soul and every thought a body.

Their world is very different from ours, and they can but appear in forms borrowed from our limited consciousness, but nevertheless, every form they take and every action they go through, has its significance and can be read by the mind trained in the correspondence of sensuous form and supersensuous meaning.

D. E. D. I.

REVIEWS AND NOTES

"Old Diary Leaves" by H. S. Olcott, now running through the *Theosophist*, is perhaps one of the most remarkable additions to recent theosophical literature, as well as the most interesting and artistic matter which the *Theosophist* has printed for two or three years. In leaves two and three, are incidents which attracted us. — The bare statement of H. P. B.'s changing a cabin ticket from Havre to New York, in order to have the power of purchasing passage for a woman and children; (she also going steerage) this after having exhausted her powers of persuasion (and oburgation) on the booking clerk, who was quite unoffending. And the dozen of towels hemmed by a poor Elemental; the Colonel being somewhat puzzled as to whether H. P. B. or the Spirit was the worst seamstress, — are worth much, as indicating the complete honesty of H. S. O. A careful study of the "Diary Leaves" enforces the conviction that the writer firmly believed every sentence which came from his pen. He is absolutely sincere and never omits any fact lest it endanger his cause, or present H. P. B. in less respectable colours, or at anyrate in less conventional garments, — "Short straw-coloured hair, crinkled to the roots, like the fleece of a cotswold ewe, and a red shirt;" a steerage passage chosen in order to help a duped and miserable stranger; psychic phenomena of a most remarkable character; progressive philosophy; — yes! the "Old Diary Leaves" are worth reading.

The *Path* for September is even better than usual, to our mind. "The Place Of Peace" by Annie Besant, contains some of her most beautiful writing — "What does it matter if in some small strife we failed or we succeeded." "What our Society needs most," is an unsigned article which will strike most people as too practical, — "Intellectual study only, of our philosophy, will not speedily better the world. It must, of course, have effect through immortal ideas, once set in motion, but while we are waiting for those ideas to bear fruit among men, a revolution

may break out and sweep us away." All the other articles are well worth reading

The September *Lucifer* is the first number of a new volume, and is, as a whole, too learned, too full of technicalities for general reading. 'The Watch Tower' notes and the quotations from Prof. Huxley and John Ruskin, are to be read and remembered. Want of space prevents us noticing the other articles.

The current number of the *Ethical Echo* is up to its usual standard. It opens with a short account of Dr. Stanton Unit, with portrait. He visits Dublin this month, and it is hoped that as a result, a neighbourhood guild may be formed, and "it is hardly necessary to insist on the crying need there is for such a departure." The second article is a criticism from an agnostic point of view of Mrs. Besant's lecture in the Ancient Concert Rooms on "Reincarnation." The writer while admitting the idea of Reincarnation as a reasonable hypothesis, regards Heredity as a sufficient cause in itself to account for the facts adduced by Mrs. Besant in support of the Theosophical Doctrine. Perhaps J. C. B., sometime might explain why "mankind have the capacity for clothing themselves," and where they obtained "the least spark of spiritual flame." In reading "The Rev. Gyles Wrestler," a poem by Charles Weekes, one almost loses sight of the beauty of its diction, and perfection of style, in the pain of the picture so vividly presented; "Ah! but the world is a very sad old place." Mr. Richardson's paper at the opening meeting of the Ethical Society, on Morality and Religion comes last. He spends a good deal of time hammering at old faiths that already lie in ruins, and seems to have no veneration for "the shrines that hold their mystery." He finishes by trying to shew that it is phosphorus, carbon and nitrogen that thinks and knows, that recollects the past, and anticipates the future and reaches out in aspiration for perfection—in fact that the coat is the man.

Father Clarke S. J. has been preaching on Theosophy to crowded congregations at Manchester. We must reserve till next month any detailed notice of the two sermons reported in the *Catholic Times*. At present we merely note with satisfaction the fairness and moderation of tone shown in Father Clarke's exposition of Theosophy, and we must add, the extreme feebleness from a non-catholic point of view, of his concluding denunciation.

In this connection we take the opportunity of recording our appreciation of the courage of the *Dublin Figaro* in opening its columns in defence of Theosophy.

We hope its circulation will not suffer in consequence,—or is it that Theosophy is now "taking on"?

OUR WORK

On Tuesday Sept. 29., an interesting paper was read by Miss Lawrence on "Psychic Phenomena" at the North Dublin Centre T. S. The meeting was fairly attended, and much interest shown in Miss Lawrence's "personal experiences." This finished the summer syllabus, and a new syllabus has been issued for the next 3 months as follows:— Oct. 11 The Secret Doctrine, W. Kingsland; Oct. 25 Marriage Relations, John Varian; Nov. 8 The Three Keys, G. A. H. Johnston; Nov. 22 Theosophy and Christianity, Miss Lawrence; Dec. 6 The Tatwas, M. F. Wright; Dec. 20 Psychic Science, D. N. Dunlop.

W. Kingsland, president of the Chiswick Lodge T. S., arrived in Dublin on 4th inst. to carry on a week's propaganda in Ireland. He delivered an address at 3 Up. Ely Place on the 5th inst. on "Theosophy its Aims and Methods," to a large and appreciative audience, and lectured at Belfast also on the same subject on 6th inst. Next issue we hope to give a full report.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

NO. 2 VOL. 1

DUBLIN, NOV. 15, 1892

PRICE ONE PENNY

A WORD UPON THE OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

1st:-- To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

2nd:-- To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

3rd:-- To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

Started a little under a quarter of a century ago, in an age grown cold with unbelief and deadened by inexplicable dogmas, the Theosophical Society has found adherents numerous enough to make it widely known, and enthusiastic enough to give it momentum and make it a living force. The proclamation of its triple objects-- brotherhood, wisdom and power, acted like a trumpet call, and many came forth to join it, emerging from other conflicts; and out of silence and retirement came many who had grown hopeless but who had still the old feeling at heart.

For the first object no explanation is necessary; but a word or two of comment upon the second and third may help to show how they do not weaken, by turning into other channels, the intellectual energies and will, which might serve to carry out the first. In these old philosophies of the East we find the stimulus to brotherly action which might not be needed in an ideal state, but which is a help to the many, who, born into the world with a coldness of heart as their heritage, still wish to do their duty. Now our duty alters according to our conception of nature, and in the East there has been put forward, by men whom we believe to be the wise and great of the earth, a noble philosophy, a science of life itself, and this, not as a hypothesis, but as truth which is certain, truth which has been verified by eyes which see deeper than ours, and proclaimed by the voices of those who have become the truth they speak of; for as Krishna teaches Arjuna in the Bhagavadgita; "on this Path to whatever place one would go that place one's self becomes!" The last word of this wisdom is unity. Underneath all phenomena and surviving all changes, a great principle endures for ever. At the great white dawn of existence, from this principle stream spirit and primordial matter; as they flow away further from their divine source, they become broken up, the one life into countless lives, matter into countless forms, which enshrine these lives; spirit involves itself into matter and matter evolves, acted upon by this informing fire.

These lives wander on through many a cycle's ebb and flow, in separation and sorrow, with sometimes the joy of a momentary meeting. Only by the recognition of that unity, which spiritually is theirs, can they obtain freedom.

It is true in the experience of the race that devotion of any life to universal ends brings to that life a strange subtle richness and strength; by our mood we fasten ourselves into the Eternal; hence these historic utterances, declarations of

permanence and a spiritual state of consciousness, which have been the foundation of all great religious movements. Christ says, "I and my Father are one." "Before Abraham was I am." Paul says, "In him we live and move and have our being."

In the sacred books of India it is the claim of many sages that they have recognised "the ancient constant and eternal which perishes not though the body be slain," and there are not wanting to-day men who speak of a similar expansion of their consciousness, out of the gross and material, into more tender, wise and beautiful states of thought and being. Tennyson, in a famous letter published some time ago, mentioned that he had at different times experienced such a mood; the idea of death was laughable; it was not thought, but a state; "the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest." It would be easy to go on multiplying instances.

Now in a nature where unity underlies all differences, where soul is bound to soul more than star to star; where if one falters or falls the order of all the rest is changed; the duty of any man who perceives this unity is clear, the call for brotherly action is imperative, selfishness cannot any longer wear the mask of wisdom, for isolation is folly and shuts us out from the eternal verities.

The third object of the Society defined as "the study of the psychic powers latent in man" is pursued only by a portion of the members; those who wish to understand more clearly the working of certain laws of nature and who wish to give themselves up more completely to that life in which they live and move and have their being; and the outward expression of the occult life is also brotherhood.

G. W. Russell, F. T. S.

OCCULTISM AND MODERN SCIENCE

The *Dublin Figaro* of Oct. 22nd notices a recent defence of Theosophy by Mrs. Besant and somewhat inconsistently remarks—"the letter bears undoubtedly the stamp of an able and deep-thinking woman, but the deductions which she makes on behalf of Theosophy are asinine in their absurdity." The 'defence' spoken of is a remarkable letter to the London *Daily Chronicle* of Oct. 14th the paper which about this time last year opened its columns so freely to a discussion of Theosophy, its pros and cons.

Mrs. Besant very lucidly, as is her wont, sets forth some of the claims of occult science; identifies its commonplaces of centuries ago with some of the latest scientific conceptions of matter, and shows that several of the most advanced chemists and physicists are travelling along the lines laid down through the ages by those who are variously termed mahatmas, adepts, masters, by the reverent, and knaves, fools, and imposters by the profane. Taking two great branches of modern science—Chemistry and Physics—she hails into court, as witnesses to the truth of occult theories concerning them, professors Crookes and Oliver Lodge. Professor Crookes F. R. S. is one of the greatest chemists of the day; of world-wide reputation; whether we regard him from the standpoint of speculative or applied chemistry. But more than this he seems to be one of those scientists who, recognising that Truth and Science should be synonymous terms, and that, as at present understood, they are not, would rather be loyal to the former than sacrifice it to sustaining against evidence the preconceived theories of the latter.

In the oldest systems of cosmology that we know of—those of the ancient east

tern religions and philosophies—the elements which build up the whole manifested nature are shewn as arising from one primordial element, which we may speak of as occupying an intermediate position between absolute spirit on the one hand and grossest matter on the other. In this element lay latent, awaiting the breath of life, the germs of the objective universe. The Vedantins called this basic substance, *Mula-prakriti*; Pythagoras, *The One*; Paracelsus *The Yliaster* or *Mysterium Magnum*; Roger Bacon, *Hyle* and in the nineteenth century we find Professor Crookes rechristening it *Protyle*.

According to the Vedantins the Breath of Life, which stimulated the Potential into becoming the Actual was *Fohat*. Now *Fohat* is individualized electricity but yet does not correspond exactly to the modern idea of that force. They regarded it rather, as the conscious directing Soul, of which electricity is the lower principle. This endowment with intelligence, of what our modern scientists regard as unconscious force, seems to be the greatest difference separating the most advanced theories of to-day from the teaching of the ancients.

Mr. Crookes, in his address to the chemical section of the British Association at Birmingham in 1886 “alleged that it was scarcely possible for the elements to display such mutual relations, unless they constituted a definite whole, in which each has its proper part to play, and from which none can be extracted without leaving a recognisable deficiency. For these elements are in definite groups, each group marked by certain characteristics common to all its members; and further, its members differ from each other along certain well marked lines, the differences themselves suggesting the existence of a relation.”

For these and other reasons, Mr. Crookes thought that the elements were not primordially distinct, but were formed from some basic substance, and this substance he named *Protyle*, following both in idea and name the persecuted occultist Roger Bacon, who said six hundred years ago—as Mr. Crookes points out—that “the elements were made out of *Hyle*, and every element is convertible into the nature of another element.” Thus the ‘atom’ was displaced from its proud position, and became a mere secondary product, built up from primeval matter, and if constructible then destructible; a compound, not a unity.

Now it has been a favourite theory of many of the wisest men in all ages that the elements were convertible, one into another; hence the enthusiastic pursuit of the Philosophers Stone and the Universal Solvent by the mediæval alchemists.

Briefly and broadly stated the process was this:—dissolve the material to be changed, down to the condition of undifferentiated root-substance and then re-evolve it into gold or diamonds or what you would. The first and most difficult step was the formation of the *Alcahest* or Universal Solvent, but once that was obtained the subsequent steps we may suppose, were comparatively easy. On this subject,—the formation of the many substances from the one—Mr. Crookes says: “we are sometimes asked why, if the elements have been evolved, we never see one of them transformed, or in process of transformation into another. The question is as futile as the cavil that in the organic world we never see a horse metamorphosed into a cow. Before copper—e.g.—can be transmuted into gold it would have to be carried back to a simpler and more primitive state of matter, and then, so to speak, shunted on to the track that leads to gold.” So after all, as Mrs. Besant says—“these dreamers were not such fools, and those who produced gold were not necessarily frauds and charlatans, but may have been chemists who

knew more of the hidden forces in nature than even our best chemists of to-day, and who could perform where our chemists only see the possibility of performance."

Now to turn to physics. The "Secret Doctrine" teaches us that macrocosm and microcosm evolve step by step together: that as each force or principle develops in the great, the corresponding force or principle develops in the small. It also divides or classifies the forces into seven in the macrocosm and into seven principles in man. Man has developed on earth through a number of root races—the total number of which will be seven—and each of these root races throws off seven sub-races. The characteristics of each of these is determined by the nature of the cosmic force to which it corresponds. The present leading race of the world, is the fifth sub-race of the fifth root race; the fifth principle of the cosmos corresponds to the ether of science, and the ether is the force that we are just beginning to grapple with and understand. Now Professor Lodge thinks that electricity is a mode of manifestation of the ether; it is in fact a step nearer "Fohat," which, as I said was regarded by the eastern philosophers as the conscious soul, of which electricity was a lower principle. Waves varying from almost infinite smallness to infinite length, can be generated in this ether, and what is more wonderful, a receiver can be constructed, which can be attuned to vibrations of any extent, and which will answer to those vibrations.

We see in this discovery the vindication of the occult teaching on the possibility of thought transference and communications from a distance. Given to one person a means of producing vibrations of any magnitude from ten millionths of a millionth up to thousands of feet, and to another a means of receiving those vibrations—then having fixed on the rate of vibration to be used and a code of signals to interpret them these two people could keep up communication through thousands of miles of intervening space or matter,—for everything is permeable by the ether—and with absolute secrecy, for, where the limits are so enormous it will be seen that the chances of any other instrument being attuned to the same rate of vibration, and thus able to catch and disclose what is flying through space, are too slight to be thought of. Now this wonder is to be worked by clumsy physical apparatus and why not then by the far subtler means of will. We Theosophists assert that it can be. Professor Lodge also says:—"if there is a gap in our knowledge between the conscious mind and motion and the liberation of muscular energy needed to accomplish it, in view of we know that a body may not be moved without ordinary material contact by a mere act of will" and Mrs. Besant explains that it can, and the reason why—"every molecule is wrapped in an ethereal envelope, and each of the parts that make up a molecule is wrapped in a smaller ethereal envelope," and that—"it is in these ethereal and finer-etheric forces that the strongest forces of the universe lie hidden. The sunnier ether set vibrating by the wind puts the grosser ether, or astral matter, into vibration, and so communicates the impulse to the yet dense molecules of the solid body."

This is enough, and we only say to those who are not quite able to accept these theories without actual experimental evidence on their own senses—do not deny; only suspend your judgement; wait and see!

Russ.

WORK

I dont care much what you do,
 So you work, not play at it;
 One thing the world needs to-day,
 Is mind-ful dexterity,
 Power, will and intelligence.
 There is work eno,' full room to grow,
 For each man and woman.
 Full room for the play-grounds of children.
 Room for the ignorant, for the fools and sick.
 Less room for the tailors block, little room for the hypocrite;
 For the men who snivel and cringe and cant.
 For the indolent, he who dreams all day
 And sleeps the long night away, there is room?
 Yes! there is room as you say, for those who let life slip away
 And drone on without thought. In the cabbage beds
 They will find it best, there they can sleep or rest,
 Nor with labour be oppressed till death meet them.
 And then, what comes after? next something will eat them.
 The world, our world as we see it
 Is, and we in it, Life, Substance, Intelligence.
 Would man forward press he must work more, not less,
 Gain more of power, live deeper; for to progress,
 Is to make world-stuff, self-conscious, of life the dress.
 Is to be, think, live, in the point that is present,
 Sweep the streets, plough, sow, reap, paint
 Pictured ideals, clothe truth in words,
 Make of music love harmony,
 In some great machine be the tiniest rivet,
 Be but the sheath of a too keen blade,
 The springs which ward off hard jolting,
 The cushions to rest a weary head,
 The hand on the reins, which with light firm hold
 Restrains spirited horses from bolting;
 Whatever your work is, we need it all.
 If man and the world can grow better,
 It shall be through the work of the whole.
 Heart, head or hand work, for his own each is fitter,
 Fill the wide world with thought and love and life.
 Fill the high world with Truth and right endurance,
 A patience which thinks no effort lost,
 The force in every thing, a live intelligence,
 True wisdom knows that the great whole,
 When perfected, is veiled in perfect atoms.
 The all, life, thought, our laboured reason, thirst of life,
 Faint sketch, an vigorous effort, if filled with Truth.
 Will reach again, by conduct, dream, human emotion,
 Calm reason, conscious thought, deep life, into the All
 Which is. The clue, one-pointed concentration.

G. A. H. Johnston F.T.S.

FATHER CLARKE AND THEOSOPHY.

When the Roman Catholic Church, in the person of a prominent ecclesiastic, with voice and pen declares war against Theosophy, we recognise an important sign of the times, which other christian sects, and the many unclassified wise men of our generation, should lay to heart. Writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* some years ago, the distinguished orientalist, Emile Burnouf, gave it as his opinion that the three dominant religious influences of the day were Buddhism, Roman Catholicism and Theosophy. And in the case of the two latter influences at least, subsequent events have certainly gone to confirm this estimate. Fresh internal dissensions, fresh concessions and makeshifts with unbelief, have continued to weaken Protestantism, to the great advantage of her rival—pliant and insinuating but strong in unity and unbroken tradition from the past. Theosophy on the other hand, has advanced through ridicule and obloquy to a well recognised standing, both as a moral and intellectual system. Significant therefore, and prophetic of much that may befall, is the alarm sounded by the Jesuit father: Theosophy! A sheer and dark atheism! Opening the door to vice! A conspiracy of the Devil against the Church!

For any reasonable attempt to substantiate such charges, we search in vain either sermons or written discourse. Even in the imperfect sketch of theosophic teachings presented—fairly enough we must admit—it is easy for the sympathetic reader to divine, that the whole of our philosophy, ethics and science, centres round a recognition of the divinity that underlies all natural law, all life, all history. If, sensible of the infinities amid which we dwell—infinities that stretch from beneath, to far beyond our utmost ken; from atom to universe; from infusoria to angelic hosts—we shrink from attributing Personality to the Divine Principle by whose Breath all is sustained,—are we to be accused of atheism, or “banishing Almighty God from this world of his?”

And when we proclaim that the law, “as ye sow, so shall ye also reap,” is as certain and as innate a fact in Nature as gravity or electricity—is it fair to tax us with reducing ethics to a mechanical consideration, depriving virtue of her sanction, and “opening the door to vice?” In any case, the question to be decided is really, “Does the law exist?”—in which case Theosophy is surely not responsible. Again, if we hold that the fires of deity slumber in the soul of man, as the strength and stature of the oak-tree are instinct in the acorn—shall this be denounced as blasphemy, as conducive to spiritual pride, by the followers of him who said: “the kingdom of heaven is within you.” “Know ye not that ye are gods?”

Accusations like these, coming from a man of education, and pandering as they do to the prejudices of the ignorant, will only re-act upon their author's reputation as a philosopher and a christian. But what shall we say of the sincerity of the writer who has the baseness to tell his readers, that the “lofty morality” and the “spirit of asceticism” professed by Theosophists “have for their object to throw into the shade the Christian Morality and the asceticism of the Saints.” And will Christians, who daily repeat the prayer of their Master: “thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth,” accept as their champion one who cynically reminds them that “this dream of a Universal Brotherhood is a commonplace of *unpractical theorists* of all ages.”

Antagonists like Father Clarke will do Theosophy—little as they intend it—more good than harm. Many will be attracted through his discourses to the study of a system which brings a profounder, a more universal meaning from the dead-letter of old and difficult creeds; and which certainly deepens, even if it broaden,

faith. And as for the cry of "devilry," it is not only a little "behind the times" for our free age; but those who examine for themselves the teaching thus charitably branded, will perhaps but recall to mind the similar outcry of another priesthood: "he hath a devil; and he casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils."

H. M. Magee F. T. S.

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

The space at our disposal necessarily limits our work of reviewing. All we can do is quote a sentence here and there, in the hope that any reader sufficiently interested may be induced to get the magazine.

Lucifer (Oct.)— In the 'Watch Tower' Notes we find that the Protestant Missionary Society has a poor return to show for the energy and money expended—39,124 natives converted in ten years! "Life and Death," a conversation between a great eastern Teacher, H. P. B., Colonel Olcott, and an Indian: The following sentence is italicised: "In order to live a conscious life in the world on the other side of the grave, the man must have acquired belief in that world, in this terrestrial life." On the Sacredness of Principle and Unnatural food, "S" remarks: "Listen to all theories but chiefly observe carefully yourself." Dr. Wilder concludes his article on "The Ganglionic Nervous System." "Medical learning" he writes, "in order to be really scientific, must recognise as a fundamental truth the influence of mental and moral states over the physical functions." "Schools of Occultism" is of interest. Let Theosophists "remain actuated by the highest spiritual good to humanity," and work in harmony with the Great Masters. Mrs. Besant's article on "Death and After" is continued.

Path (Oct.) "A conversation on Mahatmas," between an enquirer and an F. T. S., is typical of a great deal one usually hears on the subject, although F. T. S. probably deals more effectively with "Enquirer" than is always the case. "Replanting diseases for future use," by W. Q. Judge, deals with Christian Scientists and "mind cure" treatment of disease. "To imagine we can escape from any cause connected with us, is to suppose that law and order desert the manifested universe. We must work everything out to the last item." We observe the November issue is to be "peculiar" in its make-up.

Theosophist (Oct.)—"Old Diary Leaves" VII. by H. S. Olcott, continues to be of much interest. He says truly of H. P. B. "She dwelt on spiritual heights whither only the Eagles of mankind soar. Most of her adversaries have only seen the mud on her shoes" "Does a Subject, a Soul, dwell in us" by Hellenbach and "Wisdom of the Upanishads—Rama Prasad, will be read with profit by many.

All three magazines contain official intimation of our president Colonel Olcott's return to active work, he having been completely restored to health by his rest. We send him greeting and hope he may long continue to fill his position as he has hitherto done.

Theosophy is well represented in France by *Le Lotus Bleu*. The contents of the current number are on a high intellectual level. In answer to a question about the origin of evil, we have six replies by Theosophists, which are as full and exhaustive as verbal answers can be. We venture to suggest that more prominence should

be given to the Ethical side of our movement. Emile Burnouf, the orientalist, contributes an excellent paper, in which he argues for the existence in man, of an *astral*, sentient principle, within the physical body.

"Theosophy and the Society of Jesus," is a small pamphlet by Mrs. Besant, which ought to be widely circulated. It exposes the tactics of the Jesuits, and gives an explanation of some of the startling "conversions" of people in high places in English Society. Copies may be had from Secretary 3 Upper Ely Place Dublin.

We acknowledge with grateful thanks, receipt of many letters of congratulation and good wishes. At same time, we hope to make the *Irish Theosophist* so attractive, that all English and Scotch branches and centres will be induced to send us a year's subscription.

The month has been a busy one amongst us. Bro. Kingsland's visit is reported elsewhere. The Ethical Society had Dr. Coit on a visit, and had two very successful meetings, which we hope will not be without good results. The Fabian Society has now been fairly started and, we believe, has every prospect of going on satisfactorily. There is a deal of work to be done in every direction, and we heartily welcome every effort to break down the slavish throil of *dead* tradition. "In the inert the dooms declare."

Mention cannot be made of the Dublin Fabian Society, without connecting with it the names of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan. To Mrs. Duncan especially, it owes its existence, and it must be a source of satisfaction to all concerned, to see such a practical issue, as the result of her efforts. We wish it every success: "Sound to the blast the trumpet of reform."

OUR WORK.

We have the pleasure to announce, that Mrs. Besant will lecture in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin; on the 21st. inst.:—her subject being "Problems of Death and the After Life." Admission 1/-; (Reserved seat) tickets, 2/- each, may be had at Theosophical Headquarters, 3 Upper Ely Place. We hope to give a verbatim report of this lecture in our next issue. On 22nd. inst.—Mrs. Besant lectures in Limerick on "Karma and Reincarnation" and on the 23rd., at Assembly Rooms, Cork; on "Meaning and Object of Reincarnation."

W. Kingsland, president Chiswick Lodge T.S., and author of "The Mystic Quest" &c., had a most successful week's work in Ireland. Besides the meetings reported in our last issue, he lectured at the Dublin Ethical Society's Rooms on 9th. Oct. on "Theosophy and Ethics," and on the 11th. at the meeting of the North Dublin Centre T.S. on the "Secret Doctrine." On the following night a conversazione was held at the Headquarters, 3 Upper Ely Place, at which Mr. Kingsland explained, with the use of diagrams, the seven principles in nature and man. It was a successful meeting, and we hope these social reunions will be more frequent. On the 19th. Oct. a most interesting paper was read by G. W. Russell on "The Higher Mind," and on the 2nd. inst. a Branch paper on "Occultism and Modern Science." At both meetings an interesting discussion took place and there was abundant evidence that the interest in Theosophy is spreading.

Our energetic Secretary N. D. C. read a paper on Theosophy at the Sheridan Literary Society on the 10th. Inst. The paper was well received and the discussion which followed was noted as being one of the liveliest the society has ever had. Reading papers on Theosophy at meetings of other societies is a good move, and an example which ought to be followed more.

Notice:—All communications should be addressed to the Editor at 3 Up. Ely Place, Dublin. Articles for insertion should reach us by 1st. of the month. Subscriptions 1s 6d per annum.

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THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

NO I. INTRODUCTION

Under the above title we propose to publish a series of articles which will have for their object the exposition, in clear and simple language, of the more essential and radical teachings of Theosophy. In this venture we shall seek to satisfy a much felt want in Ireland—as elsewhere. For numerous and useful as have been the attempts in this direction, they are none too numerous, and their usefulness hardly meets the growing need. The impression is but too common, even among unprejudiced and well-disposed critics, that Theosophy is a purely speculative and unpractical system, a wondrous amalgam of Hindu subtleties, barren metaphysics and mystical phantasies combined with an infatuation for all things wonderful, miraculous and uncanny.

It should therefore be made more widely known, that our philosophy springs from, and is rooted in, certain broad and definite conceptions, which are quite within the comprehension of the ordinary mind and which if realised will and must produce important effects on the conduct, both in thought and action of men towards men. On the other hand, it is none the less true and in no way detracts from its ethical impulse, that in its deeper phases, Theosophy develops a never-ending fascination for the mystic, the philosopher and the occult student of nature. Our little magazine will not lose sight, we hope, of either aspect of THEOSOPHIA, the Goddess whose bidding we follow. She has come to us friend, guide, helper, comforter; yet wrapped, prophetess-like, in many veils of mystery, and uttering often the dark sayings of One whose thoughts move among things Real and Eternal.

This latter aspect we must keep in mind; even amid the clear daylight which Theosophy sheds around the many riddles of existence. But the daylight itself—the broad teachings of Theosophy on man's divine origin and destiny; on his inner union with his fellow men; on the law of justice, which orders life and underlies its apparent favouritism; the meaning and promise which existence reveals, when the great truth of his many re-births upon earth is known, even as a possibility—this is what we have to bring before the many, on whom the weight of superstition—whether of belief or negation—has lain so long, that they hug their very fetters; denying, some the possibility of light, others its existence beyond the range of their own narrow and purblind vision; but all benefiting, whether consciously or not, by contact with a body of men and women, in whom a sane and robust faith is conjoined with perfect intellectual freedom and tolerance, and a fair measure (let us hope) of ordinary human brotherhood.

In successive articles then, we shall endeavour to present, in connected form, some leading features of the system from which our Society takes its name, and which is so much identified with its progress. First taking up the primary and most obvious question “what am I?” we shall try to show what help Theosophy

may afford in the solution of that most ancient and enduring of problems. This will involve a consideration of the "seven principles" in nature and man, their relations and interactions one upon the other. The identity of this more subtle division with the popular one of "body, soul and spirit" will be shown, and the point of divergence pointed out between the Theosophic idea of what is immortal in man and that of exoteric creeds; for Theosophy teaches that the puny creature of a day whom we call "man", but faintly reveals the true Self within; the INNER PERSON who endures, and in whom the real life of "man", through many cycles of evolution is hid. What that evolution is, its methods and its objects, are questions that will engage us, when, in the light of Theosophy, we face the second great problem of existence:—"whence came I?" and the third "whither go I?" We shall see how man has part in the eternal cosmic process whereby, through cycles and æons immeasurable, life is raised from dim and lowly levels of sentient form, to height after height of ever more conscious union with the ONE LIFE that breathes through all; and how his highest aspirations tend towards the fulfilment of that Universal Brotherhood for which not mankind alone, but the whole creation "groaneth and travaileth in pain together". And it is towards this end that we hear of lofty Beings, divine intelligences, reaching from their high spheres to aid with spiritual guidance the half-conscious animal instincts of newly evolved man. This is the object and goal of the soul's long pilgrimage through body after body; this the AT-ONE-MENT carried on by the divine Ego, the redeeming Christos within, and aided by all those great souls who, made perfect themselves by willing suffering, lighten the load of sorrow that would otherwise weigh unbearably upon the world.

Keeping constantly in mind, therefore, the *ethical* purport of these teachings upon man's inner nature, his past history and his destiny, we shall briefly set forth, along with Reincarnation, the twin doctrine of Karma—the great law of justice and harmony, which treasures up the good, and confronts us also with the evil that we have wrought in present or past lives. The questions of "Heaven" and "Hell," with which Mrs Besant deals in the lecture which we report, will call perhaps for separate treatment, and a consideration of the relations of Theosophy to Christianity and to certain modern questions such as socialism, spiritualism and hypnotism, may fittingly bring our series to a close. The opinion of the present writer is that our members in Ireland should all contribute with suggestions if not original articles to make this effort a success.

VERSES FROM THE DHAMMAPADA. *

Earnestness is the path to Nirvana; thoughtlessness is the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Like a beautiful flower full of colour but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act correspondently thereto.

If a man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men; and if a man conquer himself, he is the greater conqueror.

One's own self conquered is better than all other people. Not an angel or mara, or even a god, could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself and always lives under restraint.

*The Dhammapada forms part of the Sutta Pitaka, and is a most beautiful collection of verses and passages from the three Pitakas. (See Max Muller "Sacred Books of the East" vol x.)

PROBLEMS OF DEATH AND THE AFTER LIFE.*

The subject that I have to deal with to-night is one of eternal interest to men and women, if only for the reason that everyone has a personal concern therein; and not only so, but in the belief of a great majority of people, the belief in fact of every one save materialists, who do not believe in existence after death at all—with all others, existence after death is a very much more prolonged matter than existence before death. From the Christian standpoint the difference in opinion is enormous, some ten, twenty, forty, or eighty years of life as it is called; and then comes death with the strange eternity on the other side. From the Theosophical point of view, a life between cradle and grave; then a prolonged interlude, and then the recall to earth life again. There is a great difference of course between the Theosophical and your own, or at least the popular Christian belief: for in the former you have the renewal of life and this prolonged interlude; but whichever view you may take, the period that intervenes, or the after-death portion, is a period far more lasting and important than the physical and objective; so that it should prove a matter very interesting to us to see how that period or eternity is spent, and it may not be amiss, this evening, to try to see if any light can be thrown upon this beyond, by the Theosophical doctrines which are becoming fairly familiar and almost universally known to the educated western world.

As regards the Christian belief of life after death, there is a very marked difference of what one might call feeling or sentiment existing between the great body of Christians in the Catholic Church on the one side, and the various Protestant communities on the other. It is a strange and a somewhat interesting question, how this great difference has arisen. You will find amongst Protestant communities an enormous gulf between the living and the dead—to use the expressions in ordinary use. When the soul leaves the body, it is thought to leave earth and all earthly ties and relations behind. Such is their idea; and they differ in this from the Roman Catholic body, who have the communion of saints, and believe in the power of relieving and communicating with their people, who have passed into the unknown beyond the grave. Catholics are kept, as one great body, very much more in communion by their belief that the dead can be helped by the prayers of the living. The fact that there are celebrations not only of All Saint's day but of All Sou's day; the fact that you have prayers to the saints, so making them, if I may say so, although departed, part of the ordinary home-life—these various ideas and teachings make a great difference of sentiment, as regards death, between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies; Death, it seems to me, is a less thing to the Roman Catholic than it is to the Protestant, just because of those many lingering links of communication that have been preserved in the one instance, and have not been preserved in the other. There is a small section of Protestant people to-day, who believe in the efficacy of the prayers of the living to benefit the dead; but this is regarded by their Protestant brethren with suspicion as a step in the Roman Catholic direction. The ordinary Protestant does not regard the living as capable of this communication with the dead; either as regards the prayers of one helping the other, or the prayers to the saints bringing communications from them to this world; so we see that amongst Protestant communities death is a question where there is much difference in ideas and sentiment from the Roman Catholic opinion.

Now with regard to the Theosophist, death, from his standpoint, is a slighter matter still, being often regarded as a recurrent period in the long stretch of life and looking on that life as stretching from eternity to eternity. After a short stay of life in the shell of the body, then comes that other period, when, bursting through those frail earthly impediments, the life out of the body commences and then life in the body again. Death cannot be considered as making a great difference in the condition of the man; because to him, while still living in the body, spiritual intelligence is essential. In fact life is nothing without it, for the body is a mere covering or shell.

It is through the body that man, when he comes for an experience of earth life, receives such experience; this body is merely used for this purpose, and is put off when he passes into the higher condition. And there is one great difference in the view of death taken by Theosophists from others, it is, that this separation of the spiritual intelligence from the physical shell or body may occur without death supervening, that is, the spiritual intelligence may leave the body, and so may pass in the disembodied state, without the conditions of life in the body, into the realms of the great unknown and then may return to the body, bringing with it the knowledge that in that condition, it has gained. So that death is not to us the unknown; the regions beyond death are not to us the untrodden; and this perhaps is the greatest and most striking difference between ordinary religious views and the Theosophical view; that to the one, death is a veil which once passed admits of no more return to the life of the body; whereas, from

*A lecture delivered by Mrs Annie Besant in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, on Monday, November 21, 1892.

the Theosophist's standpoint, it is a veil that may be lifted and passed, and then the student may return to earth, just as a man may travel from his own country, and come back to it after his travel with the knowledge he has gained. And it is from this Theosophical standpoint that I am going to speak this evening.

But, before going into details of the possible knowledge of the subject, I wish to say that there are two kinds of knowledge which we are inclined to believe. There is knowledge we take on authority; that we have not verified; that we have not the capacity of verifying; knowledge which we take from those who seem to us to be worthy of trust; knowledge which we accept second-hand from those who have studied a subject we are ignorant of, and whose allegations we are willing to take and believe in. The greater part of our knowledge is of that nature. If you take into account the knowledge by which you guide yourselves in life, you will find it can be classified into that which is based on the authority of others, and that which you have personally acquired. If you are able to think for yourselves, you can form an opinion which may be compared with that based upon the authority of works you have studied, and thus you will gain an insight into human life. Our life is so complex, so dependent on knowledge so full of opinions, that we are simply bound to take the greater part of our facts and ideas at second-hand; and sometimes this is thrust upon us in a startling way when we are challenged to account for some belief we hold. Let me take an illustration:—"The earth revolves round the sun." How many of you, if you were put to the proof of that belief, would be able to give an intelligible answer, which would satisfy anyone who was ignorant of either side of the question, and wished to be informed and convinced by proof of the right side. I imagine that many of you are in the position that I am in myself, and would find much difficulty in giving any clear idea of the mathematical calculations which afford the proof of that proposition. Thus it is with us in many cases, we never stop to enquire or examine facts which are supposed to be well known, but just take them for granted as the ideas of the time.

Now all the knowledge possessed by ordinary persons as regards life after death, is based upon some authority: whatever that authority may happen to be, it is still authority, not personal knowledge; whether it be the revelation of some person whom they regard as infallible, or the declaration of some church which they regard as infallible, it is still authority, and from this arises their different opinions with regard to the after-life. With these sentiments and ideas influencing them, they stand before the curtain that you call Death. We claim, some of us, to have gone further. We allege that the student may learn so to separate the Spiritual Intelligence from the body, that it may acquire knowledge at first-hand as regards the post-mortem life; which means, that it is possible to verify the statements that are met with in the course of theosophical study. So the difference is simply between taking a thing on authority once for all, and the acceptance of a statement for the time being, on the authority of others, which later on you yourself can prove. In the one case you can never go beyond your authority; while in the other case you are told that, if you choose to follow the study of the particular subject in which you are interested, the opportunity of verification will be given you. Now it is from this standpoint that I make these statements as regards the post-mortem conditions.

I do not by any means wish to force my ideas upon you. I do not wish them to be taken and swallowed as a matter of course. I wish to afford you food for serious thought; and everyone is free to draw his own conclusions from the facts within his knowledge, as I have before mentioned, and to make his own personal statement therefrom. You may for the moment take these statements as regards post-mortem existence for what they are worth, or you may, if you choose, learn how to verify these statements, and so gain personal knowledge.

Now there is one very striking difference between the opinions ordinarily held by people, and the view taken from the theosophical standpoint. Take for instance the ordinary Protestant notion. A man dies; his soul passes from the body; it passes definitely into the state of damnation or a state of beatitude, and there is practically nothing more to be said about it.

The man is either blessed or damned; and the whole thing is simplified in this way, whether it recommends itself to the reason or not. If you deal with the popular Roman Catholic belief you have much the same teaching, and the same criticism applies. But here you have the state of purgatory in addition to the final states; and though you have this additional complication from the Roman Catholic point of view, still, it is very easy to accept it without any careful thought, and there is no difficulty in understanding it; so the statement is accepted in all points as satisfactory and worthy of belief. The Theosophical teaching on the after life is far more difficult to follow and to understand; and it should be so, if it is to be at all in harmony with nature, which is full of complexity, and is not at all simple, and cannot be classified under one or two divisions. For whatever subject you take up, if you want to understand it, you have to study that particular subject very minutely, and with extreme care. And so, in like manner, it is not possible to arrive at the right conclusion or fall in with the Theosophical views, unless you are willing to give the time and patience necessary to careful analysis and

careful study. You will be rewarded, very probably, for your labor, by getting an insight into the post-mortem state, which is of much more importance than the goal or hopes of our transitory bodies. Now this simplicity in the ordinary opinions about the after-life, does not recommend itself to the Theosophist. Suppose a being from some other planet visited ours, to gain experience outside his own sphere, and to see what sort of beings inhabited a planet which he had never visited before. Would you consider it a satisfactory explanation, if, after he returned to his own country, upon being asked, what wonder he had seen or what experience he had gained from his travels, he replied, that he found our earth covered with strange moving things, but did not say anything more than that they all moved! That would have to include men and brutes, ships, trains and so forth. I fancy your criticism of him would be, that he was a person of very little observation. Now there is this simplicity in the generality of opinion, but it is not so from the Theosophical point of view. These realms on the other side have been crossed and visited, and the knowledge thus gained by the spiritual senses, has been brought back and communicated to the body. There is not much difficulty in tracing the information to the various sources. Some of it is on authority and capable of verification; the rest you must take for what it is worth. I say this, because some of the knowledge is laid down as the result of research, and some as the result of experience brought back from the other states. It is the result partly of personal investigations and experience; for as the student progresses in his study, he is enabled to verify the different opinions and ideas. These verified statements are then necessarily accepted, and taking what they cannot verify as granted, for the time being, they are thus enabled to grasp the whole.

Now this change which we call death, as far as the body is concerned, is not death at all; it is really the outbreaking of the different lives of which the body is composed, owing to the withdrawal or removal of the different links or powers which keeps these lives together. For our bodies are built up of lives, minute lives, infinitesimal lives we may call them; and the whole of these, built together, make up what is known as the human body. The life and power of that body is the life and power of the many organisms of which it is composed; these constitute or make up the bodily life; so that we see what we call death, death so mysterious and so complicated, is from the theosophical standpoint as I said before, the breaking up of those different lives which constitute the human or earthly part of our life. With the withdrawal of the power which held together these different forms of life which build and make up our bodies; each pursues its own individual way, each living in itself; while to the spiritual intelligence, death, which is considered so awful and the termination of all human life, is really not death at all, but the transition, so to speak, from one life, one existence to another; the change from life with the body, to life without the body. The body falls to pieces by the action of the lives of which it is composed, and thus ceases to exist; and then begins that form of life known to the Theosophist as life in the Astral Double. This Astral Double is the vehicle by which we are conveyed from one existence to the other. When that separation takes place, death is the immediate result. But in certain cases the astral body can withdraw from the physical while the person is still living; that is, it can be rendered visible, so that you can see, standing before you, an exact duplicate of the physical body, connected to the latter by a slender thread.

Some time ago the particulars of an experiment by Dr. Luys were published in many papers and periodicals in England. In these it was stated, that it had been found possible to remove the sensibility from the human body, and to transfer that sensibility so effectually, that any injury inflicted on the chosen spot where the sensibility had been transferred was reproduced on the physical body; and the person, who was lying in a condition of insensibility, showed signs of pain when the injury was made, not in the insensible flesh, but on the spot removed from the body which had been chosen for the experiment. At one of these experiments, which was reported by the Dalziel agency, the sensibility of a subject was transferred to a glass of water. The glass was then removed from the sight of the hypnotized person; and on the water being touched the subject started as if in pain. On one occasion when the water was swallowed, the patient fell into a deadly swoon. Dr. Luys was also able to confirm the discovery made by Col. Roche, who found it possible to transfer the sensibility of a hypnotized person to the negative of a photograph of the subject, and that the subject not only felt, but showed signs of any mark made on the negative. Supposing, for instance, a scratch was drawn with a pin across the hand in the negative after it had been charged with sensibility, the subject would shriek with pain, and a few instants later a similar mark would be visible on the hand of the subject. These are experiments which are not ours, I know that the testimony of the Theosophist might be regarded as prejudiced; but the testimony of these men is peculiarly valuable when it corroborates the statements that we make about the astral body; for a Theosophist would say, that in these cases, the astral double had been transferred to the place or object selected for the experiment, and if a clairvoyant were present, this double could be seen there.

There is one point in these experiments which I wish to refer to, when you have found it possible to throw a subject into a deadly swoon from which she is revived with extreme difficulty, by simply drinking a glass of water into which the sensibility of that subject had been transferred; at last, people may begin to understand, that you can injure bodily life by forces that are invisible and intangible; but whose existence it becomes daily more and more difficult to deny. It is possible, we say, for the student to perform upon himself the experiment of which the French doctors perform upon another. The Paris doctor's method of working is to throw his patient into a trance; and the patient, when recovered from the trance, remembers nothing whatever of what has occurred: Whereas, the theosophical student, who follows the teaching that may be given to him, may learn to separate the astral by the act of his own volition; and never losing consciousness during the effort, may know what he does, may become conscious in the astral body, may see the physical body lying senseless before him, and know with a certainty, which no second-hand testimony can give him, that he can live without the physical casing, and that his spiritual intelligence can be alive and conscious as if it were working in the physical frame. Many theosophical students can speak on this point not from hearsay or theory but with the certainty of actual experience. I myself have had such experience, but you can only take this for what it is worth. Every one of you, of course, is at liberty to form his own opinions about these statements; but still, you have no right to deny them. I do not wish to force my opinions upon any one who feels that further evidence is necessary; and you are quite right to demand fuller evidence before you believe. I never claim more from any one, than that they should take the facts that are laid before them, and exercise their judgment in forming their own opinions; and I only ask suspension of judgment in any particular direction, until you have considered, and carefully weighed, every particle of evidence that has been laid before you—until you can speak with knowledge of your own, and not simply with the positiveness of ignorance. Practically, my own experience of people is; the less they know, the more certain they are; and the less instructed, the more positive in their denials. If these denials came from the mouth of a highly instructed person, they would have some force, however slight; but coming from a person who has no experience save of bodily things, they are of no importance whatever; so while perfectly admitting your right to deny, I pass on to consider the state of the astral body after death, when having left the physical form finally and never to return, it proceeds itself to pass through different stages of decomposition. Death means for the astral just what it means for the physical body; the breaking up of its constituent parts and the dissipation of its molecules. It disintegrates *pari passu* with its physical counterpart, and remaining in its neighbourhood, is generally seen in cemeteries and churchyards over graves. I here introduce the testimony of a very intimate friend of mine, a materialist, and one who was a disbeliever in the reality of such visions. I mention it with her full permission to tell all as she told me; and, if I chose, to give her name.

A very dear woman friend of hers had died suddenly; a woman to whom she was passionately attached; and for weeks and weeks after the death of the physical body, she saw the astral form in the air around her. She saw in fact the process of disintegration and gradual decay, saw it in fact breaking up, as it were, bit by bit; a most painful and horrible experience for my friend, and one which it is well that few people have to pass through. I was not a Theosophist myself at that time, and the circumstance puzzled me very much, until I became acquainted with theosophical literature, and found there the theoretical exposition, which explained these appearances: So here I had independent corroboration of that which had already been laid down with regard to these matters in theosophical works.

When the vesture of the physical body has been shaken off; when the vesture of the astral body has been shaken off; the soul remains for a time in the vesture of a yet remaining form, called the Kama Rupa, or *body of desire*; the name is of no importance; the meaning, body of desire, expresses exactly what it is—the model or form created by the passions and emotions of the man during his life in the physical body.

In considering what now befalls the disembodied entity, we will have to distinguish between different types of human character, for these persist and have an influence during the stages of post-mortem life. The transition stage; the passage from the physical life of the body to that other state of life without the body; the passage from the earthly existence and experience which all must necessarily undergo, to that higher and more spiritual existence after death which is only attained by some, is effected in a region called Kama-Loka by Theosophists. It is here that the separation or severing of the links which bind the astral to the physical body takes place. In this stage, man is still able to communicate with those who are left behind; but communication of this kind is both dangerous and mischievous. By these communications you disturb the astral entity in its ascent to the other life; its face is turned to the spiritual state; you drag it back to earth and the interests of earthly life; you check it in its onward

movement, interrupting the course of evolution which should pass on unbroken; dragging the soul back within the magnetic sphere of earthly attraction. It is during this intermediate stage that the practises that are called mediumistic are possible, and take place in the seance rooms. They have all the bad effects I have mentioned upon the departing entity; and they have also on those who take part in them, influences of a distinctly mischievous character; and, whether they are really enacted with those who have passed from earth life, they are disturbing and harmful to those by whom this communication is attained. And this is why we set our faces so distinctly against practises of what is called spiritualism. Suppose that during life all the interests had been the interests of the body; suppose that during the physical life, physical interests and ambitions had been those by which the man or woman had been most actuated; suppose the hopes had been physical hopes, that little thought had been given to, or concern taken in the nobler and higher interests of the life beyond; and that the things of intellect and spirit had been matters attended to from a sense of duty and compulsion, instead of with a feeling of enjoyment and real devotion—what will be the effect of this intercourse after death, with a being that has been, while on earth, actuated by these hopes and interests?

The teaching of Theosophy is, that such communication between the living and those departed souls, whose hopes and interests have been earth-bound during life, is indeed very harmful. For in its passage to the higher life, before the consciousness has attained, and become settled in the spiritual intelligence, the departed entity must undergo an interlude, or period of slow transformation and purification; and, if the lower nature has asserted itself during life at the cost of the spiritual, then, in the transitional stage the lower nature is the stronger; and as this has to wear out before the spiritual nature is set free, it means a long continuance in the state of *Kama-Loka*, during which the physical desires and physical longings are still acutely felt by the disembodied entity, although unable to gratify them; so that the awakening or stirring up of old attractions and distasteful memories must certainly be a source of pain and distress to the persons with whom this communication is attained. But if a man on the contrary has looked more to the higher life, and if this had been the life upon which his interests had been centered; if he has controlled and commanded his body, and used it, not as his master but as his servant for the work he had to do on earth, if he has subdued and restrained it during this life of trial, then the transition stage is easy and quick. For on entering into it, these two types, the souls self-restrained and masters of the servant body, and the souls overwhelmed by the physical passions, are found so in this intermediate world. For as a man's life was, so it finds him in the disembodied state. As he has been animated and interested in the higher or lower natures he is on this earth, so, the one or the other is master there, and the soul remains there the shorter or longer time, as each power or principle has been stronger or weaker.

Such are the states, and conditions on the withdrawal from earthly life. When the spiritual intelligence has shaken off the vesture of earth life to pass into the disembodied state, when disentangling itself from all earthly ties and attachments, as the butterfly from the chrysalis, it finds the last vesture of earth has fallen from it, and life with the body or physical existence is at an end; at this period, when halting between the different states, before passing into the purely intellectual or spiritual state, it is perfectly conscious of, and perfectly susceptible to, the many feelings and earthly interests which swayed it during life in the body, the recurrence of which must be both painful and annoying. But still passing on it withdraws its interest and hopes from earth life, and places and centres them in its own eternal being, in that state which we speak of as *Devachan*. This is the state in which the spiritual intelligence remains, until the time comes for it to return again to the earth life, from which it has long departed. Here it knows its past; it realises its highest hopes; it assimilates the experience it has gained in physical life. Here it rests, as it were after the struggle of earthly existence, and here gains strength, and learns new lessons which may help to strengthen the man when he renews his life in earth once more. Now the *Kama-Rupa*, the body of desires, is left behind when the spiritual intelligence enters *Devachan*, and retains for a time some vestiges of its former life, some remembrance of its former union with the thinking entity which had ensouled it, but has now passed beyond its sphere. And therefore spiritualistic seances, with their painful practices, (of course I am speaking now of genuine seances, not of those that are fraudulent,) which so disturb the progress of the departed soul, and prolong the time of its passage to the higher life, by bringing it back to earthly remembrances and earthly thoughts while deceiving the living friends with false appearances and delusive hopes—these are the things which delay the soul's progress and obstruct its course, and prevent its rising to the higher and freer life. For remember, there is but one way of gaining spiritual knowledge, there is only one way of communicating with the other states; it is only by the expansion of the spiritual consciousness that you can enter into, and have experience in the regions where spirit lives and has its being—not by dragging it down to your level and forcing it to sub

serve your wishes. You can succeed in reaching the higher condition by awakening in yourself the higher consciousness; then, and then only, can you acquire true knowledge of the other state. Only in this way can you touch, or communicate with the true spirit of man when it has left the body, and rests in its own sphere. You have in yourself the same spirit, and you can, if you will, by living in the spiritual, rise to these realms; and this is a very different thing from attracting and drawing it down to the commonplace things of earth.

Thus I have endeavoured to trace for you some of the different post-mortem states. First, life in the astral double, which we have seen is merely a transitional state; then in the body of desires with the attachments of the earth life clinging around it; then the state of the disembodied spiritual intelligence, the higher life in which it dwells for a time in full and perfect consciousness, resting from the labours of the past, gathering into itself the experience; and reaping the harvest of life, in preparation for its next descent to earth. Insight into, and knowledge of this can only be gained by the spiritual intelligence; and that strange journey from state to state, that journey which each of us without exception has to tread, is a journey which can be trodden by the yet living man, and he may, if he will, regain memory of it, and learn the truths concerning that final devachanic state, which is familiar to the Theosophist and to the student who interests himself in it and tries to gain the knowledge.

Into these truths some among you may be led to enquire and explore for yourselves, and so gain the knowledge and experience of those states which I have endeavoured to describe to you to-night. The description and explanation of this subject may arouse an interest in you:

This subject, to many of you so strange, so outside your ordinary every-day life, I have laid before you in its different phases; not for your acceptance, but for your consideration; not to be swallowed wholesale, but to be thought upon, to be carefully weighed and considered.

Study it as you would study any strange phenomenon; and, if you work practically in your investigations, if you work earnestly, you will succeed in unveiling these mysteries, and gain the knowledge I have spoken to you about. And, is it nothing to overcome the fear of death by learning what death really is? Is it nothing to become acquainted with life outside the body, and so to know by personal experience of these different phases of the post-mortem states, of life in the astral body and in the spiritual intelligence? It is worth while for each and every one of us to consider these problems, to go outside this physical life and follow the spirit in its new state:—for, as I said before, as a man lives here so is he found in this other state; and so it is well for you and for me, and for everyone of us to stop sometimes in the rush of life, with all its fleeting pleasures and delusive joys, to go out of the whirl of worldly interests and hopes, and quietly and calmly to think and deliberate on these questions, which are of such paramount importance to every one of us. And, let us ask ourselves, is it worth while to make so much of, and become so engrossed in this temporary state; is it worth troubling ourselves about this transient bodily life? The consideration of these problems will make us value far more our future, will make this life less engrossing, will bring us to see matters in their true light. No matter how pleasant this life may be to some of us; let us have wealth, power and happiness; these are merely temporary—merely for a time. How far more important then, is it to look forward to, and interest ourselves in the spiritual life! And when, by thought, consideration, and the exercise of the intelligence which is given to everyone, we can view these states and understand these problems; when we have reached a point from which every one of them appear clear to us, and have borne all examination, we can then extend a hand to our less fortunate brethren, and by elucidating these mysteries which we have successfully grappled with, we can raise them to the same state. Thus we see how a few having arrived at this stage, may become centres of hope and interest; a few in a town will become centres of new life and work, pillars of spiritual strength.

When we learn to think less of this false and fickle world; when we shall learn to think of our bodies, not as ourselves, but as instruments to be used, as a means towards an end, we shall take a greater interest in these important questions, which should possess so much interest for us all; and, it is to try and present these in their proper form for your consideration and investigation, that I appear before you to-night.

[We regret that the lecture is not given quite verbatim, as the report sent in by the stenographer was incomplete.]

O M

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| Faint grew the yellow buds of light | The word which BRAHMA at his dawn |
| Far flickering beyond the snows, | Out-breathes and endeth at his night; |
| As leaning o'er the shadowy white, | Whose tide of sound so rolling on |
| Morn glimmered like a pale primrose. | Gives birth to orbs of golden light; |
| Within an Indian vale below | And wisdom, beauty, love and youth, |
| A child said "Om", with tender heart | By its enchantment gathered grow |
| Watching with loving eyes the glow | Thro' age-long wandering to his truth |
| In day-shine fade, the night depart: | Thro' many a cycle's ebb and flow |

And here all lower life was stilled,
 The child was lifted to the Wise,
 A strange delight his spirit filled,
 And BRAHM look'd from his shining
 [eyes.]

G. W. R.

PAGES FROM THE UPANISHADS

[Translated from 'he Sanskrit, for the *Irish Theosophist*]

THE FOUR STEPS OF THE SELF.

[From the Māndūkya Upanishad]

The syllable Om is all; its expansion is what has been, what is, what shall be; all is Om. And whatever is beyond the three times, is also Om. (1)

All that, is the Eternal, and this Self is the Eternal; and this, the Self, has four steps. (2)

Waking life, which perceives outwardly, which has seven limbs, which, being one, has nineteen mouths, an eater of gross things, like fire, is the first step. (3)

Dreaming life, which perceives inwardly, which has seven limbs, which, being one, has nineteen mouths, an eater of subtle things, astral, is the second step. (4)

Where, asleep, he desires no desire, beholds no dream, that is dreamless life. Dreamless life, become one, collectively perceiving, blissful, an eater of bliss, dominantly conscious, intuitional, is the third step. (5)

This is the all-lord; this is the all-knower; this is the inner guide; this is the womb of all; the coming and going of all beings. (6)

Nor perceiving inwardly, nor perceiving outwardly, nor both, nor collectively perceiving, nor perceiving nor not perceiving, unseen, intractable, ungraspable, unmarked, unthinkable, unindicable, the residual essence of the one Self, in which the expanses have ceased, who is at rest, benign, and secondless, this they think is the fourth, this is the Self, the knowable. (7)

(to be continued)

C. J.

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

The Theosophist [Nov.] "Old Diary Leaves" VIII begins the story of the formation of the T. S., and gives some interesting details of the people who first took part in it. J. W. Brodie-Innes contributes an article on "The Hermetic Philosophy, the Esoteric Key of East and West." Colonel Olcott's short biographical notice of "M. A. (Oxon.);" reveals some pleasant incidents about his connection with T. S.

... ..

The Path. (Nov.) "17 Years Ago and Now" gives some idea of what has been accomplished by T. S., under difficulties of an exceptional character. In this short space of time the whole movement has spread itself over the globe, and to-day the sun never sets on those devoted to the movement. A number of letters appear from prominent Theosophists in America, declaring that the charge of dogmatism in T. S. is without foundation.

... ..

Lucifer. (Nov.) The "Watch Tower" Notes are as usual well worth reading. G. R. S. Mead continues his learned articles on "Simon Magus." "Death and After" by Mrs. Besant is also continued.

"Libra" writes some common sense about the "Co-operation of Man and Woman in Human Life." In "Gleanings from the Dawn Land" it is intended to "chronicle the secrets uncovered as cyclic time rolls up the curtain of the past."

The *Irish Theosophist* gets a kindly pat on the back, for which it is not ungrateful.

... ..

We have received a copy of *The Critic*, a Ms. monthly produced by the Sheridan Literary Club. Although every effort has been made to make it clear and legible, it shows some deficiencies which

with practice will disappear. J. Coates has an article on the Ethical Society and D. N. Dunlop has a word on Socialism. We heartily wish the venture success and admire the pluck of the S. L. C.

... ..

The Ethical Echo. Dublin. 64 Dame St. The important item in Dec. issue is the report of Dr. Coit's lecture, on "The Principles of the Ethical Movement." "We speak" he says "to the 'God in you'." We exchange the outside authority for the inner authority." This was the strong point in early Quakerism.

But we hardly agree that public opinion always bound men to the right. He points out that the ethical movement says that the reason will never give any truth save the laws of logic. This has always been our contention. With good effect he also points out that we may never reach a theory of life which shall be so deep as life itself, "for with the deepening of life the problem and the wonder deepen." J. C. B. has a plea for the "purging" of the Bible. This of course casts a reflection on the good taste of the "holy ghost" which those in authority would resent.

... ..

We have on our Review Table:—*Magic Squares* of 34, 136, 15, 36, with keys to all; London, Nicholls & Co. 23 Oxford St. "The Supernatural," Its Origin, Nature and Evolution; 2 vols. London, Williams and Norgate. T. S. Indian Section Branch Work Paper XXII. on "Methods of Philosophical Research." "The Prasnotara" No. 22 Vol. 11. American Section Branch Work Paper No. 28 "A Theosophical Chat." "In defence of Theosophy" Lecture by Mrs. Besant in St. James' Hall; London, T. S. Publishing Co. 7 Duke St. Adelphi W. C.

Mrs. Besant's lecture on the 21st. Novr. was quite a success. The Antient Concert Rooms were well filled with an attentive audience. As we print a full report, our readers can judge of its interest for themselves.

... ..

The usual practise of question and answer after the lecture, was supplemented by a ten minutes oration by a protestant clergyman from the front gallery.

He was sceptical as to Mrs. Besant's conclusions, but not so as to Christianity being a comforting belief. That there are certain aspects of Christian belief decidedly discomfoting need hardly be pointed out. The cases of religious melancholy and insanity are unfortunately too numerous. But, as Mrs. Besant pointed out, we cannot regard comfort at the expense of truth.

... ..

Mrs. Besant and Mr. Sinnett contribute one or two interesting parts to the Xmas No. of the *Idler*. Referring to "Esoteric Buddhism", Mr. Sinnett says, he contemplates recasting it, together with some further teaching, in a new book.

... ..

A conversazione was held at Dublin Lodge on the 24th. Novr. at which Herbert Burrowes made an excellent little speech, in an informal way, on one or two practical points of Theosophy — but as we hope to publish it in our next issue, in the form of an article, we will not presume further.

... ..

The *Daily Chronicle* of 18th Nov. devotes two and a half columns to an interview with Mrs. Besant before her departure for America. She gives an instance of how she cured a case of blindness by mesmeric power, adding that she uses this power for curative purposes only. "Let Theosophy stand or fall by its philosophy and its ethics," that is the advice of my teacher, and I mean to abide by it" she says.

The *Ethical Echo* quotes what it pleases to term a "sensible and trenchant criticism on Mrs. Besant's Theosophy" from the *Freethinker* of Nov. 27th.

The *Freethinker* declares there is something "irresistibly comic in the solemnity" with which Mrs. Besant touches on Universal Brotherhood as if it were a "theosophic discovery." Now Mrs. Besant touches on the brotherhood of man as no new discovery. She has pointed out over and over again, that although every church may hold it as a doctrine, Theosophy offers a scientific basis for the statement, and demonstrates that *thought* is the mightiest power that one man can hold, either for good or evil on his fellow man. We must add wisdom to our love.

... ..

With the increase in advance-thought Societies comes an increase in meetings and it is well nigh impossible that they can all be attended by those interested.

It is right and necessary that each should have a separate working executive; but, as their interests are identical in more senses than one, it would be well if there was some common meeting ground.

... ..

We would suggest therefore, that something in the nature of a Saturday evening club be started, where those interested in the Ethical, Theosophical, Fabian and kindred societies could meet in open council. Whatever our methods of working may be, there is surely something we can learn from each other.

Above all, general good feeling would be sure to result, and oppression and intolerance would less easily withstand such united effort.

... ..

We invite enquiries from every one interested in Theosophy or its literature.

The letters will be answered personally by the members of the League of Workers, and not through our columns. All letters should be marked "Enquiry" and addressed to Editor 3 Up Ely Place

We are glad to welcome an important addition to theosophic literature. *Le Secret de l'Absolu* by our well known French brother E. J. Coulomb, (Amaravella) has just been published as No. I of a series which bears the promising title "Bibliothèque de la Renaissance Orientale." Prefaced with an introduction by Emile Burnouf, and written in the vigorous and epigrammatic style of the author, the work is sure to arrest the interest of many whom books of a more technical and doctrinal character

might fail to attract. It is a powerful appeal from the materialism (in philosophy and religion) of the West, to the profound spirituality of eastern teachings on God and Nature. The essential unity of these teachings is shewn in a masterly chapter, and is finally traced through Plato and the Gnostics, to the New Testament writings themselves. Most forcible and eloquent is the appeal to Christians to forsake the dead-letter of "orthodox" creeds for the deep and broad Catholicity of Theosophy.

OUR WORK.

The Dublin Lodge has issued the following syllabus of discussions for the next three months. Dec. 14th, "Is Theosophy unpractical," D. N. Dunlop; Dec. 28th, "First Steps in Occultism," G. W. Russell; Jan. 11th, "'Maya,' or Illusion," E. Harrison; Jan. 25th, "Theosophy as it appears to a beginner," Mrs. Varian; Feb. 8th, Wm. Blake on the Symbolism of the Bible," W. B. Yeats; Feb. 22nd, "Theosophy and present-day problems," Miss K. Lawrence.

The meetings are held at 3 Upper Ely Place on alternate Wednesday evenings commencing at 8.15 p. m. A group of members for the systematic study of "The Secret Doctrine," by H. P. Blavatsky, meets on Monday evenings from 8.30 to 9.30. Groups of members and associates for the study of Theosophical books of an elementary character, meet every Friday evening, from 8.30 to 9.30. The Library and Reading Room is open daily to 11 p. m. The annual subscription of members including dues to Headquarters of European Section, is Ten Shillings. The Subscription of Associates is Five Shillings per annum.

Visitors are invited to hand in questions on subjects connected with Theosophy and these will be dealt with at the following meeting if possible.

The North Dublin Centre has had to suspend its meetings for the present, on account of pressure of work in the printing office. In a few weeks they will issue a new syllabus and extend their field of operations generally. Our banner must be carried right on!

The new correspondence scheme inaugurated in Oct, *Vahan* has been heartily responded to, and ere long its results will be felt. Members and Associates wishing to join will get all information from the Secretary, F. J. Dick.



Notice:— All communications should be addressed to the Editor at 3 Upper Ely Place, Dublin. Articles for insertion should not exceed 750 words, and should reach us not later than the 1st. of each month.

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THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

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PRICE ONE PENNY

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

NO. II WHAT IS THEOSOPHY? — FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The word Theosophy may be taken to include any system which teaches that man, by virtue of the divine nature hidden within him, can attain to union with, and knowledge of God. Such is the dominant thought that we find recurring everywhere in the literature that has come down to us from the world's great Theosophists. Whatever the religious phraseology or symbolism employed; however colored by the genius, temperament or tradition of races and individuals, we have always an unanimity of assurance regarding this central truth — that "the kingdom of heaven is within you;" that the unmanifest cause of all manifested things, is not an external, separate abstraction; not a detached spectator; but rather a vital presence instinct in nature, and linked in living union — union that may be quickened, deepened and made conscious — with the soul of man.

From Lao-Tze in the far East to Plotinus, Bahme and other *illuminati* of the West; from ancient veda and Egyptian hymn to the Gnostic writings of the New Testament and the mystic rhapsodies of the Persian sufis — the same great truth is nobly and glowingly presented. Echoes and gleams of it haunt even the sombre pages of our modern poets and thinkers. Schools of occultism and initiation, again, so universal among ancient peoples, have their descendants down to the present day in various countries. So that in one form or another, Theosophy (taking the word in its better and less restricted meaning) has always been before the world to inspire the thoughts of any who had sufficient natural bent, leisure and ethical culture, to appreciate its message.

Of later years, however, the number of such persons has become smaller and smaller. Those who have the leisure have not often the inclination; and very many who are by nature mystically inclined, and who would give all to gain that assurance of spiritual realities, which mysticism promises — find themselves so fettered by cast-iron social laws, or so bound to the wheel of daily toil, that for them the path of occult science is far beyond reach, or its promises seem a mockery — at best a beautiful illusion. Where then is the opportunity, the scope, for the revival of mysticism which is being effected to-day by the Theosophical Society?

We are in what the Hindus call the *Kali Yuga* or Dark Age. "The tide of Faith was once, too, at the full." But now, as a great modern poet has sadly sung, we hear

" its melancholy, lone, withdrawing roar
Down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

The strong appeals, the high ideals of antiquity find us callous, unresponsive. "Ears have we, but we hear not." Humanity is passing through a cycle of

evolution during which the brain-intellect is developing at the expense (temporarily) of the direct spiritual intuition of early man. The tasting of the tree of knowledge has brought "evil" into the world (evil, be it remembered "is but undeveloped good"); and it is now, and will be for long, man's painful task to regain with the growing powers of his mind, the divine knowledge and wisdom that are his forgotten heritage. To aid him in this, the old truths must be restated in plainer language addressed to his reason as well as to his inner sense. The language of science must aid the language of philosophy and emotion. This in brief is one great purpose of the present Theosophic revival—the work of messengers of the great occult Brotherhood which, as said before, has always retained unbroken the spiritual birthright of the race. It should therefore be borne in mind, in connection with the descriptions of "planes," "principles," "cycles," and other complex teachings of the Secret Doctrine, that these teachings are rather intended as an attempt to justify "the ways of God to man," than as an adequate statement of the truths of *Theosophy*, the Divine Wisdom residing deep in the soul of every human being, and which has grandly inspired so many ancient scriptures. When the word Theosophy is used in these papers it must be understood in its more limited and popular sense which unfortunately is *not* the right one. But what philosophical term is used in its true original meaning nowadays? The fundamental axiom, the starting point of "Theosophy" may then, perhaps, be stated as follows.—there is only One Life, One Substance, One Reality in the Universe.

Death exists nowhere—only transformation of life. Forms decay and change but there is *that* in all which endures. In man we call it Atma, the Breath or Spirit. As a *living* Presence, it is also called by that readily-profaned word God.

In trying to grasp this supreme, and hardly realisable truth, we get some assistance from an unexpected quarter—from modern scientific research. The observation of the method by which different forces can be changed from one to another form has led to the grand conception (stated ages ago by Indian sages) of the conservation of energy, and of "One Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

Again see how science has altered the old notion of motionless, inert "brute matter." In speaking of "matter," science is to-day indeed almost more mystical than the mystics. Take an object so apparently lifeless as a lump of clay or stone; what do modern physicists tell us of its real condition? This:—that it is composed of myriads of *atoms*, that these atoms are moving with intense rapidity, and are in all probability but passing manifestations of an almost inconceivably subtle medium called *ether*, out of which all matter has originated. Ether itself, again, must be the outcome of some still finer and more potent energy—so that the "too too solid flesh" with which we identify ourselves so much in thought and practice, is nothing after all, we are told, but a shadow—a mere froth borne upon the eddy of a rushing river of endless Force.

(to be continued.)

THE PERFECT WAY.

There is only one way.

Does your heart throb in sympathy with humanity's pain? Is your voice choked when you strive to speak words of comfort to those on whom the burden of being presses heavily? Does your very soul sicken as you behold the misery, the degradation, the hopelessness of the lives of the toiling masses around you?

Across the seething sea of human passion and misery do you strain tired eyes, hopelessly striving to catch on the far horizon some glimpse of a promised land? Are you convinced that whatever promise the future holds for mankind, that those who weep and suffer and despair now will not see the dawning of freedom's day at least in this life—that existence will continue to be to them in this incarnation one long mystery and misery until death comes to them a welcomed mercy, and they find in the grave the rest life denied them?

Would you help them? Would you lift the heavy burden even from one life, bring sunshine into one dark home? Then I say to you there is only one way by which you can do so.

Eighteen centuries of Christianity have failed; our western civilization of which we boast so much, has failed; the many philanthropic efforts, nobly undertaken have done little. We have seen charity given to the suffering poor through other hands than the donor's; Utopian schemes for the regeneration of the masses that were only beautiful dreams. Men have given wealth, time, thought and in many cases sincere sympathy; yet misery still prevails. The tired work-girl toiling in the fireless attic; the child-beggar shivering in the streets; the hungry unemployed; the spectres of misery and crime darkening the sky and making the earth unfriendly; these are in our midst still. Why is it? Because men have failed to recognise that each human unit was their brother, their sister. Money, time, thought have been given to no avail because they have not given themselves.

There is but one way to help humanity; a royal road; a path of suffering. Over its sharp stones, up its weary steepes, the great ones of the earth toiled with painful effort; sages, saints, prophets.

The road of self-sacrifice; nay more the road of self-annihilation.

This way Buddha passed; this way the Prophet of Nazareth journeyed with aching heart. The road is still there. Those who seek it can find it. It is narrow and hard; it leads through the bitter waters of renunciation, up the slopes of pain.

No light shines upon the valleys through which it winds; the mists of Maya envelope them; yet beyond, above them there is light, and within you there is light.

Do not fear that the waters will overwhelm you, that the burden of world's misery you bear will cause you to stumble and sink. Every burden is comparatively light compared to the burden of self which you have left behind. There is safe footing; there is a fording-place; and others, who went before you, have trodden down the sharpest thorns on the path that leads to the water's edge.

This is no Lethe stream, but in very truth the waters of Marah; yet by enduring the bitterness you may fill the life-cup of others with the waters of joy.

The mountain slopes are shelving and steep; they rise like a black unending wall before you. What matter! By the light within you, you will see crevices and jutting rocks where your feet may hold; there are niches too, ladder-like, cut in the solid rock. Others have been before you upon that mountain waste.

Do not despair. Through the darkness words of cheer reach you, and your

soul bursts forth into song. Below you too there is a babel of confused sound—those you suffer for are following hard after you. If you would help humanity seek the Path; do not give only so-called charity; give yourself utterly and entirely.

Seek out your toiling brothers and sisters. Clasp their toil-stained hands in Brotherhood; let your arms entwine around your sister and your heart beat close to hers; let your tears mingle with those that flow from her grief-dimmed eyes; let the sufferers feel that they are not alone in their misery, that they are not too lost, too sinful for you to love; tell them and prove it by your life that you are one with them, that your life is bound up with theirs.

Have faith in the future of humanity. Have faith in yourself. Above all have faith in the Masters and you cannot, shall not fail.

What matter if no apparent results crown your efforts! What matter if sometimes weary you stumble and fall! What matter if, when the great brotherhood is an accomplished fact, no one gives a passing thought to you!

Have courage, faith, patience. The future is certain.

Find the path; point it out to others. There is no other way to help humanity.

K. B. Lawrence

—:O:—

A FRAGMENT.

Oh! Night and Day
Ye are too wond'rous fair—too black and grim
When we are out of sway
With the eternal laws that sing your hymn.

Oh! Night and Day
Ye are a mystery to chase away
The curious hand that would unveil your might,
The curious eye that fain would pierce your light,
Or read the magic of your starry night.

Oh! mind thou art the spiritual part
Of Night and Day and Earth and Air and Space,
And in and with and through them all thou art;
They are the features of thine awful face,
And love through them is but the counterpart—
She smiles or frowns as we the changes trace
Upon thy mirror'd visage in our heart.

R. H. Fitzpatrick

PAGES FROM THE UPANISHADS

[Translated from the Sanskrit, for the *Irish Theosophist*]

:O:—

THE MEANING OF OM.

[From the Mândūkya Upanishad.]

The Self depends on the Unchanging; *Om* depends on its measures. The measures of *Om* are as the steps of the Self, and the steps of the Self are as the measures, which are *a*, *u*, and *m*. (8)

Waking life, as earthly fire, *agui*, corresponds to *a* the first measure, from its acquisitiveness, and from arriving first. He indeed acquires all desires, and arrives first, who understands thus. (9)

Dream life, the astral, corresponds to *u*, the second measure, from being upward, and a uniter. He reaches upward, and is united, nor is born among those that know not the Eternal, who understands thus. (10)

Dreamless life, the intuitional, corresponds to *m*, the third measure, from its being a measurer and a mediator. He indeed measures all this world, and mediates, who understands thus. (11)

Corresponding to no measure indeed, and ungraspable, is the fourth step, in which the expanses have ceased, which is benign and secondless, and is as the *Om*.

The self, self-led, enters the Self, when it understands thus, when it understands thus. (12)

(The end of the Mândūkya Upanishad.)

C. J.

:O:—

JAGRATA, SVAPNA AND SUSHUPTI.

While the philosophical concepts of ancient India, concerning religion and cosmogony, are to some extent familiar and appreciated in these countries, its psychology, intimately related with its religion and metaphysics, is comparatively unknown. In Europe the greatest intellects have been occupied by speculations upon the laws and aspects of physical nature, while the more spiritual Hindus were absorbed in investigations as to the nature of life itself; by continual aspiration, devotion, introspection and self-analysis, they had acquired vast knowledge of the states of consciousness possible for man to enter upon; they had laid bare the anatomy of the mind, and described the many states that lay between the normal waking condition of man, and that final state of spiritual freedom and unity with *BRAHMA*, which it was the aim alike of religion and science to bring about. Most interesting among their ideas, was their analysis of the states of consciousness upon which we enter during sleep. Roughly speaking, they may be divided into two, which together with the waking state, make a trinity of states through which every person passes, whether he be aware of it or not. These states are known as:— *Jagrata*, waking; *Svapna*, dreaming; and *Sushupti*, deep sleep. The English equivalents of these words give no idea of the states. Passing out of *Jagrata*, the Indians held that, beyond the chaotic borderland, we entered, in *Svapna* and *Sushupti*, upon real states of being. *Sushupti*, the high-

est, was accounted a spiritual state; here the soul touches vaster centres in the great life and has communion with celestial intelligences. The unification of these three states into one is one of the results of Raj-Yoga; in this state the chela keeps memory of what occurred while his consciousness was in the planes of Svapna and Sushupti. Entrance upon these states should not I think be understood as meaning that the mind has deserted its fleshly tabernacle in search of such experience. Departure from the physical form is no more necessary for this than for clairvoyance, but a transfer of the consciousness in us from one plane to another is necessary.

Now as we generate Karuna in the dreaming and deep sleep states which may either help or hinder the soul in its evolution, it is a matter of importance that we should take steps to promote the unification of these states, so that the knowledge and wisdom of any one state may be used to perfect the others. Our thoughts and actions in the waking state react upon the dreaming and deep sleep, and our experiences in the latter influence us in the waking state by suggestion and other means. The reason we do not remember what occurs in Svapna and Sushupti is because the astral matter which normally surrounds the thinking principle is not subtle enough to register in its fullness the experience of any one upon the more spiritual planes of consciousness. To increase the responsiveness of this subtle matter we have to practise concentration, and so heighten the vibrations, or in other words to evolve or perfect the astral principle. Modern science is rapidly coming to the conclusion that the differences perceived in objects around us, are not differences in substance, but differences of vibration in one substance. Take a copper wire; pass electrical currents through it, gradually increasing their intensity, and phenomena of sound, heat and light will be manifest, the prismatic colours appearing one after the other. Similarly by an increased intensity in the performance of every action, the consciousness is gradually transferred from the lower to the higher planes. In order to give a point, or to direct the evolving faculties into their proper channel, continual aspiration is necessary. Take some idea—the spiritual unity of all things, for example—something which can only be realized by our complete absorption in spiritual nature; let every action be performed in the light of this idea, let it be the subject of reverent thought. If this is persisted in, we will gradually begin to become conscious upon the higher planes, the force of concentration carrying the mind beyond the waking into Svapna and Sushupti. The period between retiring to rest and awakening, formerly a blank, will begin to be spotted with bright lights of consciousness, or, as we walk about during the day such knowledge will visit us. “He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself” says Krishna. Patanjali recommends dwelling on the knowledge that presents itself in dreams; if we think over any such experience, many things connected with it will be revealed, and so gradually the whole shadowy region will become familiar and attractive, and we will gain a knowledge of our own nature which will be invaluable and which cannot otherwise be acquired.

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

In "Watch Tower" Notes, (Decr. *Lucifer*.) two extracts are given from Bulls, issued respectively by Pope Clement XIV and Pope Pius VII, suppressing and reviving the Society of Jesus. They are interesting as shewing the different views taken of the order by two different heads of the church.

... ..

Signs are not wanting of anxiety on the part of certain priests in Dublin, about some of their "flock" who have become interested in the teachings of Theosophy. But we hasten to reassure them. It is but an instance of a forward movement which asserts the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and which ere long must be faced by the Roman Catholic Church.

... ..

There was a hearty response made to the invitation of our staff to an "At Home" at the publishing and printing offices, on Friday the 30th. Decr. It was successful in every way. In one corner Bro. Russell discoursed to an attentive group in tones "strange and mystical," while in another department, dancing was indulged in with much enthusiasm.

... ..

It is intended to utilize alternate Wednesday evenings at the Dublin Lodge, 3 Upr. Ely Place, by having meetings for public debate. We venture to hope that the speakers who at the meetings of other Societies invariably begin telling Theosophists their duty by confessing their ignorance of Theosophy will take the advantage thus afforded of learning something of its teaching, and putting its practicability to the test. The first meeting will be on the 18th. inst. the subject for debate being, "Are the methods of Modern Science unreliable?" to be opened by Mr. P. E. Jordan.

... ..

The Golden Stairs. By Arthur E. Waite. London. (Theosophical Publi-

cation Society.)

Like all other things, the legends of childhood undergo transformation; the monstrous elements, once thought indispensible, disappear, and the graceful mingles, more and more, with the grotesque. Mr. Waite, in his book of stories, *The Golden Stairs* now offers something purely spiritual and beautiful, while still moving in the wonderland dear to children.

... ..

These stories contain truths deeper than which few men can go, though they are put in the fairy-tale fashion, which makes them easy and delightful reading. Here and there, there are passages no child could understand, but perhaps the book is none the worse for that. The haunting beauty of many of the tales might well serve as a stimulus to further study, might give a life-long direction to thought.

... ..

"N. B." writes—Christmas Day at Headquarters was spent quietly and cheerily, in spite of the reduced number of the staff, but then what will not a vegetarian plum pudding accomplish!

... ..

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's departure for Australia was unavoidably postponed for a month, but she really left for her long visit to the Antipodes, on the 30th.

News from Mrs. Besant is good, the lecturing tour is "progressing favourably," as doctors say; she had a very rough passage out, and writes that they were actually battened down for two days, the seas ran so high. Chicago has already been reached, and poor Mrs. Besant been subjected to severe cross-examinations from rapacious interviewers. But the interest aroused by her presence and lecture, is thereby all the more heightened and intensified. Schemes of work abound, the soup kitchen has been started, and the Crèche flourishes vigorously.

There is much interesting matter in *Le Lotus Bleu* for Dec. which will repay perusal. Besides several continued articles there is a strong and vigorous plea from the pen of "Philadelphie," for a more rational and liberal system of education than at present obtains amongst us. He points out that people as a general rule leave the education of their children too much to paid instructors, whose main object is not so much the development of the child's special gifts and aptitudes, but the turning out of so many specimens of cramming, which will serve to increase their fame as teachers, or reflect credit on the institutions to which they belong. "The Gods of the Religions" is the title of a closely-reasoned article in which the author endeavours to show that all the gods from time immemorial, have had a real existence, and have been powerful to affect human destiny solely through the aid of human ideation. Starting with the analogy that on the mental as on the physical plane, some things go to form the food of others, and that unless a body is maintained, suited to the plane on which the entity exists, it is powerless to operate on that plane; he goes on to show that, as thoughts are things on the mental plane, all the prayers, sacrifice and worship which have been offered up to the gods, whether to Moloch, Odin, Allah, Jehovah or any of the others, have been the nutriment, so to speak, from which they drew the power to influence human destiny, and that accord-

ing as disbelief in their efficacy has spread, so has their power waned.


...
In Dec. *Path* there appears a short but pithy article entitled "Problems in Psychology" by Dr. Buck. He says—"What consciousness may be *per se*, we know as little as we know the ultimate nature of matter and force. Nearly all of the leading scientists of the day admit that in the last analysis we know really nothing of matter and force. It may therefore be logically claimed, that our knowledge of mind, life and spirit is of precisely the same character, derived in the same way as is our knowledge of matter and force viz, through conscious experience in the process of evolution. Mr. Judge in an article on "Imagination and Occult Phenomena," relates, as an illustration of what he says on the imagination, how H. P. Blavatsky showed him a precipitation in the very act. She looked fixedly at a certain smooth piece of wood and slowly on it came out letters, which at last made a long sentence. "It formed before my eyes" he says, "and I could see the matter condense and pack itself on the surface. All the letters were like such as she could make with her hand, just because she was making the image in her brain, and of course followed her own peculiarities."

...
Mr. Burrowes' article promised in our last issue has been unavoidably delayed. We hope to have it in time for next issue.

OUR WORK.

The annual business meeting of the Dublin Lodge will be held on the 23rd. inst., at 3 Upper Ely Place, when the year's report will be submitted by the Secretary.

On Wednesday the 14th. Decr. D. N. Dunlop answered the question "Is Theosophy unpractical" in the negative, and proceeded to shew his reasons for the answer. He was ably supported by Bros. Russell and Jordan. On the 26th. Decr. Bro. Russell read a paper on "First Steps in Occultism," which led to an instructive discussion. Our article on "Jagrata, Svapna and Sushupti" embodies some of its main points.

 NOTICE:— All the back nos. may still be had; subscription for the year 1/6 free. Articles for insertion should reach us by 1st of the month. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

No. 5 Vol. 1

DUBLIN, FEB. 15, 1893.

PRICE ONE PENNY

Universal warfare is the condition of the world. The advance of thought has brought about new conditions, and generated new antagonisms. The question now is not "what does Scripture teach?" but "what does Nature teach?" The whole current of thought seems in the direction of agnosticism. In imagination the Roman Catholic is relieved from the responsibility of his soul's salvation, for the Church cares and is responsible. Peter's barque awaits to rescue him. He trusts the boatman, and doubts not that all will be well. On the other hand, Protestantism but substitutes the authority of a less pretentious nodule, for that of a Universal See. Everywhere, conformity to sect opinion and custom. Everywhere bigotry, intolerance, arrogance and a persecuting spirit. The Ethical Movement, formed to assist in constructing a theory of right, has failed so far to do so. They have not yet found that *Central Principle*, the nearness or remoteness from which proves our ideas true or false. The socialist seeks redemption from tyrannous material conditions, ignoring the problem of individual regeneration. And so the destructive process goes rapidly on. No true priesthood, no organized religion. No true philosophership, no corresponding culture.

The ancients believed the sun was alive, that it breathed. To the materialistic scientist of to-day the sun is dead, a ball of dry fire. To them the earth also is dead, whirled into coherence and held to shape by soulless gravitation. We are educated in the science of seeming; not in the science of *being*. We are taught to regard our deeper consciousness as the breeding-place of illusion and confusion.

We are taught that we are separate entities, whose private welfare depends on the repression of the instinct to humane association. We look back and criticise our own shadows, and from the light so derived pursue a train of reasoning which ends in shadow, mere shadow. And the farther we advance in this direction, the more we lose sight of the Divine Genius the race involves.

The dead weight of obselete environments impedes the advance. A mighty effort must be made if this impediment is to be overthrown. The craving of men after righteousness—to get rid of the thralldom of their own existence, is the push of the divine faculty or principle, of which, as one of the race, each partakes "World building is slow building." When aged and decaying systems appear ripe for ruin, and when chaos seems to impend, then ensues the crisis that evidences the initial stages of a new series in evolution.

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

NO. II WHAT IS THEOSOPHY? — FIRST PRINCIPLES. (*contd.*)

Now this one Omnipresent Energy of which, as science tells us, "matter" is a partial manifestation, is to the Theosophist, itself but an external phase or aspect of the *living* Breath which flows from the One Source of all life, consciousness and intelligence. When we look around us at the objects of the material universe—stars and planets, winds, waters, rocks, trees—we are looking upon mere appearances in which, to our imperfect physical perception, the One Spirit has clothed itself.

Remember, it is not maintained that these objects are *unreal*. That is a false mysticism from which no satisfying philosophy of life, no true system of ethics can be derived. What Theosophy teaches is, that the *appearances* of things, which give us the notion of motionless, inert, lifeless substance, are illusory.

Underneath these misleading appearances, thrills ceaselessly One Universal Life, the same in essence that vibrates in the consciousness of each of us, men and women. And so we reach a conception of that which is the corner-stone of Theosophy—the doctrine of the living unity of nature, of the inseparable kinship with all the myriad lives—human, sub-human and super-human, which throng the Universe. On this truth, for the Theosophist, hang "all the law and the prophets."

NO. III UNIVERSAL MIND.

Having reached the conception of a Universal Ocean of life welling forth in countless visible and invisible forms throughout all nature, we are met by the great difficulty which the infinite complexity of all this cosmic life presents, in any effort to comprehend and realize its presence everywhere around us. To the astronomer, the milky way, which the unaided eye discerns as a continuous cloud of luminous haze, reveals itself under the telescope as a wondrous congeries of innumerable distinct stars. In like manner, to the student of occult nature, the sea of life around him resolves itself into numberless elemental lives or entities, each pursuing an evolution of its own. At first sight then, a variety so endless a complexity so baffling, so inscrutable, might seem to argue against, rather than in favour of, the inner unity of life of which we have spoken.

But reflect one moment on the other side of the picture, or rather, leaving aside for the present the analytical view of Proteus-like Nature, consider this same Nature as a whole: let us contemplate rather than dissect. What do we find?

What does the very conception *Universe* imply? What mean the *laws* of nature?

How came the affinities and groupings of elements, atoms, molecules, planets, suns, systems? Atheism talks of "chance." Agnosticism says with a shrug "we do not know." Exoteric Theism speaks confidently of an inconceivable Deity, self-contradictory in his attributes. Theosophy whispers "Universal Mind." It is by reason of the *mind* in Nature, mirrored more or less fully and consciously in each of Nature's living units, according to their degree of evolution, that man is able first to perceive, then to realize, lastly to enter consciously and actively into the eternal harmony of things. By observing and following the laws of his own inner being, he is able to discern the larger sweep of the same laws in the world about

This is one of the most important principles of Theosophy and of Occultism. It affords the *rationale* of the magical powers and spiritual knowledge and insight of the Initiates on whose teachings we claim that modern Theosophy is founded.

XC. IV THE SEVEN "PLANES" AND "PRINCIPLES."

Most of us, no doubt—whether Theosophists or not, have been struck by the curious and persistent influence of the number seven, not alone in the mythology and ritual of every ancient religion, but in phenomena of nature around us, as in the color-spectrum, the musical scale, the weights and properties of chemical elements, or the periodic phases of organic life familiar to the physiologist. Have we not felt instinctively that some mysterious unifying principle of number must relate together effects that are otherwise so diverse? And has not the importance so unanimously accorded to the "perfect number" by antiquity, sometimes caused us to be haunted, even in spite of ourselves, with an impression of some deep wisdom, some hidden meaning in these myths and observances, of which we in modern times have lost the key?

Such questionings and surmises must have arisen in the minds of many who are unacquainted with the Theosophic philosophy, which alone offers a really adequate explanation of these strange coincidences. Here it is taught that the inner senses, once recognized and used by seers and initiates all over the world, but now become latent or dormant except in a comparatively few highly-endowed and highly-trained men of our race—have access to the subtler and finer realms of nature which permeate and ensoul the gross physical vesture of things; that when these inner senses are awakened, the various organic laws, forms and life-processes of which one limited set of faculties gives us cognizance, are then perceived as but partial, prismatic aspects of realities whose one Essence manifests itself in seven distinct manners. Thus man himself, the microcosm, is said to be composed of seven "principles"—related respectively to the seven "planes" of nature, the macrocosm. And as in the case of colour, the seven rays of the spectrum are found to consist of three primary, and four derivative rays, so in the Esoteric Philosophy, cosmos and man are regarded each as an essential trinity, manifested in four transitory aspects. We shall return further on, to the consideration of the sevenfold constitution of man. Meanwhile there is an important conception involved, as to the relation of different orders of being to one another in the evolutionary scale, which it will be well to try to make clear at this point.

The primal entities or lives, the first offshoots of separated being that awaken to conscious existence in the Cosmos, may be likened to drops of quicksilver which reflect in miniature the vast plan and pattern of starry heavens around them. By this comparison it is meant, that in every *monad* or elemental life that starts into existence, all the seven planes or principles are contained, as it were, in germ. Now as this germ unfolds, as consciousness expands, the entity is successively attracted within the sphere of other entities more advanced, that is, more evolved or developed, and from these it derives the stimulus, or inner life-impulse, which impels it to further evolution. We have not far to look for an illustration of this law. Are not our bodies built up and cemented together by myriads of microscopic lives? On the inner planes of thought and feeling, again, we are equally surrounded and interpenetrated by other living entities known as "elementals." We ourselves, as we shall see later, are dependent for the stimulus to inner evolution, upon super-human beings, lofty intelligences that through ages and milleniums of the past have attained to the stature of the Divine, and whom men have worshipped as gods.

Thus we find, plane within plane, that the life in Nature "groweth up into a temple of the living God." Spiral beyond spiral, in sevenfold steps the path of evolution reaches in one grand continuity, from the lowest levels of dim half-consciousness, 'till it includes in its sweep the vast range of Cosmic Intelligence.

And behold! saith Wisdom, that Path, and that Kingdom of Heaven are within you.

(to be continued.)

LIGHT FROM THE PAST:—One of the signs of the times is a book, *The Letter and The Spirit*, by Mr. Geo. Trobridge (London, James Spiers; 4s.). The *Literary World* comments on it as follows:—"The drift of Mr. Trobridge's *The Letter and the Spirit* is to show that the Church, by treating Swedenborg as an enemy acted unwisely; and he thinks it possible that now she is encompassed on all sides by enemies, she may repent and turn to Swedenborg as a deliverer. . . .

The doctrines of Swedenborg, which bear on the interpretation of the Scriptures, are:— I. From the Lord proceed the celestial, the spiritual and the natural, one after the other. II. The distinction between these three degrees cannot be known unless correspondences are known; for the Word being interiorly spiritual and celestial, was written by pure correspondence, i. e. representations of spiritual and heavenly things in natural forms. . . . The essentials of Swedenborg's system are as follows:— I. Everything proceeds from God through a regular series of gradations, orders and degrees. II. On love to God and charity to our neighbour hang all the Law and the Prophets. III. The body exists for the sake of Soul, which is immortal. IV. The end of creation is a Society of Souls, or Heaven." If we understand by this last clause the final spiritual unity of humanity we have here the fundamental teachings of Theosophy.

K R I S H N A .

"I am Beauty itself among beautiful things."
Bagavad-Gita.

The East was crowned with snow-cold bloom
And hung with veils of pearly fleece;
They died away into the gloom,
Vistas of peace, and deeper peace.

And earth and air and wave and fire
In awe and breathless silence stood,
For One who passed into their choir
Linked them in mystic brotherhood.

Twilight of amethyst, amid
The few strange stars that lit the heights,
Where was the secret spirit hid,
Where was Thy place, O Light of Lights?

The flame of Beauty far in space—
When rose the fire, in Thee? in Me?
Which bowed the elemental race
To adoration silently.

G. W. R.

CONCENTRATION.

Beyond waking, dreaming and deep sleep is Turya. Here there is a complete change of condition; the knowledge formerly sought in the external world is now present *within* the consciousness; the ideations of universal mind are manifest in spiritual intuitions. The entrance to this state is through Jagrata, Svapna and Sushupti, and here that spiritual unity is realized, the longing for which draws the soul upwards through the shadowy worlds of dreaming and deep sleep. I have thought it necessary to supplement the brief statement made in the previous number by some further remarks upon concentration, for the term applied without reference to the Turya state is liable to be misunderstood and a false impression might arise that the spiritual is something to be sought for outside ourselves. The waking, dreaming and deep sleep states correspond to objective worlds, while Turya is subjective, including in itself all ideals. If this is so, we can never seek for the true beyond ourselves; the things we suppose we shall some time realize in spiritual consciousness must be present in it now, for to spirit all things are eternally present. Advance to this state is measured by the realization of moods; we are on the path when there surges up in the innermost recesses of our being the cry of the long imprisoned souls of men; we are then on our way to unity.

The Bhagavad-Gita which is a treatise on Raj Yoga, gives prominence to three aspects of concentration. Liberation is attained by means of action, by devotion, by spiritual discernment: these aspects correspond respectively to three qualities in man and nature, known as Tamas, Rajas and Satva. The Tamas is the gross, material or dark quality; Rajas is active and passionil; the attributes of Satva are light, peace, happiness, wisdom. No one while in the body can escape from the action of the three qualities, for they are brought about by nature which is compounded of them. We have to recognize this, and to continue action, aspiration and thought, impersonally or with some universal motive, in the manner nature accomplishes these things. Not one of these methods can be laid aside or ignored, for the Spirit moveth within all, these are its works, and we have to learn to identify ourselves with the moving forces of nature.

Having always this idea of brotherhood or unity in mind, by action—which we may interpret as service in some humanitarian movement—we purify the Tamas.

By a pure motive, which is the Philosopher's Stone, a potent force in the alchemy of nature, we change the gross into the subtle, we initiate that evolution which shall finally make the vesture of the soul of the rare, long-sought-for, primordial substance. Devotion is the highest possibility for the Rajas: that quality which is ever attracted and seduced by the beautiful mayas of fame, wealth and power, should be directed to that which it really seeks for, the eternal universal life; the channels through which it must flow outwards are the souls of other men, it reaches the One Life through the many. Spiritual discernment should be the aim of the Satva, "there is not anything, whether animate or inanimate which is without me," says Krishna, and we should seek for the traces of THAT in all things, looking upon it as the cause of the alchemical changes in the Tamas, as that which widens the outflowing love of the Rajas. By a continued persistence of this subtle analytic faculty, we begin gradually to perceive that those things which we formerly thought were causes, are in reality not causes at all; that there is but one cause for everything, "The Atma by which this universe is pervaded."

By reason of its proximity alone the body, the organs, Manas and Buddhi apply themselves to their proper objects as if applied (by some one else)." (The Crest Jewel of Wisdom). By uniting these three moods, action, devotion and spiritual discernment, into one mood, and keeping it continuously alight, we are accompany-

ing the movements of spirit to some extent. This harmonious action of all the qualities of our nature, for universal purposes without personal motive, is in *synchronous vibration* with that higher state spoken of at the beginning of the paper; therefore we are at one with it. "When the wise man perceiveth that the only agents of action are these qualities, and comprehends that which is superior to the qualities, he attains to my state. And when the embodied self surpasseth these three qualities of goodness, action and indifference—which are co-existent with the body, it is released from rebirth and death, old age and pain, and drinketh of the water of immortality."

F.

—:O:—

REDEMPTION.

Is not primordial Cosmic Consciousness the consciousness of One—the *Monad* which is the *Buddhic* veil of the Unknowable *Atma*? It is called *Adi-Buddha* in its oneness and is "abstract consciousness"—the consciousness of a cosmos in its entirety, but still undifferentiated.

The moment the equipoise is disturbed, or vorticle motion (as *laya* centres) sets up in the *Akasa* with its active polarity, the One becomes—not two—but *Three*—(product and not division.)

One, or Consciousness, cannot be divided. It has evolved and become *active* as cosmic substance in the dual *Mahat* which always contains The One. Still this consciousness is cosmic, substantive and single, as well, having no knowledge of the dual, *Mahat*. It does not become *Self-consciousness* until It (the *monad* through differentiation by *Mahat*) reaches in man the point of contact with its own *Self* as *Atma-Buddhi*, manifesting in man through *Manas* which is an imprisoned *Ray* of *Mahat*. "The *Monad* which successively differentiates through all kingdoms from the divine monadic essence which primarily en-closes undifferentiated cosmic substance, is the same in the human as it is in the mineral, vegetable or animal forms of existence; and, finally, it emerges into a perfect union through *man* with its own essential *Self* that energizes through and in *Manas* as *Atma-Buddhi*." (W. R. Old, *Vahan* Sept.). That is to say—man is the seven-stringed harp that divides up this One Breath, or *Monad*, so that it *can* know itself. Each man since the third race who has become so finely organized, by mahatic action as to be capable of becoming a self-conscious unit appropriates to *himself*, by vibratory law acting through his aura, a ray of this cosmic *Mahat*, (in this connection called *Manas*) in order that, in time, his individual consciousness (*Atma-Buddhi*) may, through the refining *Manas*, become conscious of *Its Self* in him—and thus add the sum of its acquired sentience (as *Bliss*) to the involuntary cosmic *Self-Consciousness*. From out this present absorbing Cosmic *Self-Consciousness* after *Pralaya*, will emerge a future Universe advanced above this present manifesting Universe to just that degree to which *man* has advanced the Cosmic Consciousness (or *Monad*) in its passage through the smelter of *Manas* in Humanity. H. P. B. says somewhere in the Secret Doctrine that there is nothing in or on this Earth that *man* has not made. This I can now understand to refer to the activity of *manas* in man, in advancing the *Cosmic Consciousness*, or *Monad*.

To account for the present correlation between the minds of men and the Universal Mind, I think we must take into consideration the multiplicity of gradations pervading our involving *Monad*, (gradations from man in his first thinking state to the highest *Dhyani* of our *manvantaric* system,) and call the Universal divine Mind not *Mahat*—but *that part of Mahat* which has been redeemed from *Cosmic*

consciousness into *self-consciousness* by becoming first humanized, and thereafter deified.

We are told that "*all beings, without exception, either have been, are, or will be Man.*" The great heavenly hierarchies, and the Dhyan-Chohanis hosts must *have been* man. What disturbs the equipoise or repose of the "Concealed Wisdom" from which disturbance, creation ensues?

I do not know if there be or be not in *Space* manifesting universes in pairs of positive and negative interaction. It seems to me that in *Time* we find the pairs of positive and negative following each other unendingly, as the positive impregnating manifested universe followed by the negative pralaya universe—or gestation of the Egg of Brahma—then this process complete, the positive becomes manifest again, and so on for ever and for ever.

Now the involutionary cosmic consciousness *can* become *positive* (or reaches adolescence) only in and through Manas, and returns into negativity as impregnating cosmic *Self-Consciousness*; and the product or birth from this so impregnated "Egg of Brahma" will be a fresh cosmic Consciousness, or monad, which must be the refined experiences or memory of the *past Universe*.

And so all is spinning on, weaving memory for ever: and what is true of worlds and universes, is true also of our successive lives and of our begetting. (This may throw new light on reincarnation.)

The "*Virgin of the worlds*" is the dual but unseparated Mahat, the two-poled agent ever working (and in its working ever creating) and seeking the mate of its King and Lord, Adi-Buddha—until, after ages of sorrowing toil, it, as Manas, brings him face to face with his bride—and lo! it is *itself*—neither he nor she—they are One!

When and why did the Agniswatta become a part of our humanity? They are sons of a Manu—collectively men who have become *Self-Conscious* in a past and lower Manvantara—they are the glorified product of it's Manasic activity.

The ceaseless Mahat of our present solar system—the dual-poled worker (through the Tatwas in their various vibrations which always work in positive and negative phases) evolved in the third Race of this Round the perfection of *polarity* in the male and female forms, separate one from the other, and when this differentiation was reached, the acme of our Solar Mahatic work was reached. Then the vibrations of those organisms were so fine and strong as to become synchronous with the lower vibrations of the Sun Lords—the Agniswatti, or Self-Conscious Beings of a past manvantara; they *could not choose* but be drawn into those perfected forms *by like vibrations*—but they, having become Lords in Self-consciousness (in this grade of involution) *can choose to create or no*.

Just here I find the explanation of the "Fall of Angels" and of "Free Will." I have never before found *sufficient cause* for this "fall into generation," nor able to see why it was a "rebellion" against heavenly power. I could not see the advantage gained by the Angels who dwelled in harmony in heaven, by descending upon earth to dwell in pain. Now I see that the descent was not simply for the purpose of generating (this was a result) but to be able to exercise *will* (Buddhi, force or Consciousness) separate and distinct from Cosmic will (or Adi-Buddha Consciousness). Will is always free, *i.e.* there is *nothing* (at least within the reach of our conception) behind, within or above *will*: but only in manifested, dual-formed *man* is it exercised separately from Cosmic Consciousness. (I do not refer to the after-human or deific states.)

And here is the secret of "rebellion" against Heaven—for without possessing this Ray of Will, which is in it's essence Deific there would have been no sufficient power to oppose against the heavenly will.

Mahat's working has evolved the dual-formed Man. Now why should a *dual*-formed being be *needed* to imprison a Ray of Mahat, or Manas?—with its inherent Atma-Buddhic force,—will or consciousness?

Because in order that The Knower shall be able to study Itself and its own Inner-Self (or inherent "I" as Buddhi or Consciousness) it must be made *objective to itself*—and to the "I." This is only possible in *our* manvantara in the two-formed One Being which the polarizing Mahat has evolved while still working as *subjective* power for Cosmic Consciousness.

And when this process is complete—the Gods descend—and the dual Manas (higher and lower or positive and negative or masculine and feminine, alternately manifesting its two aspects) leads Humanity through all its multiple phases of evolution and involution, 'till The Knower, finally, knows itself and its Lord, "I"!

All Man's pilgrimage of lives is *only for this*—to attain such exercise and power of Manas as shall open the Inner Court where dwells The King, Consciousness, by whom all worlds are made. And why? To "save one soul alive"! No! To *save all Souls!* to redeem *the whole of manifesting Mahat*, through Manas, into the next higher plane of manifestation in an ensuing Universe in which we shall be parts, either as Servitors of—*Lords*.*

Now, as this process goes on, this moving into finer matter of the worker, Mahat, the withdrawing upwards, by Manas, of this power of manifestation, (which is also *the manifested*—the vesture of itself) leaves *nothing* behind it but negativity—hence Pralayas are a *necessary sequence* of the redemption into Self-Consciousness of Mahat. Matter can exist in any one state only so long as its polarizing power is active in that state.

Thus Earth and all the planets will pass into finer and finer grades of manifesting matter with their sequential pralayas (chains of orbs etc.) until all of the Solar Mahat shall be redeemed, through Manas, into one unit of Solar Self-Consciousness. Then shall Solar Pralaya *Be*—a state of Being-hood too transcendently glorious for our present grasp—and yet—I may be **THAT**.

* Those who reach to Manasic Consciousness will be Servitors—those who reach Buddhi Lords.

LOVE.

Thou art the light of day ; the dark of night ;
 The depth of being ; and the calm of death ;
 The roseate sleep ; and the first flush of dawn ;
 The soul's high heaven with its veil undrawn ;
 The life of atoms in the sun's bright beam ;
 The voice of music in the mountain stream ;
 The harmony by which bright stars unfold
 Their veiled eyelids, and through space are rolled,
 The deep drawn sigh, and the divinest thrill,
 That with the Deity our bodies fill ;
 And more, and more, for thou art *all*, oh Love!
 Beneath, deep down, on highest heights above ;
 Oh ! thou art wondrous, thou art strange, Almighty Love.

H. F.

THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT.

For the future we intend that at this hour the Mystic shall be at home, less metaphysical and scientific than is his wont, but more really himself. It is customary at this hour, before the lamps are brought in, to give way a little and dream, letting all the tender fancies day suppresses rise up in our minds. Whether it is spent, whether in the dusky room or walking home through the blue evening, all things grow strangely softened and united; the magic of the old world appears. The commonplace streets take on something of the grandeur and solemnity of starlit avenues of Egyptian temples the public squares in the mingled glow and gloom grow beautiful as the Indian grove where Sakuntala wandered with her maidens; the children chase each other through the dusky shrubberies, as they see past they look at us with long remembered glances: lulled by the silence, we forget a little while the hard edges of the material and remember that we are *spirits*.

Now is the hour for memory, the time to call in and make more securely our own all stray and beautiful ideas that visited us during the day, and which might otherwise be forgotten. We should draw them in from the region of things felt to the region of things understood; in a focus burning with beauty and pure with truth we should bind them, for from the thoughts thus gathered in something accrues to the consciousness; on the morrow a change impalpable but real has taken place in our being, we see beauty and truth through everything.

It is in like manner in Devachan, between the darkness of earth and the light of spiritual self-consciousness, that the Master in each of us draws in and absorbs the rarest and best of experiences, love, self-forgetfulness, aspiration, and out of these distills the subtle essence of wisdom, so that he who struggles in pain for his fellows, when he awakens again on earth is endowed with the tradition of that which we call self sacrifice, but which is in reality the proclamation of our own universal nature. There are yet vaster correspondences, for so also we are told, when the seven worlds are withdrawn, the great calm Shepherd of the Ages draws his misty hordes together in the glimmering twilights of eternity, and as they are penned within the awful Fold, the rays long separate are bound into one, and life, and joy, and beauty disappear, to emerge again after rest unspeakable on the morning of a New Day.

Now if the aim of the mystic be to fuse into one all moods made separate by time, would not the daily harvesting of wisdom render unnecessary the long Devachanic years? No second harvest could be reaped from fields where the sheaves are already garnered. Thus disregarding the fruits of action, we could work like those who have made the Great Sacrifice, for whom even Nirvana is no resting place. Worlds may awaken in nebulous glory, pass through their phases of self-conscious existence and sink again to sleep, but these tireless workers continue their age-long task of help. Their motive we do not know, but in some secret depth of our being we feel that there could be nothing nobler, and thinking this we have devoted the twilight hour to the understanding of their nature.

THE HOUSE OF TEARS.

On the East side of a great craggy mountain stood a square tower, windowless and forbidding; carved on each side was its name—"The House of Tears."

As the summer sun rose above the hills on the opposite side of the valley at the mountain's base, a beautiful woman appeared in the small eastern doorway of the tower, gazing forth over the vale and wastes, expectant, but perceiving none. Her white face, about which the wind blew her golden hair, was lit by radiance of wondrous violet eyes, and she was apparelled in a garment of fine white wool with threads of gold and silver running through the warp and woof. Her raiment was wrapped about her closely, so that she could not freely walk, but glided softly on her sandaled feet.

As she gazed she heard the footfalls of one who, approaching from the West, came down the mountain path with firm steps although his eyes were bounden with a scarf in such manner that he could see only the ground at his feet about one step in advance of him. She stood upon the threshold of her tower and called:—

"Whither wendest thou with covered eyes, O brother?"

Her voice stirred the air into music and he, startled, answered:—

"To the gathering of Seekers in the City of Light, beyond this mountain of Sorrow and the valleys and arid wastes of the Land of Science. The way is long and I may not tarry."

"Wilt thou not rest thee in the House of Tears, into which only the noon-day sun can shine, until thine eyes be strengthened for The Light?"

"Nay, gentle one, I have well learned to walk and have my compass and my sword; I fain would hasten on."

"But there are torrents on the way, and magnet caverns where the compass loseth poise."

"How knowest thou this? Hast thou been thither?"

"Nay, brother. For twice seven years my home hath been this tower whose great square walls shut out the world and let the zenith scan its heart. Here have I dwelled—here have I wept—here have I known the Sun Lord in his power. My feet have lost the cunning of earth paths—my light-woven robes know touch of naught but air. I fain would hie me to this day's concourse, but have no strength of limb nor chariot steeds."

"O, fellow Seeker," cried the stalwart youth, "I pray thee let me bear thee thither! My strength is dauntless and my heart would serve a patient dweller in the House of Tears."

"But, if thou bearest me thou shouldst be guided by my voice. Wilt thou obey?"

"I promise thee, I will."

Then he placed her on his shoulder and resumed the pathway down the mountain.

The valley's rushing river barred the road; wide stretched the placid waters toward the shores and midway roared the mighty song of ceaseless rapids; treacherously deep. The golden-haired one raised her voice:—

"Three steps to the channel through the still water, then a leap of the length of thy shadow at the third hour of sunrise—a strong leap for the current is swift," and he passed over safely. Through fields, over rocky heights, into deep, dark chasms, along tracks stained with blood and beautiful flowery ways he sped under her guidance, with free and agile feet but bounden eyes. He marvelled that she, having been secluded in the House of Tears, could tell him where to tread, and queried:—

"How knowest thou the way to the city by the mighty river where at noon the people assemble?" and she made answer:—

"By the thread of Light that runneth through the air, spun by the Star that shineth at midday."

He apprehended not her meaning, but was astonished and said.

"Seest thou the stars at noontide?"

She responded gently, "The stars shine ever; but of some things I may not speak to those whose eyes are bounden. To thee, who hath borne me willingly and followed my word, I may declare that the day is near when thou wilt not need to question, for to those who discern the Light all things are revealed." He apprehended not her meaning and silently pursued the course.

Presently she said.

"It lacks but a half hour of noon and the road is smoother hence. Art thou weary?" "Nay, But how knowest thou the hour?" "By the colors that shimmer above the wayside flowers and by their angles to their stems."

He understood her not, but coveted her knowledge.

At last they ascended a high hill on which was set the magnificent city and past its farther gates rolled the majestic river where floated a strange barge of exceeding lightness and splendour. It had two wide spreading sails like wings of iridescent gossamer and a third, high above these, shaped like a sphere or vast transparent bubble such as children throw upon the sunbeams. This was attached to the very centre of the ship by a rope of golden threads, and none could conceive by what manner of device the vessel was conducted. Those who had come up in the barge were ten strangely beautiful men, who spoke the language of all with whom they held converse although they were of many different nations and tongues.

Seven of The Ten were in conference in the secret chamber of the Temple whose radiance continually lighted the sky above it and gave the city its name.

This visit occurred every seven years at midsummer, and the trial of the Holy Chamber was held in order that any who were prepared might return with these visitors from the Great East Sea.

The youth from the plains trod lightly the city avenues and set down the lady of the tower in the garden of the esplanade overlooking the river. Two who recognized her garments came and loosened them a little, that she might walk more easily over the smooth and beautiful pavements of the wondrous city. When her feet were freed, the golden-haired one, with her two companions, turned to the young brother and gently unwound the fine long scarf of many colors with which his eyes were bound, and lo! they were sealed! Then they knew that he could not yet bear the Light of the city, and were saddened.

With great love and compassion they led him to the West Gate where his sight was restored to him, and he fell down before her whom he had borne through the devious ways of the morning and kissed the hem of her garment. She said,

"Insomuch, brother, that thou didst bear me over the rough places, willingly obedient to my guidance, I will give unto thee a ribbon of my robe whose texture shall be an aid in selecting the right paths when thou dost again come through that country with *thine eyes unbounden*."

From the edge of her vesture she bade him tear a strip. By reason of the gold and silver threads woven in the warp and woof, it was difficult to sever. He sought to cut it with a blade, but she withheld him, saying—

"Let not the sharp steel touch it—by thine own strength take the piece." And he brake it evenly with his hands. She took the ribbon and tied it about his bare right arm, at the heart level, and kissed his forehead. Then they left him to be refreshed and to return to the Mountain of Sorrow and tarry in the House of Tears.

Now many that day were summoned into the secret chamber to the Holy Council, but none of these candidates had been able to view The Light, because they had come by various ways up from their lands,—had shunned the dark tower on the Mountain of Sorrow and had found no bearers to carry them through the labyrinth of Science among whose rough roads their feet had been bruised and their strength squandered. When she of the House of Tears was summoned to the Temple her eyes were not smitten because she knew the mystery of the Triple Light, and she came forth in a new vesture with a white stole about her neck on which sparkled gems of the seven rays.

Radiating her "sphere of bliss" upon the people who followed her, she moved slowly with the Holy Seven into the ship, and was received by The Three who had there remained concealed.

When the sun was setting, the barge in a glorious effulgence, glided majestically and silently down the broad river toward the Great East Sea, and was seen no more 'till yet another seven years.

M. F. Wight.

We shall be pleased to receive interpretations of this allegory from any of our readers; these we will publish if suitable. [Ed.]

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

Lucifer (Jan.) The most noticeable articles are "The Vesture of the Soul," by G. R. S. Mead; "Mind, Thought and Cerebration," by Dr. Wilder and "The Infinite Universe and Worlds," by Giordano Bruno (Nolano), translated by W. R. Old. "The Watch Tower Notes," draws attention to the present 'boom' in some of the London papers of Hypnotism, Mesmerism etc.

ple will die in great numbers. . . . Wealthy lords will become paupers and paupers will become wealthy."

Theosophist (Jan.) Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves" are continued. A report of the Indian Section T. S. makes the number a bulky one.

Fath (Jan.) Perhaps the most interesting article to our readers is one entitled, "Two Startling Predictions" from a Hindu book in which occur the following passages:—"There will be famine then, (about 1895) . . . Peo-

We have also received the current numbers of *Le Lotus Bleu*, which is up to its usual standard; *Theosophia*, the organ of the Dutch Theosophists, and *Miscellaneous Notes and Queries*, a monthly magazine of history, folklore, mathematics, mysticism etc. (S. C. Gould, Manchester, N. H., U. S. A.)

OUR WORK.

There will be a conversazione at the Dublin Lodge, 3 Upper Ely Place, on the 16th. inst. Members, associates and friends should endeavour by their presence, to make these social reunions a complete success.

The annual business meeting of the Lodge to receive Secretary's and Treasurer's reports and those of other officers, was held on the 23rd. ult. A council was also elected, consisting of the three principle officers *ex officio*, and four members chosen by ballot. The following constitute the council:—H. M. Magee, President Dublin Lodge (1893); F. J. Dick, Secretary; G. W. Russell, Librarian; D. N. Dunlop; P. E. Jordan, Sec. L. T. W.; J. Coates, Sec. North Dublin Centre; and J. Varian.

On the 23rd. ult., a beautiful and instructive paper was read by Mrs. Jno. Varian on "Theosophy as it appears to a beginner." Her telling exposition of the principles of truth, justice and love involved in the great laws of Reincarnation and Karma, elicited the heartiest expressions of approval. On the 8th. inst. Mr. W. B. Yeats in a lecture on "Blake on the Symbolism of the Bible", held the attention of his audience enchained for two hours, while he explained the outlines of Blake's system. He succeeded in endowing a rather abstruse subject with an interest, which those who had the good fortune to be present, will not easily forget.

The following papers will be read during the ensuing month:—Feb. 22nd, "Theosophy and Present-day Problems", Miss K. Lawrence; Mar. 8 "Aims of Theosophy," Mrs. Duncan.

NOTICE:—All the back nos. may still be had; subscription for the year 1/6 free, articles for insertion should reach us by 1st. of the month. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 71 Lr. Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

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THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

NO. V CYCLES OF EVOLUTION. THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BRAHMA.

If then we regard the Universe as being at all points *alive*; if the forces of Nature, as seen in their real essence are *living* forces; if the countless orders of beings which make up the Cosmos are bound together as we have described in one vast ascending scale of ever-expanding life, consciousness and intelligence—it is easy to see why, to ancient Seers, the Universe itself assumed the aspect of one great being, Brahma, out of whom all things proceed, to whom all things must finally return. “Dead matter” for them existed not. Spirit and matter were only opposite aspects of the One all-pervading PRESENCE. And so to their eyes that which men call death was but the transformation of life, the close of a cycle in which complex elements of being unite and again return to the sources from which they emanated—Spirit, Soul and Body woven and re-woven together and withdrawn each to its own domain; while through and behind and underneath all this ebb and flow of separate life sweeps forth and backward the mighty master-current of cosmic life—the out-breathed Day, the indrawn Night of Brahma.

This great Eastern doctrine of Emanation and Absorption has seemed repellent to many Western minds, as one that implies fatalism, and deprives men of free-will by its apparent exaltation of blind law to the control of our inmost life and being, and by holding up extinction as the goal to which all individual existence surely tends. But here, as in so many matters, Theosophy helps us better to understand and appreciate these ancient teachings, which have been sorely distorted and misrepresented even by friends and adherents.

In a former article reference was made to the “seven principles” into which, according to the Theosophical system, man, as well as every living entity (in an Universe where all is living) can be resolved or analysed. We have said that the seven “principles” of man are in reality the miniature, so to speak, of those of Nature the One Life. This means practically, that man’s consciousness is capable of infinite expansion through all the seven spheres or realms of being; that in virtue of the divine potentialities instinct within him, he too can say with the Man-Christ: “I and my Father are One.” Taken, then, in the light of this new-old teaching of man’s inner divinity, the doctrine of emanation, it will be found, proclaims Freedom rather than Fate; kindles instead of quenching aspiration. For take a simple though fanciful analogy. Conceive of a living cell placed amid myriads of other like and unlike cells in the centre of some intricate physical organism like the human body. Imagine this cell extending its consciousness, first from a state of simple self-centred perception or sensation, to a gradual realiza-

tion, say, of its relation to other cells in the particular nerve-organ of which it might form a part; then to a further identification of its being, its desires, with those of the great sympathetic system of nerves extending through the full extent of that body, and finally expanding its sense of individuality into a conscious and intelligent unity with the thinking entity ensouling and directing the entire framework of the body itself—may we not, then, in like manner think of that “absorption” of individual, or “cellular” life and consciousness into the supposed state of extinction in Nirvana; of that “union with Brahma” which we, “members one of another,” are destined by evolution to attain?

Thus while in his outer nature, and even to a great extent in his ordinary state of “waking” consciousness, man must be regarded as entirely a creature of his surroundings—a very insignificant by-product of external forces—in his true inner essence he is a God, one with that World-Soul of which these forces and evolutionary laws are themselves the expression. Nay, for what other reason do these laws exist but that Nature may grow conscious of and responsive to soul, matter become permeated and transfigured by spirit, so that “earth may attain to heaven” and “God may be all in all!”

It will be evident by what has been written that to the Theosophist the word evolution does not bear the limited sense in which it is used by the Darwinian and in the current thought of our time. For him “evolution” means the “unfolding” of the divine Type or Ideal, from latent *implicit tendency* or potentiality into actual embodiment, realization; and physical evolution then appears as but a small detail of that mightier process in which the soul, as well as the body of man has part. Three main streams of evolution are spoken of in our occult writings:—the Spiritual, the Psychic and the physical. In reality there is but one Process at work, but it manifests itself in these three forms. Spirit descends into Soul, Soul takes to itself Body, and this is but another way of saying that Body evolves to receive Soul, and Soul expands to contain Spirit. So that both for the universe as a whole and for any being within it—for macrocosm as for microcosm—the object and meaning of its existence may be expressed either as the *e*-volution of Form, Substance, Feeling, or as the *in*-volution of Spirit, Life, Mind.

The idea is graphically set forth in the ancient symbol of the interlaced triangles which figures in our Theosophical seal, while the serpent which surrounds the emblem with tail in mouth, betokens time and time's perpetual law of cyclic emanation and return, waking and sleeping, action and rest, life and death. Brahma himself, the One Life, is said to breathe forth the manifested universe and to withdraw it again into himself at the end of the great age or Kalpa. And the same rhythmic pulsation of life from within outward and again inward in unending flux and reflux, marks every phase of life as we know it, who are so far removed in thought and condition from the Central Heart of things. Everywhere around us we see cycle included within cycle—the orbit of the satellite contained within the wider sweep of the planetary orb, and the planet itself obeying in its course the vast revolution of the stellar system of which it is part. And so sleep, that transient phenomenon so familiar to us and still so wonderful, is to the eye of occult vision but the analogue of that longer, much-dreaded withdrawal of soul-life known as death. And as are the days of waking physical existence so are the Days in the life-cycle of the ego, one of which we pass between cradle and grave, “rounded with a sleep.” Still more extended are the epochs of activity and rest which esoteric science has recorded in the evolution of groups and races of men, and beyond this again, in the origia and development

of mankind as a whole. Some teachings of the Secret Doctrine on the past evolution of humanity will engage our attention in a future article. Meanwhile let us summarize the conception of Theosophic tenets at which we have arrived thus far.

First then we have the one-ness of life-essence hid beneath the Maya or Illusion of the great polar opposites, Spirit and Matter, Subject and Object, Consciousness and Unconsciousness, under which the Universe is manifested to us. Second the correspondence and connection that subsists, through the septenary nature of all things, between man's consciousness and the seven "planes" or "principles" of the universal consciousness. Lastly, we have the law of cyclic interaction between the opposite poles of being, inner and outer, soul and body, and the relation and subordination of all minor life-cycles to that of the one Parent Soul in which we live and have our being. Before passing on then, we must be on our guard lest we tend to view these great cycles as mere mechanical processes of fatal and resistless power, bearing us forward unconcernedly like dust-specks upon the wheels of some vast machinery of time. Let us think rather of all as the outcome, the expression of Life, Mind, Consciousness—that hidden Reality with which man may realize his connection, gaining freedom and liberty as he does so. Then only will the difficulties of fate and free-will begin to lighten for us. The vastness and inevitableness of things material shall not have power to daunt us. Even now and here, "with earth and her bars around us for ever" we shall not surrender the sublime assurance of the poets and prophets of all ages, that "man is man, and master of his fate." (to be contd.)

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THE MAGNETISATION OF PLANTS.

(Translated from the German of Du Prel for the *IRISH THEOSOPHIST*.)

After citing the conclusion arrived at by the French Academy in 1831, that the phenomena of animal magnetism or mesmerism produced many effects quite independent of the imagination of operator or subject, Du Prel proceeds to discuss the evidence for the objective reality of the vital magnetic fluid. He says this can only be proved (1) through its sensible perceptibility; (2) through its transference into inorganic bodies, with the production of decided effects; (3) through its transference into organic bodies of such nature that the effects produced could not be attributed to the imagination of the magnetised body. With regard to the first, he refers to Reichenbach's experiments which show that the magnetic agent becomes visible to the sensitive in a darkened room. He reserves the second point for future treatment, and passes at once to the third.

The tracing of magnetic effects to a merely subjective cause is certainly excluded as a hypothesis, were the transferability of the magnetic agent to be proved in the case of plants. In Reichenbach's experiments on plants, the effects produced were connected in different ways with their manner of growth—diminished trunk, with increased flower and fruit production—diminished flower, with increased seed formation—or quickened growth, with normal flower development. From some experiments by Professor Ennemoser on shrub-beans, sweet-peas, oats, cress etc., the following conclusions were drawn. Firstly, that magnetisation increased the intensity of the growth process, so that while the early sprouting was retarded the ultimate health and color were intensified. Secondly, that the

principal end of plant life, seed-cultivation, was furthered by magnetisation.

Another experimenter, Gizapary, also confirmed these conclusions. La Fontaine narrates the following experiment. A gardener had two geranium plants one of which was constantly green, while the other was in process of decay, and always put forth but one leaf which became yellow and fell off. The sickly plant was magnetised and also watered with magnetised water. After some days it had a few leaves which no longer fell off; soon it was quite covered with leaves, overtook the sound comrade, and bloomed earlier. More striking, however, is the experiment of the physician and flower-trainer Picard in St. Quentin, with graftings. Of six roses equally progressed in growth, he left five to their natural unfolding, and the sixth he magnetised twice daily for five minutes. The experiment began on the 5th. April. On the 10th. the magnetised rose showed two shoots one centimetre long while the other five only began to sprout on the 20th.

On the 10th. May No. 6 had two green twigs 20 cm. in length with six buds; while the twigs on the other five were only half that length and had no buds. On May 20th. No. 6 bloomed and had six beautiful roses, with leaves about double the size of the others. Picard made another experiment with one of the middle twigs of a peach tree which had five peaches. This he magnetised daily for five minutes. These peaches attained the diameter of from 21 to 26 cm. while the other peaches on the same tree only reached 12 to 15 cm. in diameter when ripe, and they were moreover some four weeks behind in growth. According to Petrus the plants must be magnetised from the stem outwards. The most simple treatment is to water with magnetised water as this element is very receptive of human magnetism. According to Deleuze the water is magnetised best by stroking downward outside the vessel, and after repeated passes, holding the joined fingers of one hand over its mouth, breathing on the water, and stirring the thumb in the water. (Col. Olcott used a glass tube to breathe into the water.)

A difference of growth between magnetised and non-magnetised plants appears therefore to be unquestionable. The magnetism is turned to account for the most important function, flower and seed production, in many cases at the expense of rapidity, which is less important for plant life. If, however, there is a surplus of magnetism, it will be used for hastening the growth. There are some interesting analogies to this in animal life, in the repair of injuries or paralysis by a concentration of vital-magnetic force (Prana) at the part affected. Du Prel proceeds to observe that as the opposite effect, the magnetisation of human beings by plants, also occurs, there must be a fundamental identity in the nature of this principle whether manifested in plants or human beings, thus confirming the conclusion arrived at by Meier that it is a force generally spread about in nature, though manifested in a special manner in human beings. That it can be modified in its effects, for good or bad, is undeniably true also. Picard magnetised a sickly plant morning and night for a month and brought it to an extraordinarily good growth; while another shrub in the same ground, originally well developed, was treated in the same manner but with opposite intention, with the result that it lost its leaves and faded.

Du Prel goes on to say that whether this (vital) magnetism be a substance or a mode of motion, whether it be a property of the ether, or different from it, yet as it must come under the law of the correlation of nature's forces, one would expect to find it undergoing transformation into an equivalent amount of other forces. Bearing this in mind it is not surprising to find electricity playing much the same part in the vegetable world. Lascelles found that weak electric currents led from the ground upwards advanced the growth and increased the life-power of plants, while currents from above downwards retarded their vitality. Thi

agrees with the before mentioned observation of Petrus. Of two tobacco plants sown by Grandlau at the same time the one treated by electricity attained twice the height and weight of the other. Meanwhile Poggioli had already tried the effect of violet light on plant growth, and the results are analogous to those produced by vital magnetism and by electricity, broadly speaking.

The theory then, that all effects of vital magnetism, or mesmerism, are not objective but subjective, and can be explained by what is known as "hypnotic suggestion" is clearly a defective one. For these experiments show that an objective power comes into play which streams from the magnetiser.

Du Prel concludes his article by narrating the following amusing incident. When all Paris was discussing the subject of mesmerism, Herr von Ségur had a chat with Marie Antoinette about it. She endeavoured to quell his enthusiasm by quoting the dictum of the French Academy that all the effects were produced merely by the exalted imagination of the subjects. Herr von Ségur replied—"Your Majesty, seeing that veterinary doctors have magnetised horses and witnessed the desired results, I should be glad to know whether it is these horses, or your learned men, that have too much imagination!"

F. J. D.

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EARTH LIFE.

Souls of sunnier worlds beyond us, joying in your dance,
 Mazy motions woven in rhythms around the central sun,
 Immaterial spheres of peace whose meaner tasks are done,
 How can our gross hearts conceive your sun-built governance?
 All our best and happiest moments moulded in romance,
 Caught by best and happiest minds, gleam golden lights, but none
 Reach the meanest hours of your bright stainless days, each one
 Rich as all our dreams of heaven in heaven-lit utterance.

Souls of sunnier worlds, you too were once as this, our earth;
 Laboring with your heavy load and dark with wrath and sin;
 With the primal curse of matter clogging all your way.
 Then you died and rose again, blithe souls of blissful birth.
 Now redeemed from death, from matter, robed in white, you win
 Heavenly suns to roll around, bathed deep in heavenly day.

H. S. G.

THE THREE PATHS.

Most occult students, when they become impressed with the need for taking a new departure in their moral life, fail at first to hit off the right path, and fall into errors quite as great as those they seek to avoid. They are like a drunken man on horseback, who, as fast as you prop him up on one side, falls off on the other. For example the epicure, when told he must renounce the pleasures of the palate, becomes an ascetic and starves himself; the lover of society becomes a dreary recluse; the sluggard develops a feverish activity. The inevitable result is, in all cases, a speedy reaction, and the original failing reasserts itself, usually more strongly than before. So invariably is this the case—so universally does the rule apply, that we are compelled to recognise the working of a general law herein.

This law I purpose to define, for it is my conviction that many students profit more by a clear perception of the "reason why"—of the *rationale*—of a circumstance in their occult life, than by a mere assertion or moral injunction.

One of the main propositions of the Esoteric Philosophy is the general applicability of the *Triad* or *Triangle* as a key to the problems of the universe.

One Good is always balanced by two Evils—or rather by one evil duality. The mistake which religious teachers and all shallow thinkers make is to substitute for this triad a *Dual*—to oppose to the one Good one Evil, instead of a pair of them. Hence, while we find the ordinary religious moralist asserting that there are but two courses open to the student—the good course and the bad course,—we find the true Occultist asserting that there are two bad courses opposed to the one good course.

Our neophyte simply abandons one of these to fall into the other; then he vibrates back to the former; and so on, 'till he discovers that the only true course is to be sought in neither of these directions, but in a totally new one.

We have often been told that the true course lies, for example, neither in indulgence nor in asceticism, but between the two; now however, in the light of the above principle, we understand *why* this is so, and acquire thereby an intellectual motive for right action.

The ascetic and the epicure alike concentrate their mind upon food, the one for the purpose of abstaining from it, the other in order to indulge in it. They are both worshippers of the two-horned Moon of illusion; the true occultist, worshipper of the Sun of truth, cares not—perchance *knows* not—whether he eats much or little; that matter he leaves nature to regulate, reserving his conscious intelligence for problems of greater import. So also with the question of retirement from the world; to shun society is as bad as to seek it; to be indifferent to it is the true course.

This principle of the two balancing the one is of universal applicability and is capable of solving many problems. For example, health and disease are a pair of opposites, the one obtained through obeying the laws of nature, the other through disobeying them. The healthy man is a mere slave, liable to suffer at the least deviation from the laws he allows nature to fetter him with. The ideal state is that of the man who is independent of the laws of health altogether,—an ideal state indeed at present, but one which may be aimed at and approximated to.

Socrates was able to drink more wine than anyone else, and also to fast longer than others. When the Yogi reaches a certain stage it does not matter, according to some book on Hatha Yog I have read, whether he eats excessively or not at all. Again, perpetual self-sacrifice to the wishes of other individuals is no more altruism than selfishness, for it concentrates the attention upon the personality;

The true course is to neglect and forget the personality altogether.

At this point I will leave the further application of the principle to the reader, whose own peculiar requirements will best decide how such application should be made.

H. T. Edge F. T. S.

VIOLA.

I met one in whose efforts for the benefit of humanity I have long been sympathetic and desirous to aid. At touch of his powerfully active aura my own vibrations were quickened, and I demanded of my Self why this was so. In the "silent hour" I gradually shut out from my consciousness objective things and endeavoured to recall the appearance of my philanthropic co-worker, but found it impossible. 'I' had passed out of the realm of astral vision and was only aware of a continuous note of music in the Akasa which I knew to be the keynote of his soul, and in it dwelled the Inner intelligence of his Being. I felt his compassion for suffering in life—felt it to utmost pain—and, like a shattering blow, I felt his *resentment* against oppression. The music ceased, and I sat alone, cold and shuddering. O, brother, not by *violence* can we right a wrong.

Vitalized with Divine Fire I essayed again and my thought became at once synchronous with what I cognized as his Inner Light, although what is now that Light's personality seemed like a spark of it afar off—in another sort of world which 'I' could not then see. With this Light-sphere I felt a recognition full of joy—dimmed instantly by memory of that life in which this hidden radiance was my Viola—Viola of the cross—Viola of devotion, passion and pain—Viola of the martyr's fire.

Memory of a past earth-life now wove a veil too dense with forms for the Light to pierce. I could hold my Self at Heaven's gate no longer and returned to my outer house of clay, sorrowing.

I asked why I was saddened and myself replied;—

"Because thou hast become entangled in the curtains at one of the portals of Heaven; is it not much to have gained a glimpse into that light-sphere—to know that your own seven heavens are likewise seven heavens in other men? We may climb to them but our ladder must rest on earth."

THE VOICE OF VIOLA.

I again met this noble worker and we walked a little way together *toward the East*. Turning to him I called softly "Viola," and out of the Inner Light, thro' his eyes, flashed an instant look of recognition, *from Viola herself*.

That I *can recall* that past life I know, and the temptation to do so is strong. I also know that if my Will, as Consciousness, sets into vibration all that series of events stored in my aura, it will arouse corresponding activities in the auras of many persons *now living*. And, as our lives in the long past had focalized upon them much hate and persecution, *these vibrations* would become again active in the grosser bodies to which *they have descended*, and result in outer deeds of violence and strife in which some, now dear to us, might be victims. (This knowledge-bred sense of *responsibility* is terrible to carry.)

That evening, thinking of this purified essence of a past personality, I succeeded in withdrawing my Consciousness into the Akasa or Sound Realm, where her voice vibrations became distinctly audible to my inner hearing. These vibrations

possess the same range and modulations of tones as I hear in the speech of the personality over whom Viola now presides; and yet the wordless sounds which convey to me ideas cannot be likened to a human voice. It is like the abstract music of that voice playing in the vital airs of heaven. This music flowed round me in a circle, increasing in variety of notes 'till 'I' was completely lost in a sort of dome of melody that shut me in from earth, and I knew this blissful rhythm to be the akasic vibrations of Viola's soul-sphere synchronous with my own. The tendency of the 'I' to flow into *forgetful* bliss was almost irresistible; but by strong effort I held my consciousness within the borders of intellectual cognition; there listening to this divine Voice so pure as to be at one with *all voice* but which to me (hovering at the open door of intellect lest I should sever my thread of thought) only revealed voices that had been a *part of my life*.

In the first moment of conscious touch with this melodious intelligent sphere my intense love flowed out to the Viola Voice in blissful unison; then—listening I heard E's voice and to her flowed the heart stream; then D's tone came out of the dome of sound and my love flowed to him and to many more whose faces are set Eastward. But when I called forth the children's voices—they were cries—Oh such helpless wailing heart cries! I could hear only their sobs, because *I have failed* at times to give them *love enough*.

I could hear nothing but their world-moan 'till my whole being became one Heart of Pain for the thousands and thousands of children, unloved or half-loved. Bliss was obliterated in Compassion, and that soul-throe of mine swept and awoke some echoes of mother-love in the dulled Heart of Humanity.

Thus we "take upon ourselves the sins of the world," one by one, knowing that by our stripes some may be healed. Viola, beloved, thy children were scourged and bruised, and thou hast once more lifted me into the sphere of Compassion which is ever commensurate with our Knowledge of the Peace and Bliss.

"The first cry of the child is *aum*." The first Breath of Life is the fiat of the new-born Will. This mantram at the threshold of Life calls into action every influence relating to that personality in physical, astral and higher worlds, focalizing them all upon itself.

Emeff Dubályu.

PAIN.

Men have made them gods of love,
Sun gods, givers of the rain,
Deities of hill and grove,
I have made a god of Pain.

Of my god I know this much,
And in singing I repeat,
Though there's anguish in his touch
Yet his soul within is sweet.

G. W. R.

THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT.

There are dreams which may be history or may be allegory. There is in them nothing grotesque, nothing which could mar the feeling of authenticity, the sense of the actual occurrence of the dream incident. The faces and figures perceived have the light shade and expression which seems quite proper to the wonderworld in which the eye of the inner man has vision; and yet the story may be read as a parable of spiritual truth like some myth of ancient scripture. Long ago I had many such dreams, and having lately become a student of such things, I have felt an interest in recalling the more curious and memorable of these early visions.

The nebulous mid-region between waking and unconsciousness was the haunt of many strange figures, reflections perhaps from that true life led during sleep by the immortal man. Among these figures two awoke the strangest feelings of interest. One was an old man with long grey hair and beard, whose grey-blue eyes had an expression of secret and inscrutable wisdom; I felt an instinctive reverence for this figure, so expressive of spiritual nobility, and it became associated in my mind with all aspiration and mystical thought. The other figure was that of a young girl. These two appeared again and again in my visions; the old man always as instructor, the girl always as companion. I have here written down one of these adventures, leaving it to the reader to judge whether it is purely symbolical, or whether the incidents related actually took place, and were out-realized from latency by the power of the Master within.

With the girl as my companion I left an inland valley and walked towards the sea. It was evening when we reached it and the tide was far out. The sands glimmered away for miles on each side of us; we walked outwards through the dim coloured twilight. I was silent; a strange ecstasy slowly took possession of me, as if drop by drop an unutterable life was falling within; the fever grew intense, then unbearable as it communicated itself to the body; with a wild cry I began to spin about, whirling round and round in ever increasing delirium; some secretness was in the air; I was called forth by the powers of invisible nature and in a swoon I fell. I rose again with sudden memory, but my body was lying upon the sands; with a curious indifference I saw that the tide was on the turn and the child was unable to remove the insensible form beyond its reach; I saw her sit down beside it and place the head upon her lap; she sat there quietly waiting, while all about her little by little the wave of the Indian sea began to ripple inwards, and overhead the early stars began softly to glow.

After this I forgot completely the child and the peril of the waters, I began to be conscious of the presence of a new world. All around me currents were flowing, in whose waves danced innumerable lives; diaphanous forms glided about, a nebulous sparkle was everywhere apparent; faces as of men in dreams glimmered on me, or unconsciously their forms drifted past, and now and then a face looked sternly upon me with a questioning glance. I was not to remain long in this misty region, again I felt the internal impulse and internally I was translated into a sphere of more pervading beauty and light; and here with more majesty and clearness than I had observed before was the old man of my dreams.

I had thought of him as old but there was an indescribable youth pervading the face with its ancient beauty, and then I knew it was neither age nor youth, it was *eternalness*. The calm light of thought played over features clear cut as a statue's, and an inner luminousness shone through the rose of his face and his silver hair.

There were others about but of them I had no distinct vision.

He said, "You who have lived and wandered through our own peculiar valleys look backwards now and learn the alchemy of thought." He touched me with

his hand and I became aware of the power of these strange beings. I felt how they had waited in patience, how they had worked and willed in silence; from them as from a fountain went forth peace; to them as to the stars rose up unconsciously the aspirations of men, the dumb animal cravings, the tendrils of the flowers. I saw how in the valley where I lived, where naught had hindered, their presence had drawn forth in luxuriance all dim and hidden beauty, a rarer and purer atmosphere recalled the radiant life of men in the golden dawn of the earth.

With wider vision I saw how far withdrawn from strife they had stilled the tumults of nations; I saw how heaving far within the voices, spiritual, remote, which called, the mighty princes of the earth descended from their thrones becoming greater than princes; under this silence influence the terrible chieftans flung open the doors of their dungeons that they themselves might become free, and all these joined in that hymn which the quietude of earth makes to sound in the ears of the gods.—Overpowered I turned round, the eyes of light were fixed upon me.

“Do you now understand?”

“I do not understand,” I replied. I see that the light and the beauty and the power that enters the darkness of the world comes from these high regions; but I do not know how the light enters, nor how beauty is born, I do not know the secret of power.”

“You must become as one of us,” he answered.

I bowed my head until it touched his breast; I felt my life was being drawn from me, but before consciousness utterly departed and was swallowed up in that larger life, I learned something of the secret of their being; I lived within the minds of men, but their thoughts were not my thoughts; I hung like a crown over everything, yet age was no nearer than childhood to the grasp of my sceptre and sorrow was far away when it wept for my going, and very far was joy when it woke at my light; yet I was the lure that led them on; I was at the end of all ways, and I was also in the sweet voice that cried “return;” and I had learned how spiritual life is *one* in all things, when infinite vistas and greater depths received me, and I went into that darkness out of which no memory can ever return.

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INTERPRETATION OF “HOUSE OF TEARS.”

The “man” who bears her is the Intellect and the “woman” is the Intuition. She it is who recalls the intellect from its centrifugal direction towards matter and the void, to her centripetal direction towards spirit. The “House of Tears” is the Son’s (and Intuition’s) abode while man is still unregenerate, their true home being the “City of Light.” Without her the seeker cannot find that City, being blind through materialism. But the mind, unfolded, cannot see Truth all at once, even when shown him. He is dazzled and must return to the mountain of sorrow, or the world of discipline and ordeal, till able to behold it. To this end he must wear and cherish and cultivate the faculty of Intuition represented by the piece of ribbon, until he attains a full intuition, having which the soul is “clothed with the sun,” as said in Scripture, or attains to the “triple Light” of the vision—the Divine Spirit—one in Essence but threefold in fruition.

E. M.

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION.*

The voice of one crying in the Wilderness.

THE ARGUMENT.

As the true method of knowledge is Experiment ; the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which Experiences. This faculty I treat of.

PRINCIPLE FIRST:— That the Poetic Genius is the true Man, and that the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise, that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius, which by the Ancients was called an Angel and Spirit and Demon.

PRINCIPLE SECOND:— As all men are alike in outward form, so (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius.

PRINCIPLE THIRD:— No man can think, write or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from the Poetic Genius, adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

PRINCIPLE FOURTH:— As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown ; so from already acquired knowledge Man could not acquire more ; therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists.

PRINCIPLE FIFTH:— The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation's different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is everywhere called the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE SIXTH:— The Jewish and Christian Testaments are an original derivation from the Poetic Genius. This is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

PRINCIPLE SEVENTH:— As all men are alike (though infinitely various,) so all Religions, and as all similars, have one source.

The true Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius.

* Extract from Works of William Blake, Poetic, Symbolic and Critical ; London, Bernard Quaritch, 1893.

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

A portrait of Mrs. Besant appears in the January No. *Phrenological Magazine*, and is commented on as follows. —

"The picture represents a woman of much intensity of organization, the three temperaments are rather harmoniously blended, the mental and vital being somewhat in the ascendant. The head is larger than the average for woman, and is of that form which with her qualities and temperament, gives

earnestness of conviction and purpose an ideal tendency in belief, with aspiration for its realization in art and character besides love of reciprocity of thought, feeling and ambition".

And further on "with such excellent powers of analysis and the disposition to close inspection she should be a good critic and capable of the investigation of matters that require a nice discrimination. Her judgment is prompt, yet

she appreciates facts sufficiently to seek a sound basis for her judgment, and so renders it acceptable to others, as well as satisfactory to herself.

A farewell address from a Member of a Lodge to fellow Members, has come under our notice which expresses so well the true connection between those who are working together in the Theosophical Movement that one or two sentences therefrom, may not here be out of place.

"Each is some part of every other here, as the different members of our bodies are different parts of them. If any one is unkind to me it is as if I had hurt my own hand or bruised my own foot.

And, as I carefully restore a physical wound with the blood of my heart, so I must give to that other wounded part of me, the spiritual blood of the heart-love."

In the 'Watch Tower' Notes (*Lucifer* Feb.) Herbert Burrowes reviews the present position of Science. Quoting from a journal, "as one looks through the Scientific records of the year, one feels as if one were in the midst of an endless crowd of keen-eyed Imps peering into every corner of the Kosmos and taking everything to pieces to see what it is made of," he remarks "that nearly every fresh discovery by one of these imps upsets the cherished theory of some other imp."

The book on Blake has at last appeared and is altogether a remarkable work. The care, energy and devotion necessary for the task was indeed great, and the Editors deserve the gratitude of all students of mysticism for the stupendous and beautiful work now produced. We hope on a future occasion to give our readers some idea of its scope and character.

As will be seen from the notice accompanying this issue, "ISIS" is the title we will be known by in the future.

Isis means the divine now; the manifesting Breath in Evolutionary or descending action forming the bodies of Deity, or Universes, and in Involutionary or ascending activity forming the Soul of these worlds, men and universes through the activity of dual Manas, redeeming Mahat or Cosmic Consciousness into Self-conscious Divinity.

"ISIS" FUND

Our "sphere of influence" is so rapidly extending that it has become necessary to purchase new type and machinery, if we are to cope satisfactorily with the demand. For this purpose we have opened a fund as above, and will be glad of any contribution—however small—towards same. We have to gratefully acknowledge the following:— A Friend £5; H. S. G. £1; R. C. £1; E. H. £1.

OUR WORK.

The open meetings of the Dublin Lodge are now held every Wednesday evening at 3 Upr. Ely Place, commencing punctually at 8.15. The programme to the end of May is:— March 8th. "The Aim of Theosophy," Mrs. Duncan; March 15th. "Some Teachings of H. P. Blavatsky," F. J. Dick; March 22nd. "At-one-ment," Mrs. Dunlop; March 29th. "Myths of the Old Testament," P. E. Jordan; April 5th. "The Secret Doctrine on Man's Evolution," H. M. Magee; April 12th. "Paracelsus," E. Harrison; April 19th. "The Theosophical Basis of Brotherhood," F. A. Roberts; April 26th. "Laurence Oliphant," D. N. Dunlop; May 3rd. "New Light on Old Religions," J. Duncan; May 10th. "Theosophy and Socialism," J. Varian; May 17th. "Dreams," G. W. Russell; May 24th. "Sun and Fire Worship," A. W. Dwyer; May 31st. "Kama Loka, and Devachan," Miss Lawrence. *The name following the title of each discussion is that of the opener.* The *Secret Doctrine* group continues to be well represented on Monday evenings.

NOTICE:— All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor and all business communications to the Publisher, 71 Lr. Drumcondra Road, yearly subscription 1/6.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

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VOL. I

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

VI. THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN.

Enough has been said in former papers to present, perhaps, some general idea of the teachings of Theosophy with regard to man's place in the Universe and the nature and purpose of his relation to the other myriad orders of being of which that Universe is held to consist. The current Western beliefs on the same matter seem to waver between two extremes. One view—that of our exoteric religions—tends to exalt man, as man, to a place of quite undue importance in Nature. His personal interests, virtues, vices are supposed to bulk very largely before the Mind of the Supreme Creator and Upholder of things. The entire host of invisible beings, angels and demons, seems to exist for little other purpose than to dance attendance upon him for good or evil. Like an "alien and a sojourner" he is ushered for a few short years into a vast, indifferent Universe, thronged with lives and controlled by laws in which he has neither part, lot nor interest. Sometimes all is represented as "a fleeting show, for man's illusion given."

No wonder that from this crude "homo-centric" view of things, a reaction has sprung up and developed to an opposite extreme. This opposite extreme is materialism, which regards man, in the light of physical science only, as a kind of superior parasite on the earth's surface—the ephemeral survivor of a blind struggle for existence brought about by accident in the long night of time.

Theosophy, on the other hand, conceives of the Universe as a great Sympathetic System, animated and knit together by One Eternal and Infinite Life. This life is ever evolving, or expressing itself, through the countless monads or entities which are its vehicles or agents—gathering increasing consciousness and self-knowledge on the various planes or kingdoms of Nature. Each entity as it advances in the scale of being aids at the same time the evolution of others less progressed, and therefore man is held to have a very intimate and vital connection with the other lives which surround him—human and sub-human. He has acquired this connection through milleniums of development through lower forms, and by his thoughts and feelings and desires he produces, even without knowing it, occult effects on his outer environment. This will be understood when we come to examine with greater detail the teaching of Theosophy on man's past evolution. At present let us consider that teaching as it affects the question of what man actually is—what in fact we mean, in Theosophy, by the word "man."

Our readers have all probably heard, at least, of the doctrine of the "seven

principles of man." The expression, alas! is a little misleading, though it would be difficult to find a substitute. The word "man" is connected with a Sanscrit root which means "to think," and by "man" we all, in fact understand "thinker." The thinking principle is in Theosophic terminology called *Manas*. Now this *Manas* is not regarded as the highest of the seven principles. The other principles do not, so to speak, form aspects or modes of action of *Manas*, but of Spirit, *Atma*, which is said to act through six vehicles, of which *Manas*, or Mind, is one. So that it is somewhat incorrect to speak of the seven principles of man, and one should rectify at least in thought, any such expression which savours of the old "homo-centric" view of things.

The following list, then, represents, in a rough and partial manner, the Theosophic analysis of "man's" nature:—

| | | |
|---------|--|------------------|
| SPIRIT. | 1. <i>Atma</i> , Spirit. | } MONAD. |
| | 2. <i>Buddhi</i> , "Spiritual Soul" | |
| SOUL. | 3. <i>Manas</i> , "Human Soul" | } Mind. |
| | 4. <i>Kama</i> [- <i>Manas</i>]; "Animal Soul", | |
| | passional nature. | |
| BODY. | 5. <i>Prana</i> , Vitality, Life-Principle. | |
| | 6. <i>Linga Sarira</i> , "Astral body" | } "double", etc. |
| | 7. <i>Sthula Sarira</i> , physical body. | |

The first of these principles, *Atma*, is the One Spirit, Breath or Life, out of which everything emanates—the underlying reality, the ineffable First Cause and Essence of all that is. It is the one Universal Principle. No being, thing, state, form, law exists apart from *Atma*. Therefore, however unknowable and undefinable are its attributes, with *Atma* every enumeration of the elements or principles of man's being—as of every other being—must of necessity begin.

Now we know of this Ultimate Reality only through the innumerable agents, or vehicles, or centres, through which it manifests itself to our perception—just as the supposed "luminiferous ether" only becomes physically known to us in the suns or other bright objects which conduct it into visibility. Our own inmost Self—the "Divine Spark" as it is sometimes called, is one such centre. In Theosophy this "vehicle of *Atma*" is called *Buddhi* And *Atma-Buddhi*, that is, *Atma* manifested as a pure centre of spiritual Being, is spoken of as the *Monad*. It is the Ray of divinity enshrined in each human being—that which amid all change remains changeless: the "thread" upon which, like a row of beads upon a string, all experience is hung. One may also, from another aspect, speak of it as the Root or Seed, of which our evolution (through mineral, plant, animal, up to man) is the unfolding, and which contains in itself the entire "promise and potency" of future development. *Buddhi* is the *Christos* or Divine Ray which is mystically described as "Mediator between God and Man" through its presence or "crucifixion" in fleshly life. And so we can better see why Paul the Initiate spoke of the *Christos* as the *First-born of every creature*; and how in this *Christos* are hidden "all the treasures of the god-head bodily." We can better understand what was meant when it was said "ye are the temple of God," and "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." To the misunderstanding and distortion of this ancient and sacred teaching may be attributed many of the evils of priestcraft and dogmatism which have disgraced the history of Christianity.

With *Manas* or Mind begins the enumeration of human principles properly so called. It may indeed be said that *Manas*, acting as the vehicle of *Atma-Buddhi* or the *Monad*, in reality constitutes the being "man"; for the four lower principles, often called the "quaternary," are but transitory aspects of

the permanent essential "triad" of Atma, Buddhi and Manas, which alone carry on the continuity of existence from one earth-life to another.

When Manas is translated "Mind," however, the word must not be taken as referring merely to the thinking, reasoning, logical faculty centred in the physical brain. This latter or "lower" mind belongs, as we shall see, to Kama-Manas, or Manas combined with the principle of emotion, passion, desire. It forms the centre of the "personality," or transitory offshoot from the Higher Ego, the Triad. Manas, the true "Mind" or rather *Thinker*, is something far higher. It is creative Intelligence, Ideative Force, the Absolute Knower. It is the source to us of intuition, insight, imagination—all that enables us to look beyond the perceptions of sense to the cause and inner nature of things. What Manas really is upon its own plane, is indeed a question far beyond the scope of this or any similar article. But it may be said that the old mystical doctrine of a higher Ego or "spiritual man" as an actual Being fully conscious on its own plane, although limited in respect to this so-called "waking" plane of physical sense, finds its expression in the Theosophic teaching concerning the Manasa-Putras, or Sons of Mind, who are said to have incarnated themselves in the human race at a certain point in its evolution. This question however, may be left over until later, when some teachings of the Secret Doctrine on man's evolution will more directly engage our attention.

(to be continued.)

THREE COUNCILLORS.

It was the Fairy of the place
Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "quietness."
Then quietly itself was gone;
Yet echoes of its mute caress
Still rippled as the years flowed on.

It was the Warrior within
Who called, "Awake! prepare for fight,
"Yet lose not memory in the din;
"Make of thy gentleness thy might.

"Make of thy silence words to shake
"The long-enthroned kings of earth;
"Make of thy will the force to break
"Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing Soul
Who counselled neither war nor peace.
"Only *be thou thyself* that goal
"In which the wars of time shall cease."

THEOSOPHY AND LIFE.*

The last time that I had the pleasure of speaking publicly to you was in your old rooms in Stephens Green. Annie Besant and I had then come over from England as the Theosophical messengers of her whose bodily presence is no longer with us, our loved and honoured teacher H. P. B. We were able to tell you then of the advances which Theosophy was making all the world over—now if I were to speak of them the whole evening would be too short in which to tell the tale. In every part of the civilised globe Theosophy and Theosophical teaching have had their hearing, and day by day the Theosophical ranks are being strengthened by the adhesion of earnest, devoted men and women who see in that teaching the supreme solution of those problems of Life and Death which for countless generations have wearied the hearts and the brains of men. But to-night I do not intend to speak to you of our outward progress, nor do I intend to dwell on the evidential side of Theosophy. Rather would I speak of something which concerns us, not so much as members of a Society, but as individuals who have slowly to win our way upwards to those spiritual heights of which as yet we can only dimly dream. I would speak to you of Theosophy as it should influence and affect our individual daily lives.

In this age every thinking man and woman must feel a profound dissatisfaction with the moral and social conditions which are misnamed nineteenth century progress. In every department of thought, social, religious, literary, we find in many minds a deep unrest, an unrest which in the last generations wailed in Schopenhauer and moaned in Carlyle, and which to-day, no longer virile or philosophical, finds mournful expression in much of our modern cultured agnosticism. It lies at the bottom of that widely spread pessimism which this agnosticism can neither stem nor allay. It has created it and it is now face to face with the child of its creation, which it would fain slay could it find weapons to accomplish its end. But it is powerless, for despair is born of loss of truth, and truth and strength can never dwell in an eternal "I do not know." Poor and mistaken as most of the exoteric creeds of the world have been, the real *credo* of the individual heart is ever a tower of strength. Whatever the true end and aim of existence, that end and aim must be reached through affirmation, for negation starves the individual life and has in it no solid nor lasting foundation for social and brotherly unity.

But, it may be said, of affirmation in the world we have enough and to spare. Everybody, especially in religious matters, is affirming his own particular shibboleth as the only passport to the promised land. True, and in this confusion of tongues lies the weakness of much of our modern thought. It is the shibboleth, the exoteric word which is insisted on as the essential, while the life, which should be based on the esoteric truth, is too often but secondary in the eyes of men; and as the outward word must ever vary with the changing and evolving mind of humanity, no solid resting ground will be generally possible in thought, till some underlying central truth is firmly grasped and made the basis for that real inner life which is greater than all creeds, and deeper than any exoteric expression of the aspirations of the hearts of men. In Theosophy we believe this underlying central truth is surely to be found.

For life to be real and true four things seem to me to be necessary—Peace, Calmness—Strength—and Self-sacrifice. It is not too much to say that our general modern life lacks each and all of these qualities. No one would assert

* An address delivered to the Dublin Theosophists by Herbert Burrows, Nov. 24th 1892.

that this age is an age of peace and calm. The unrest and dissatisfaction of which I have spoken is eating like a cancer into the very heart of modern society, and the effort to escape it but intensifies the feverish activity of every-day existence; and so no real strength is possible, for strength necessarily implies a calm self-reliance which is completely foreign to our nineteenth century life. Without true strength there can be no true sacrifice, and without that sacrifice life loses its real meaning, for only in life for others do we touch the deepest springs of our own existence.

Peace, and by the word I mean that inward condition of mind and soul which is altogether independent of the outward circumstances and changes of every-day life, can only be attained by the grasp and appreciation of certain definite coherent principles regarding ourselves and the universe at large. Here the ordinary western philosophic and orthodox completely fail. They are as much at enmity with each other as they are at war with their opponents, and they are all found wanting when the problems of life, of death, of thought, and of consciousness imperiously clamour for an answer and will not be satisfied. Orthodoxy has completely lost its hold on the best minds; Philosophy, with its confusions, ever falls short of any real explanation of human nature, and Science offers to the human heart but the dry bones of classified facts. Science, if it carries out its own stern logic, can but point the race to a future virtual annihilation, for no modern scientist dares to dream of a perpetual physical humanity. Philosophy loses its way in the mazes of its timorous western psychology, and Orthodoxy can now do no more than "mock a dead creed's grinning jaws with bread." Neither in Science, Philosophy, nor Religion as Europe knows them is to be found the true theory of man's inner life, and without it, man, as Emerson says, is but a god in ruins.

Theosophy affirms; its affirmations are scientific, philosophical and religious, and herein lies its strength and power. The body is not man, but the real man uses the body and physical nature as a workman uses his tools. This definite assertion cuts at the root of modern materialistic science, it supplies the key for which Western philosophy has sought in vain, and it grips and holds fast the great central spiritual truth which Western religion has smothered under the load of exoteric creeds. And when as Theosophists, we in our individual lives grip and hold fast that truth, when once we fully realize that physical life is only the transient changing mould which but cramps the abiding, the enduring builder, the real man, we can smile at the maddening perplexities, the wearying confusions of modern thought, for we have set our feet firmly on the path which leads to that peace which in very deed and in very truth the "world" can neither give nor take away.

And Calmness goes hand in hand with true Peace. It is not enough that we should find our peace in loneliness and solitude. True, in every human heart there is a holy of holies into which not even our nearest and our dearest can ever penetrate, and that we must, perforce, keep jealously and guard carefully, for there we should be face to face with the innermost life of the universe; but the peace of which I have been speaking, which is based upon knowledge and conviction, must translate itself into the outer life, and that means a serenity of character, a patience of method, a dignity of act, to which the hurried restless men and women of our time can never attain.

And truly enough is that calmness needed. I know that in this room to-night there are some who like myself have penetrated beyond the outward gates of that social hell which is a distinguishing feature of our misnamed civilisation; where men and women and little children have everything to make them devils and nothing to make them Gods, where the hours drag

wearily, where life is hopeless, and where the grave is the sweetest couch because there is the rest from the long-drawn-out misery of existence.

Patient for these forsaken ones we can hardly be, and it is harder still in the face of it all to be patient with ourselves and to resist the adoption of those quick and hasty methods which seem to have the promise of the lightening of the outward burden of life for these our brethren. But if we *know*—if reincarnation is to us a living truth, if our peace is true and our calm real, then we have learned the lesson that although the wheels of the mills of the universe seem to move not at all, yet truly in the long sweep of the ages of evolution each individual life is weighed, and measured, and balanced and ground, and that for the sorrow of the night there cometh the equal joy of the morning.

And this should make us strong. It is a flabby age; men are tossed about with every wind of doctrine and but few can stand erect and four square, with their mental gaze steady, and their spiritual sight clear. The strength which comes from calm conviction and from inward peace is the one thing which the generation needs, and those who have won it for themselves will be as towers of refuge to the storm-tossed lives who are adrift on the seas of nineteenth century doubt, speculation and despair. Strong men armed we must be, but armed with the weapons of helpfulness, of brotherliness, and of love.

So lastly comes Self-sacrifice. Easy indeed to talk of but so hard to act out. One of the canons of the newest literary school of thought is an extreme individualism at any cost to those around us, the pushing of the individual development to its utmost limits, a naturalism which means separate units in life rather than a collective whole. Not so says Theosophy. Humanity is one, and individual progress is impossible apart from all. This then means the development of all by the efforts of each, and the translation of that into one word is Sacrifice. Believing as we do that the Christ myth is the long crucifixion of the spirit in matter, surely we may not complain if here and now the truest and the noblest lives have to work out some small part of that eternal sacrifice, day by day and year by year, till this incarnation has run its course. And by an unerring law, the law of Karma, sacrifice brings nobility of life and nobility brings sacrifice. The spiritual heights to which men can climb now if they will, are rugged enough, but what would they have been now if in the past they had not been smoothed somewhat by the weary feet of the former pilgrims of the race, if the mountain rivulets which we can turn into rivers if we will, had not flowed first of all from the tears of those who suffered and were strong. Think you where we should have been if our loved H. P. B. had not taken the thorns of life for us and worn them cheerfully as a chaplet of roses. Through the mists of the ages we see but dimly the majestic forms of the great saviours of mankind, but when ever and anon the veil is lifted we see in their faces the peace, the calm, the strength for which I would have you strive, and above and beyond it all that divine compassion which drove them to prison, to exile, and to death for those whom they loved dearer than life itself, the suffering sons and daughters of the race.

Feebly have I striven to put to you something of what our Theosophic life should be. No one knows so well as I how miserably short of that life I daily fall, but you and I can conquer and be strong. Failure there must be but victory there should be, and that victory means possibilities which are bounded only by the universe itself. Step by step we may climb upward if we will, till at length our whole being shall be set to the keynote of those eternal spiritual harmonies which only the pure in heart can ever fully know.

THE MASK OF APOLLO.

A tradition rises up within me of quiet, unrumoured years, ages before the demigods and heroes toiled at the making of Greece, long ages before the building of the temples and sparkling palaces of her day of glory. The land was pastoral, all over its woods hung a stillness as of dawn and of unawakened beauty deep-breathing in rest. Here and there little villages sent up their smoke and a dreamy people moved about: they grew up, toiled a little at their fields, followed their sheep and goats, they wedded and grey age overtook them, but they never ceased to be children. They worshipped the gods with ancient rites in little wooden temples and knew many things which were forgotten in later years.

Near one of these shrines lived a priest, an old man whose simple and reverend nature made him loved by all around. To him, sitting one summer evening before his hut, came a stranger whom he invited to share his meal. The stranger sat down and began to tell him many wonderful things, stories of the magic of the sun and of the bright beings who moved at the gates of the day. The old priest grew drowsy in the warm sunlight and fell asleep. Then the stranger who was Apollo arose and in the guise of the old priest entered the little temple, and the people came in unto him one after the other.

Agathon, the husbandman. "Father, as I bend over the fields or fasten up the vines, I sometimes remember how you said that the gods can be worshipped by doing these things as by sacrifice. How is it, father, that the pouring of cool water over roots, or training up the branches can nourish Zeus? How can the sacrifice appear before his throne when it is not carried up in the fire and vapour?"

Apollo. "Agathon, the father omnipotent does not live only in the æther. He runs invisibly within the sun and stars, and as they whirl round and round, they break out into woods and flowers and streams, and the winds are shaken away from them like leaves from off the roses. Great, strange and bright, he busies himself within, and at the end of time his light shall shine through and men shall see it, moving in a world of flame. Think then, as you bend over your fields, of what you nourish and what rises up within them. Know that every flower as it droops in the quiet of the woodland feels within and far away the approach of an unutterable life and is glad, they reflect that life even as the little pools take up the light of the stars. Agathon, Agathon, Zeus is no greater in the æther than he is in the leaf of grass, and the hymns of men are no sweeter to him than a little water poured over one of his flowers."

Agathon the husbandman went away and bent tenderly over his fruits and vines, and he loved each one of them more than before, and he grew wise in many things as he watched them and he was happy working for the gods.

Then spake Damon the shepherd, "Father, while the flocks are browsing dreams rise up within me; they make the heart sick with longing; the forests vanish, I hear no more the lamb's bleat or the rustling of the fleeces; voices from a thousand depths call me, they whisper, they beseech me, shadows lovelier than earth's children utter music, not for me though I faint while I listen. Father, why do I hear the things others hear not, voices calling to unknown hunters of wide fields, or to herdsman, shepherds of the starry flocks?"

Apollo answered, "Damon, a song stole from the silence while the gods were not yet, and a thousand ages passed ere they came, called forth by the

music, and a thousand ages they listened then joined in the song; then began the worlds to glimmer shadowy about them and bright beings to bow before them. These, their children, began in their turn to sing the song that calls forth and awakens life. He is master of all things who has learned their music. Damon, heed not the shadows, but the voices, the voices have a message to thee from beyond the gods. Learn their song and sing it over again to the people until their hearts too are sick with longing and they can hear the song within themselves. Oh, my son, I see far off how the nations shall join in it as in a chorus, and hearing it the rushing planets shall cease from their speed and be steadfast; men shall hold starry sway." The face of the god shone through the face of the old man, and filled with awe, it was so full of secretness. Damon the herdsman passed from his presence and a strange fire was kindled in his heart. Then the two lovers, Dion and Neæra, came in and stood before Apollo.

Dion spake, "Father, you who are so wise can tell us what love is, so that we shall never miss it. Old Tithonius nods his grey head at us as we pass; he says, 'only with the changeless gods has love endurance, for men the loving time is short and its sweetness is soon over.'"

Neæra added. "But it is not true, father, for his drowsy eyes light when he remembers the old days, when he was happy and proud in love as we are."

Apollo. "My children, I will tell you the legend how love came into the world and how it may endure. It was on high Olympus the gods held council at the making of man; each had brought a gift, they gave to man something of their own nature. Aphroditè, the loveliest and sweetest, paused and was about to add a new grace to his person, but Eros cried, "let them not be so lovely without, let them be lovelier within. Put your own soul in, O mother." The mighty mother smiled, and so it was; and now whenever love is like hers, which asks not return but shines on all because it must, within that love Aphroditè dwells and it becomes immortal by her presence."

Then Dion and Neæra went out, and as they walked homewards through the forest, purple and vaporous in the evening light, they drew closer together; and Dion looking into her eyes saw there a new gleam, violet, magical, shining, there was the presence of Aphroditè, there was her shrine.

Then came in unto Apollo the two grandchildren of old Tithonius and they cried, "See the flowers we have brought you, we gathered them for you down in the valley where they grow best." Then Apollo said, "What wisdom shall we give to children that they may remember? Our most beautiful for them!" As he stood and looked at them the mask of age and secretness vanished, he stood before them radiant in light; they laughed in joy at his beauty; he bent down and kissed them each upon the forehead then faded away into the light which was his home. As the sun sank down amid the blue hills the old priest awoke with a sigh and cried out, "Oh that we could talk wisely as we do in our dreams."

Æ.

SEEKING.

Permitted Notes from the Experience of a Chela.

EDITED BY MAFRA. *

FIRST YEAR.

JAN. 1st. 187-] The Light is dawning!

* * * * *

Returning late last evening from holiday festivities I questioned "what have I"—the real "I" within, of whose existence I have learned during the last few months—"to do with these gaieties and wasting of substance, material and immaterial"?

An hour later I found myself, as the bells tolled one of the New Year, forming a silent vow, in which the whole force of this unknown "I" set my face and feet toward the unknown Light with the cry "Lord I believe, help Thou me"! As these words mentally clothed my yearning, I was aware of a great power within me though blind, and I knew however dark and long and miry be the ways through which I may go, that my face shall never more be turned back from the Light, though I see it not. The raven I had let forth in youth from my ark had gone sweeping the vapory astral realms for Truth, and finding no living thing, had returned no more. She starved on some lone rock of creed. But now I send forth my Dove of Peace and she returns to nestle in my poor ark another seven days. Shall she then find an olive leaf?

JAN. 5th.] Last evening another student, older and stronger than I, gave me the added strength needed to free myself from my body. I fixed my thought and desire upon my young friend in a distant city. After a time (it might be a moment, or a year; for there is no time in blankness) of unconsciousness "I," the knower, was freed. In a flash of time, I distinctly saw my friend at his desk, writing and troubled. He looked up suddenly, thought of me and putting it aside, impatiently resumed his task. His aura was dim, as if overshadowed by some baneful influence.

JAN. 6th] This morning in my "silent time" there was revealed to me something of the development of human form into the perfect man.

JAN. 7th] I lay on my sofa last night alone, and lifting myself on The Breath, soon was free. I floated a moment in the air, then, after the usual blankness, found myself in a beautiful garden before a building of which I could see no more than the portal. There was sweetness in the air, and a soft golden light, different from any sunlight, filled the atmosphere with glory that blinded not, and filled me with a strange tranquillity, as I stood looking in at this wide columned entrance. There was no visible door, the tessellated floor appeared to recede in a long hall, with columns on each side, between which were curtains, closing entrances to numberless chambers and halls. From far within, I saw a figure, clad in a long robe of peculiar rose color, embroidered with strange golden symbols, approaching with marvellous lightness, and graceful dignified mien. When he came nearer I saw his

* If any reader, having had similar experience or feeling specially interested in any subject in these notes, wishes to communicate with Mafra c/o Editor, *Irish Theosophist*, such communications will receive careful attention.

beautiful face, about which flowed wavy dark hair, bound above his forehead by a white scarf, with a resplendent gem on the front of it. Oh! the glorious power and sweetness of those wonderful eyes, before whose kindly look of *recognition* I sank reverently upon my knees. He said, waving his hand, which seemed to lift me, "My child rest there." I seated myself on a large square ottoman of curious carving and covering, which stood by the right hand pillar of the entrance. Then he passed his hand above my head, and I knew that in that sign He had promised me success in the Great Quest. He talked with me long, and I put to Him questions such as I now wonder I could have conceived. These he answered with gentle care and infinite patience. It seemed as if I had been there an hour, but when I became again conscious in the body, I noticed the clock and found I had been away but eight minutes. In that time I had been where the glory of the Truth is made manifest.

MAR. 10th.] From last writing to this, I have each day on waking, visited my beautiful Master, often with only partial completeness, at other times with clear interchange of thought. In going thither I am sensible of crossing an ocean, and of going over a desert to this lovely place whose golden aura I can see from afar, and into which I seem to drop. But the flight is instantaneous.

He has frowned but once; and has given me, not only answers, but experiences and inspirations that have taught me great truths. I hope, and am working for, a place and surroundings more favourable for my spiritual development and higher work.

A lake may be protected from disturbing winds by a surrounding guard of mountains, but its very placidity will attract neighbouring monkeys to amuse themselves by throwing stones into it to make ripples. It seems as if my Karma draws such disturbing influences to my Lake of Peace.

MAR. 12th.] I was given by S. a letter to psychometrize, when I touched it I immediately saw an elderly, slight built man engaged in some alchemical work in his laboratory. His aura appeared in strong colours, which flashed or throbbled about the upper part of his body and head. I could also see the auras of the things in the little stone cup over the alcohol lamp; but could not see what material was therein, although the vapors which arose were no impediment to my sight. I felt a great interest in the process, which did not seem unfamiliar to me.

He had a shield of some sort over the lower part of his face, to protect him from the fumes of the operation, but his piercing black eyes were free. He finished his work, removed the shield, and threw himself down on a couch to rest. He recognised me as one of the ——— and smiled at my misunderstanding of a certain name. He told me I would not be interested in the letter I held.

Here my outer-life anxiety of the present time intruded on my consciousness, and I asked his aid in my efforts against a terrible wrong, threatening an innocent person. This he promised, if I should need it, but he said I was about to succeed in my fight for justice.

At that time I thoroughly believed a great pretender to be an advanced chela, and I will always feel grateful to him, because his pretensions did me no harm, whereas my faith did me much good. It is only what we do, or have in ourselves, that counts in our growth, and for which we alone are responsible. No doubt the picture which I saw on the astral plane was a correct one of a person in the same vibratory ray with myself at the time. It is noticeable that he made me understand that the letter I held would not interest me, and it proved to be so. (*to be continued.*)

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

In connection with Mr. Peal's remarks regarding the state of the Moon quoted in March *Lucifer* the following extract from a letter of a student of occultism written some months ago, will be of interest. He says,

"According to the law of sequence of the Tatwas, the Moon should now have arrived, in the process of destruction, at her place of Prithivi-apas tatwa, or solid watery condition. The earthy portion has already been dissipated or dissolved, during the long conflict between the Prithivi and Apas tatwas before the supremacy of the Apas was established. Now this tatwa reigns supreme in its own body of glaciers and snow, and its dominion extends to Earth as an outlying province in the heavens. The Moon is our celestial centre of Apas tatwa in its lowest form of manifestation, and this Water Monarch exerts a power over our globe that is enormous, and little understood.

Every atom of this element in Earth from its centre to the outmost limit of our atmosphere feels and responds to the far vaster preponderance of Apas in the Moon. This we all note in the tides, when the waters lift themselves toward this celestial sovereign at her positive and negative phases. The moisture and rain in our atmosphere does not rise from our seas. The Apas tatwa holds its proportionate place among the other four tatwas to preserve the balance as atmospheric air, but the Moon's influence through synchronous vibration with the Apas tatwa in the air, continually excites it to over activity among the others and develops moisture rain and snow. I will only remind you that the Apas tatwa is the action tatwa of the astral plane, and you will perceive the enormous influence over us which the Moon exercises on that plane. That it is more baneful than beneficial is accounted for by the fact that in the Moon the activity of this

tatwa is on the downward cycle toward destruction and is no longer acting, as on Earth, in connection with the higher principles."

I would be glad if other students, who may have given this matter some attention, will send me the result of their investigations for publication.

Theosophy explains Shakespeare! In *Dublin Figaro* of 8th inst. the writer of "Shakespearean Studies" alluding to the Ghost in "Hamlet," says that he has found the *only* explanation in Theosophy. The "prison house" referred to by the ghost he takes to be *Kama Loka* and quotes from our report of Mrs. Besant's lecture in Ancient Concert Rooms in corroboration of his theory.

I observe that a book entitled "The Keely Mystery Elucidated" compiled by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench Trübner & Co. H. P. B. says in the "Secret Doctrine" that Mr. Keely is at the threshold of some of the greatest secrets of the universe, and it will be interesting to see how far the mystery is now elucidated.

I have to request that articles sent me for publication should in all cases be accompanied by name and address of sender.

I. T. FUND.

We have to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following since last issue:—R. T. Cross, £2 2; H. M. Magee, £1; Mrs. Londini, £1; Dr. E. A. Seale, 5/-

The fund is still open, and we will be glad if our friends don't forget us.

Readers will observe "The Hour of Twilight" has been crowded out this month.

REVIEWS.

PATH (MAR. '93) is an excellent number. "Aphorisms on Karma" (also published in *LUCIFER*) are all of much interest. In no. 21 it is stated that "Karma is both merciful and just. Mercy and Justice are only opposite poles of a single whole: and Mercy without Justice is not possible in the operations of Karma. That which man calls Mercy and Justice is defective, errant and impure." A letter from H. P. B. on precipitation, reveals quite a new phase of her character. "Before you volunteer to serve the Masters, you *should learn their philosophy.*" She explains how she was unable to justify herself even when suspicion crept into the minds of those she loved and respected. Yes! such a letter makes our H. P. B. all the dearer to us. The "Coming of the Serpent" is a strange article. It seems to embody a striking prophecy and if we are not mistaken, refers in peculiar terms to Ireland.

LUCIFER (MAR. '93) H. P. B.'s notes on St. John are most interesting and make us turn to the much misunderstood Bible with renewed interest. "There is one thing worth

remembering. If you read the Bible you will find all the names of the Patriarchs and Prophets, and other prominent characters that begin with the letter 'J' (or 'I') all were meant to depict (a) a series of reincarnations on the terrestrial or physical plane as their legends shew; and (b) all typified the Mysteries of Initiation, its trials, triumphs, and birth to Light etc. Mrs. Besant's continued article "Death and After" is most important; and Mr. Machell has an interesting contribution "The Beautiful."

THEOSOPHIST (MAR. '93) "Old Diary Leaves," chap. XII. deals with Mrs. Britten's "Art Magic" and its production. W. R. Old concludes his article on "Psycometry." Feeling—Sympathy—is so to say, "the dominant note, out of which the melody of nature arises, upon which its harmony depends, and into which the anthem of life at last resolves itself; then, as a single sound, instinct with life, and thrilling with the impulse of its countless memories, it pulses for an age in the very Heart of Being and trembles into silence."

NOTICE.

With reference to our notice in last issue of change of name, we find that another magazine has priority of claim to the title chosen. We have therefore, decided to postpone any further consideration of the matter till the end of our present Volume.

OUR WORK.

During the past month papers have been read at the Dublin Lodge on "Some teachings of H. P. Blavatsky;" "At-one-ment;" "Myths of the Old Testament;" "The *Secret Doctrine* on Man's Evolution;" "Paracelsus;" The attention of members is drawn to the excellent series of papers now running at the Lodge, and it is hoped that they will make an *effort* to support the meetings by their presence. The following papers will be read during the coming month. April 19th. "The Theosophical Basis of Brotherhood," F. A. Roberts; 26th. "Laurence Oliphant," D. N. Dunlop; May 3rd. "Transmigration and Reincarnation," F. J. Dick; 10th. "Theosophy and Socialism," J. Varian.

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The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

VII. THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN. (*contd.*)

The triple group or "triad" of Atma, Buddhi and Manas, spoken of in our last article, constitutes that part of the nature of man which Theosophy holds to be the essential, immortal part—the rest being a transitory product or offshoot. As already defined, Buddhi is the central spark of spiritual fire, separated, or rather appearing to us as separated, from the one omnipresent principle of Atma, or Spirit itself. Manas, the Human Soul proper, or Higher Ego, is the source of self-conscious Intelligence, Mind, Reason, Memory. It is this principle which stores up the experience of earth-life and preserves the identity of the Ego through its many phases of development. The personal "I" with which we are accustomed to identify ourselves in ordinary thought, is a ray from Manas proper, which is often distinguished from it by the title "Higher" Manas. The two principles however, the ray and its parent source, are in reality one; and the whole rationale of mysticism and of occult development depends upon the fact that it lies in the power of the lower mind to free itself from the dominance of Kama or desire, and to merge, even during earth-life, into the larger consciousness of its diviner Self. But for all except the highest types of mankind—those "Elder Brothers of the Race" known to the Theosophist as Mahatmas or "Great Souls"—it is the Lower Mind which is the guiding beacon on whose light they normally depend for guidance. It is the conscious *personal* self of each one of us; the central dominant principle of our present imperfect humanity. In order to understand aright what is meant by the expression Kama-Manas, one should bear in mind the Theosophic conception of evolution as a dual process, an interblending or weaving together of soul and body, hence a descent on the one hand, an ascent on the other. Manas, a god upon its own plane, is without full knowledge or experience of lower planes. This it has to acquire through the successive personalities which it ensouls with its "ray". Now while the "ray" is one, the lower entities which gather round that ray and are quickened in their evolution thereby, are almost numberless. Biologists are coming to regard the physical body as a veritable colony of living cells. And in a somewhat analogous way Theosophy holds that upon subtler planes than the physical, our

ego gathers around it, and acts through great numbers of inferior living entities called elementals. These have instinct only for their guide, and that they seek to gratify by force of habit. It is the combined tumultuous instincts of these lower lives, reacting on the consciousness of the "I" or Manas, which produce the principle of Kama or desire. This includes within it all the emotions, instincts, passions, desires, which are so large a part of our life, and indeed form, so to speak, its driving power. In itself Kama cannot be said to be possessed of qualities either good or bad. If it tempts and seduces, it also quickens and inspires. It may tend downward towards mere animal enjoyment, but it may also aspire towards its own refinement from base dross, towards emotions ever nobler, purer, more universal. This can only be when Manas obtains control, when *desire* yields to *will*, and by the fusion of thought and emotion in *being*, man "lays hold upon immortality." Those who have thus united the lower and higher nature in conscious and permanent union, are said to have overcome death, because in them the "I" has been raised during bodily life to the higher planes in which the immortal part of man persists between one incarnation and another. For these rare souls there are not the breaks of continuity which for ordinary mankind are involved in the facts of birth and death. The Lower Manas is in such cases truly the vehicle, the agent, of the Higher—a veritable messenger and interpreter of the "gods." For most men it is an independent centre, with tendencies which draw it partly downwards, partly upwards. Kama neither gains complete mastery nor becomes completely subservient to its lord. Hence progress is slow, and life's purpose is lost amid the gaps of memory.

But while such wavering advance is that of average humanity, there is another third alternative implied in the occult doctrine of the dual nature of the ego—the terrible one of soul-death, or failure of the Lower Manas to re-unite with its source. This is said to occur when vicious and animal instincts are persisted in knowingly, when the "inner voice" is silenced, and the man in thought and act becomes merely an intelligent but conscienceless animal. In such a case, when a certain stage has been reached, the Lower Ego is held to break away completely from the Higher, which must begin over again in a new personality, while the old one lingers on, becoming more and more degraded, and at last perishing entirely, torn asunder by its own contending passions and desires.

This dreadful possibility of the severance of the Egos, is of course an extreme and rare one—as rare, perhaps, as the opposite instance of their permanent and conscious union. But the possibility is declared a real one, and must be mentioned if only as a corrective to that lazy optimism which one is rather apt to draw out of an imperfect acquaintance with Theosophic teachings.

Kama, then, or Kama-Manas, holds a central position among the other principles. It is the link between the higher and the lower; the battleground in which contend the forces of man's intellectual and moral evolution. A great literature exists in the East which has for its object to aid the understanding and control of this "Lower Mind." The duties of right thought and right desire, as well as of right action, are insisted upon. In the philosophy of Raja Yoga definite exercises and methods of training are prescribed with the design of strengthening and bracing the energies of the soul, as a physical course of training does those of the body. For these are the energies through which a man must "work out his own salvation"—not merely by virtuous conduct and avoidance of vice, but by what alone gives life and reality to these—the purification and ennobling of the *mind* in all

its tendencies, desires, thoughts, emotions and ideals.

The three remaining principles of Prana, Linga Sarira and Sthula Sarira are grouped together in our table as belonging to the "body," just as Buddhi, Manas and Kama may be said to constitute the "soul." Prana is translated "life principle, vitality," but as life is held by Theosophy to be universally diffused throughout Cosmos, even in what is apparently "dead matter", it follows that Prana is merely the name given to that special form assumed by the One Life-Force (Jiva) when acting in the "organic" matter of which our bodies consist, like those of animals and plants. As Prana it does not act directly on the material molecules of the physical body, but passes through its special vehicle or reservoir, the "astral" body (linga sarira) which is the mould round which the embryo of the physical frame or sthula sarira, builds itself. The "astral" substance (which, notwithstanding its rather misleading title, has nothing to do with the stars) being more plastic and sensitive to the forces of thought than is the grosser matter of the outer body, it is through this linga sarira that mind is able to affect the latter, even to the extent of causing marks and even wounds to appear upon it, if the idea has first impressed itself on the imagination. Hence the well-known cases of "stigmatization" among devotees of the Catholic Church, and the analogous phenomena of hypnotism in which the "suggestion" of a letter, figure, blister &c. will work itself out, *hours afterward*, on the person of the "subject".

The linga-sarira remains in close connection with the outer body, developing and decaying with it *pari passu*. In cases of sudden or premature death it is said, however, to survive its physical counterpart for a longer or briefer interval. During life it may leave the body for a short distance, as in the instance of spiritualist mediums. But in the majority of cases of apparitions the phenomenon is different, the form being what is called the "thought-form". This is moulded from astral matter, but is not the astral body proper, the linga sarira, which as already said, is closely bound up with the physical organism, and is practically inseparable from it.

The physical body is the general basis or vehicle of the other six principles, which have each (with the exception of Atma which is universal) their special centres of action within it. The brain, according to occultism, is not the only seat of consciousness in the body. The functions of various organs such as the heart and plexuses, whose external machinery has been laid bare by western science, have been explored by Eastern ascetics as foci of certain mental, emotional and spiritual influences. The development and utilising of these forms a great part of occult training. But the general aspect of the body as simply the instrument of consciousness on the physical plane, is all that concerns us in this brief survey of the "Seven Principles".

On Easter evening I heard a voice above the splash of the breaking waves, above the music of the band; above the tramp of many footsteps. It was the voice of one praying. I looked forth and beheld a large group kneeling on the "cold grey stones" of the beach, and from their midst went up that strong supplication for the salvation of souls. His call was to something he felt to be higher than he knew himself to be—to a power that he believed could lift him toward that unknown. It was a heart's call to the Divine Heart. I bowed my head in reverence to their simple faith and joined my heart desire to that other "praying in the wilderness." One's God that he worships can be no higher than that person's highest ideal. If his mind has no experience except with outer life, his God must be outward and objective and the title he gives it alters not the efficacy of his heart's aspiration toward that Divinity in humanity, which we believe sheds a ray into every soul.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

It is not merely because it is extraordinary that I wish to tell you this story. I think mere weirdness, grotesque or unusual character, are not sufficient reasons for making public incidents in which there is an element of the superhuman. The world, in spite of its desire to understand the nature of the occult, is sick of and refuses to listen to stories of apparitions which betray no spiritual character or reveal no spiritual law. The incident here related is burned into my mind and life, not because of its dramatic intensity or personal character, but because it was a revelation of the *secret of power*, a secret which the wise in good and the wise in evil alike have knowledge of.

My friend Felix was strangely disturbed: not only were his mind and his spirit unsettled, but he was also passing through a crisis in his spiritual life. Two paths were open before him: On one side lay the dazzling mystery of the occult; on the other "the small old path" held out its secret and spiritual allurements. I had hope that he would choose the latter, and as I was keenly interested in his decision, I invested the struggle going on in his mind with something of universal significance, seeing in it a symbol of the strife between "light and darkness which are the world's eternal ways." He came in late one evening. I saw at once by the dim light that there was something strange in his manner. I spoke to him in enquiry; he answered me in a harsh dry voice quite foreign to his usual manner. "Oh, I am not going to trouble myself any more, I will let things take their course." This seemed the one idea in his mind, the one thing he understood clearly was that things were to take their own course; he failed to grasp the significance of any other idea or its relative importance. He answered "Aye, indeed," with every appearance of interest and eagerness to some trivial remark about the weather, and was quite unconcerned about another and most important matter which should have interested him deeply. I soon saw what had happened; his mind, in which forces so evenly balanced had fought so strenuously, had become utterly wearied out and could work no longer. A flash of old intuition illumined it at last,—it was not wise to strive with such bitterness over life,—therefore he said to me in memory of this intuition,—"I am going to let things take their course." A larger tribunal would decide; he had appealed unto Cæsar. I sent him up to his room and tried to quiet his fever by magnetization with some success. He fell asleep, and as I was rather weary myself I retired soon after.

This was the vision of the night. It was surely in the room I was lying and on my bed, and yet space opened on every side with pale, clear light. A slight wavering figure caught my eye, a figure that swayed to and fro; I was struck with its utter feebleness, yet I understood it was its own will or some quality of its nature which determined that palpitating movement towards the poles between which it swung. What were they? I became silent as night and thought no more.

Two figures awful in their power opposed each other; the frail being wavering between them could by putting out its arms have touched them both. It alone wavered, for they were silent, resolute and knit in the conflict of will; they stirred not a hand nor a foot; there was only a still quivering now and then as of intense effort, but they made no other movement. Their heads were bent forward slightly, their arms folded, their bodies straight, rigid, and inclined slightly backwards from each other like two spokes of a gigantic wheel. What were they, these figures? I knew not, and yet gazing upon them, thought which took no words to clothe itself mutely read their

meaning. Here were the culminations of the human, towering images of the good and evil man may aspire to. I looked at the face of the evil adept. His bright red-brown eyes burned with a strange radiance of power; I felt an answering emotion of pride, of personal intoxication, of psychic richness rise up within me gazing upon him. His face was archetypal; the abstract passion which eluded me in the features of many people I knew, was here declared, exultant, defiant, gigantesque; it seemed to leap like fire, to be free. In this face I was close to the legendary past, to the hopeless worlds where men were martyred by stony kings, where prayer was hopeless, where pity was none. I traced a resemblance to many of the great Destroyers in history whose features have been preserved, Napoleon, Ramases and a hundred others, named and nameless, the long line of those who were crowned and sceptered in cruelty. His strength was in human weakness, I saw this, for space and the hearts of men were bare before me. Out of space there flowed to him a stream half invisible of red; it nourished that rich radiant energy of passion; it flowed from men as they walked and brooded in loneliness, or as they tossed in sleep. I withdrew my gaze from this face which awoke in me a lurid sense accompaniment, and turned it on the other. An aura of pale soft blue was around this figure through which gleamed an underlight as of universal gold. The vision was already dim and departing, but I caught a glimpse of a face godlike in its calm, terrible in the beauty of a life we know only in dreams, with strength which is the end of the hero's toil, which belongs to the many times martyred soul; yet not far away nor in the past was its power, it was the might of life which exists eternally. I understood how easy it would have been for this one to have ended the conflict, to have gained a material victory by its power, but this would not have touched on or furthered its spiritual ends. Only its real being had force to attract that real being which was shrouded in the wavering figure. This truth the adept of darkness knew also and therefore he intensified within the sense of pride and passionate personality. Therefore they stirred not a hand nor a foot while under the stimulus of their presence culminated the good and evil in the life which had appealed to a higher tribunal to decide. Then this figure wavering between the two moved forward and touched with its hand the Son of Light. All at once the scene and actors vanished, and the eye that saw them was closed, I was alone with darkness and a hurricane of thoughts.

Strange and powerful figures! I knew your secret of strength, it is only *to be*, nature quickened by your presence leaps up in response. I knew no less the freedom of that human soul, for your power only revealed its unmanifest nature, it but precipitated experience. I knew that although the gods and cosmic powers may war over us for ever, it is we alone declare them victors or vanquished.

For the rest the vision of that night was prophetic, and the feet of my friend are now set on that way which was the innermost impulse of his soul.

Æ.

THE ELEMENT LANGUAGE.

In a chapter in the *Secret Doctrine* dealing with the origin of language, P. Blavatsky makes some statements which are quoted here and which should be borne well in mind in considering what follows. "The Second Race had a 'Sound Language,' to wit, *chant-like* sounds composed of vowels alone." From this developed "monosyllabic speech which was the vowel parent, so to speak, of the monosyllabic languages mixed with hard consonants still in use among the yellow races which are known to the anthropologist. These linguistic characteristics developed into the agglutinative languages The inflectional speech, the root of the Sanskrit, was the first language (now the *mystery tongue* of the Initiates) of the Fifth Race."

The nature of that language has not been disclosed along with other teaching concerning the evolution of the race, but like many other secrets the details of which are still preserved by the Initiates, it is implied in what has already been revealed. The application to speech of the abstract formula of evolution which they have put forward should result in its discovery, for the clue lies in correspondences; know the nature of any one thing perfectly, learn its genesis, development and consummation, and you have the key to all the mysteries of nature. The microcosm mirrors the macrocosm. But, before applying this key, it is well to glean whatever hints have been given, so that there may be less chance of going astray in our application. First, we gather from the *Secret Doctrine* that the sounds of the human voice are correlated with forces, colours, numbers and forms. "*Every letter has its occult meaning*, the vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies." (S. D., I. 94.) and again it is said "The magic of the ancient priests consisted in those days in addressing *their gods in their own language*. The speech of the men of earth cannot reach the Lords, each must be addressed in the language of his respective element"—is a sentence which will be shown pregnant with meaning. "*The book of rules*" cited adds as an explanation of the nature of that *element-language*: "It is composed of *Sounds*, not words; of sounds, numbers and figures. He who knows how to blend the three, will call forth the response of the superintending Power" (the regent-god of the specific element needed). Thus this "language is that of *incantations* or of MANTRAS, as they are called in India, sound being the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between mortals and immortals" (S. D., I. 464.).

From these quotations it will be seen that the occult teachings as to speech are directly at variance with the theories of many philologists and evolutionists. A first speech which was like song—another and more developed speech which is held sacred—an esoteric side to speech in which the elements of our conventional languages (*i. e.* the letters) are so arranged that speech becomes potent enough to guide the elements, and human speech becomes the speech of the gods—there is no kinship between this ideal language and the ejaculations and mimicry which so many hold to be the root and beginning of it. Yet those who wish to defend their right to hold the occult teaching have little to fear from the champions of these theories; they need not at all possess any deep scholarship or linguistic attainment; the most cursory view of the roots of primitive speech, so far as they have been collected, will show that they contain few or no sounds of a character which would bear out either the onomatopoeic or interjectional theories. The vast majority of the roots of the Aryan language express abstract ideas, they rarely indicate the particular actions which would be capable of being sug-

gested by any mimicry possible to the human voice. I have selected at random from a list of roots their English equivalents, in order to show the character of the roots and to make clearer the difficulty of holding such views. The abstract nature of the ideas, relating to actions and things which often have no attendant sound in nature, will indicate what I mean. What possible sounds could mimic the sense of "to move, to shine, to gain, to flow, to burn, to blow, to live, to possess, to cover, to fall, to praise, to think"? In fact the most abstract of all seem the most primitive for we find them most fruitful in combination to form other words. I hope to show this clearly later on. It is unnecessary to discuss the claims of the interjectional theory, as it is only a theory, and there are few roots for which we could infer even a remote origin of this nature. The great objection to the theory that speech was originally a matter of convention and mutual agreement, is the scarcity of words among the roots which express the wants of primitive man. As it is, a wisdom within or beyond the Aryan led him to construct in these roots with their abstract significance an ideal foundation from which a great language could be developed. However as the exponents of rival theories have demolished each other's arguments, without anyone having established a clear case for himself, it is not necessary here to do more than indicate these theories and how they may be met.

In putting forward a hypothesis more in accord with the doctrine of the spiritual origin of man, and in harmony with those occult ideas concerning speech already quoted, I stand in a rather unusual position, as I have to confess my ignorance of any of these primitive languages. I am rather inclined, however, to regard this on the whole as an advantage for the following reasons. I think primitive man (the early Aryan) chose his words by a certain intuition which recognised an *innate correspondence between the thought and the symbol*. *Pari passu* with the growing complexity of civilization language lost its spiritual character, "it fell into matter," to use H. P. Blavatsky's expression; as the conventional words necessary to define artificial products grew in number, in the memory of these words the spontaneity of speech was lost, and that faculty became atrophied which enabled man to arrange with psychic rapidity ever new combinations of sounds to express emotion and thought. Believing then that speech was originally intuitive, and that it only needs introspection and a careful analysis of the sounds of the human voice, to recover the faculty and correspondences between these sounds and forces, colours, forms, etc., it will be seen why I do not regard my ignorance of these languages as altogether a drawback. The correspondences necessarily had to be evolved out of my inner consciousness, and in doing this no aid could be derived from the Aryan roots as they now stand. In the meaning attached to *each letter* is to be found the key to the meaning and origin of roots; but the value of each sound separately could never be discovered by an examination of them in their combination, though their value and purpose in combination to form words might be evident enough once the significance of the letters is shewn. Any lack of knowledge then is only a disadvantage in this, that it limits the area from which to choose illustrations. I have felt it necessary to preface what I have to say with this confession, to show exactly the position in which I stand. The correspondences between sounds and forces were first evolved, and an examination of the Aryan roots proved the key capable of application. (*to be continued.*) G. W. R.

NOTE:—In an article which appeared in the *Theosophist*, Dec. 1887, I had attempted, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Chas. Johnston, to put forward some of the ideas which form the subject matter of this paper. Owing to the numerous misprints which rendered it unintelligible I have felt it necessary to altogether re-write it. G. W. R.

PROTEUS.

Some twenty three centuries ago lived Plato, the great thinker of antiquity.

His divine imagination gave him a glimpse of truths which science has groped after for two thousand years. In his "Hymn of the Universe", which is one of the highest utterances that comes to us from the pre-Christian ages, he designates man as the "Microcosm", or epitome of the Universe, thereby anticipating one of the sublimest generalizations of modern science.

Agassiz, the leading naturalist of our day, but, re-echoed the thought of Plato, when he said "Creation expresses the same thought from the earliest ages, onward to the coming of man; whose advent is already foretold in the first appearance of the earliest fishes".

For creation, from the first, has been in continued effort to put forth the human form. Mineral, vegetable and animal forms, nay, atoms, planets, and suns, are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, on differing stages of his transit. He stands on the pyramid of being, linked with all below, as the form to which they all aspire. Man is the head and heart of nature. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is, because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. He finds that reason physiologically in his body, and spiritually in his soul.

Man is the Presence before whom all limits disappear, the reservoir out of which wholeness and vitality well from perennial springs. Upon molecular life which is the mineral, growth life which is the vegetable, and instinctive life which is the animal, is founded a life of life, which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the Universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Hell are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. The living Caryatides is he—the I AM who not was, but is, in all things. There is a oneness of principle pervading life, which resolves itself into the omniprevalence of man. Humanity enfolds everything and is all embracing.

All lower things are mute predictions of man. The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Prior to all worlds, man is the oldest idea in the Creation. Nothing ever was moulded into form that was not a prophecy of something to be afterwards unfolded in him. In him unite zoophyte and fish, monad and mammal, and he confesses this in bone and function. The mouse is his fellow creature. The worms are his poor relations. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grows which he has not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant man vegetating; the reptile man wriggling and squirming; tomorrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a necktie or a bonnet.

Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe, before it assumes the human incarnation. Nature is in the ascensive mood. In her studio the crystal tends to become an inflorescence. The unconscious effort of all lower life is to reach the human organism that is implicated in the germ and prefigured in the primal atom. Man is thus an Universal Form from the complex of Creation, and the Cosmos crosses him by its lines thro' every nerve.

The lower forms are steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. And the climb is a constant one. Humanity, by its principles, extends

through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through winds and the fluid words. There is no escape anywhere from man. If we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of the morning; if we ascend into heaven or make our bed in hades, still he is there.

“Man doth usurp all space;
Stares thee in rock, bush, river, in the face.
'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity.”

Science watches the monad through all his masks, and detects, through all the troops of organized forms, the eternal unity. All feet fit into that foot-step, and all things have passed that way.

It was said, in the olden time, of the mystic Proteus, that to escape pursuit he would assume all shapes. “First he became a lion with noble mane, then a dragon and a leopard and a great bear and then he became liquid water and a lofty leaved tree.”

By Proteus the ancients symbolized man; for he is not only man; he is all things - every part of the Universe in turn as we change our point of view. Through him the very trees are not inanimate, nor the beasts without progress, but they breathe and walk after man down the line of the ages, as after Orpheus in the days of old.

(to be continued.)

DUSK.

Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress;
Each chimney's vapour, like a thin grey rod,
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break or seem to break their line,
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the house of God.

Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod,
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls
Into the vast of God.

G. W. R.

KSHANTI.

"Patience sweet that nought can ruffle."

To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible form she speaks. Who has not felt at sometime or other the truths the poet sings? In some calm hour when we have left far behind us the deafening noise and bustle of the crowded street; seeking rest and refuge from the tumult around us and within us, we have wandered to where the everlasting hills lift up their heather-purpled summits towards the bending clouds; where green trees whisper low and mild, or where the rippling rivulet "dances its wayward round" laughing adown the mountain side like a careless child at play, mirroring in its crystalline clearness the wild flowers that carpet its banks. Tired and weary in heart and brain, we have flung ourselves down, seeking rest in the kindly arms of mother nature; again as in the long lost hours of childhood we bend our ears and listen to her story without an end; the old scenes come back with all their glamour; perchance in such an hour we find the child heart again, be that as it may, the old legends haunt us with irresistible sweetness and the old content is ours.

The blessed sunlight, that has too long been hidden from us by bricks and mortar, streams upon our head; unbroken silence wraps us round, a silence so intense that we fancy we can hear the grass grow and the buds bursting; the deep mystic silence in which nature's work is done.

We close our eyes; the visible, tangible, unreal world of the senses that we have escaped from for a time fades away; we touch the "ivory gate and golden" the latch yields, we enter the realms of the real, the true, the kingdom of the usually unseen things which alone are eternal. With deaf ears we listen; with closed eyes we see; almost we recognise the elemental world around us; once again as in our youth the tall tree stems are dryads, the good people dance in mazy circle, and Undine laughs beneath the waves.

Soon these thoughts fade, others take their place, faint remembrances from the long past perhaps; the peace, the calm grows deeper still; it passeth understanding yet is experienced in that hour; we utterly forget the fever, and the fret; the cares of life; the misery of the great city where men "sit and hear each other moan." On nature's bosom we fall asleep and dream, and the dream is sweet; we question nature and she bares her heart to us and whispers in our ear her secret, the source of her strength; she utters but one word *patience*. And before our dreaming eyes she rolls back the curtain of time, and shows us how she worked in the moment of infinite duration that we call the past. In silence and patience she piled the hills and channelled the water-courses; in silence her ice-plough levelled the mountains; in silence she determined or altered the bounds of ocean; she painted the iris hues upon the wild dove's wings; her club moss prepared the way for fairer growths; her inmost thoughts embodied in form she shows us, and whispers still the one word, *patience*. And we awake and compare our work with hers and see where we have failed. We have been impatient, have longed to force the bud of perfection from the tiny seed of truth we have made our own, in one short earth life; we have attempted to soar on eagle's wings before we have learned by repeated failure to stand alone, and Icarus-like blinded by the sun of truth we have fallen to earth heavily perhaps; we have striven to scale heights that "Great Souls" have only reached after repeated effort, and the mountain side has proved too sheer and steep.

Well for us is it if we listen to nature's lesson and strive to gain that pat-

ience sweet that nought can ruffle" of which the ancient wisdom speaks; it alone is the source of that calmness from which strength is born. If we could bathe our souls in Kshanti's essence, we could stand firmly upon "that place of our own" as unmoved by circumstances, and by our warring senses, as some world-old cliff that towers lichen-gray, majestic, calm, above the waves that beat and break in fury at its base.

He who has learned the meaning of patience has done with fear; for him the "light of daring burning in the heart" will not flicker, or fade, but shed its radiance however feeble upon the upward path, until at last the goal is won, the spark merged into the flame, the drop into the ocean. Shielded by Kshanti that heart-light shall illuminate the inner life, and shed its brightness over other lives with a steady flame that is not fanned by waves of passion, and casts no shadow upon the soul.

"Patience sweet:" against that armour Maya's arrows glance harmlessly away powerless to wound; and he who has girded himself with it has cast out the foe baffled, and beaten, his body is no more his master but his slave; no longer he fears failure, no more he courts success, content to know that progress, and non-progress, success and failure alike, are known to, and allowed for by the self.

"Patience Sweet," with ourselves, as well as with others. Are we impatient with our lot? we rebel against the good law; with our spiritual progress? then we hinder the longed-for success by our very striving and restless endeavour to achieve; if unruffled patience were ours resting content with fate, fearing nothing, desiring nothing, unoccupied with self, we should have time to stretch out helpful hands to others and bless their lives. And in our inmost hearts a great calm born of patience would reign, and its offspring would be fair harmony in word, and act; "counterbalancing cause and effect, and leaving no further room for Karmic action." And the great still angel of peace would overshadow us with her wings, and gaze upon us with her deep sweet eyes, and having reached the place of peace, our ears however dull would catch at least some echo of the great vibration; and having attuned our inmost being to nature's harmony, the surface storms that sweep across our lives would leave the depths untouched, and only awaken minor melodies, sweet as those of the wind-kissed æolian harp, a melody powerful to still in some measure the discord of the world.

K. B. Lawrence.

OUR WORK.

During the past month the following papers were read and discussed at the open meetings of the Dublin Lodge, 3 Upper Ely Place; "The Theosophical Basis of Brotherhood," "Laurence Oliphant," "Transmigration and Reincarnation," "Theosophy and Socialism"; by Brothers Roberts, Dunlop, Dick and Varian respectively.

A very successful conversation took place on the 28th. April. F. J. Dick gave a short account of the present state of the movement throughout the world, and G. W. Russell dwelt on the importance of united thought and effort.

The following papers will bring the present session to a close. The open meetings will be resumed in September. May 17th., "Dreams," G. W. Russell; "May 24th., "Sun and Fire Worship," A. W. Dwyer; May 31st., "Kama Loka and Devachan," Miss Lawrence.

The "Secret Doctrine" class will continue to meet on Monday evenings at 8-30.

The presence among us of Brother Mellis, Liverpool Lodge, has served to cheer us on our way and strengthen the links of brotherhood.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Under the significant title of "Through Storm to Peace," Mrs. Besant is contributing to the columns of "The Weekly Sun" the story of her life. It is interesting to note that the circulation of the paper has greatly increased in consequence. Indeed, it is little wonder, that the life of one who has passed through so many phases of thought and experience, and found peace at last in Theosophy should be of great interest to every class of the reading public.

Yes! day by day it becomes more apparent that the demand of the age is for light, more light. Religion fails with the advance of intellectual culture. Materialism fails, for it does not satisfy the Spirit. The age demands its Master, not its product, or pupil.

It may not be our function to meddle in politics, but they interest us, as an indication on the surface, of the forces at work behind the veil.

Here in Ireland, politics are at top and bottom of everything, nothing else counts. Ireland sees her opportunity, for it is quite evident that the foundation upon which England's greatness rests is surely being undermined. She has fed off the vital life of her multitudes, but such nourishment cannot always last. Already the uneasiness, as of some impending doom is apparent.

We should not however be misunderstood. We are against class or race distinctions of any kind. But so it is that weighted empires disappear and continents slide from view. We know of Lemuria being laid asleep, and of the lost Atlantis—perished might and faded glory, yet, we know also that it is but the *seeming* that perishes, the *real* finds no loss. Man—

the thinker—the centre of all forces and phenomena endures forever.

I suggest again that some common meeting ground should be established for all interested in progressive work in Dublin. A suitable place could be got, and a reading room opened—in fact an established centre of free thought, in its widest and best sense. Then, in connection with this, meetings &c. could *easily* be organized during the winter.

There is so much to be done, and yet so little attempted. We seem to spend our time criticising each other's methods, forgetting that these can only be *truly* criticised by one who is Master of all methods.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:—*Lotus-bluthen (April): Journal Maha-Bodhi Society: The Buddhist: Theosophical Siftings: Pauses: The Gul Afshan: The New Californian: Theosophia: The Theosophical Ray*, and are sorry we are unable to give more detailed notice. It is inspiring thus to be reminded of the world-wide aspect of the Theosophical movement.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions to the *I. T. FUND*,—F. A. Roberts 5/-; and Davitt D. Chidester \$1; we would take this opportunity of calling our readers attention to the fact that the recent improvements effected in the magazine have left us rather heavily in debt, and however much we would wish to further improve it we will be debarred from doing so until this debt is wiped out. We would therefore be grateful if any of our readers who can will lend us a helping hand, and thus assist us to extend our sphere of usefulness and help forward the good work.

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THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

VIII. THE SECRET DOCTRINE ON MAN'S EVOLUTION.

The question of the origin of man, as affected by modern scientific hypothesis and research, is one that has greatly troubled the religious thought of our time. Theologians tremble, not unnaturally, for the safety of their doctrines of human responsibility, of a soul and future life, if man is to be looked upon as nothing but a highly-improved variety of ape, and his hopes and aspirations as mere modifications of instincts shared in common with his younger brothers, the "beasts that perish."

The problem is one which no reflecting mind can well remain indifferent to. It has undoubtedly done much to shake the faith of the orthodox in their old conceptions of free will, immortality, and a "moral governor of the Universe." For difficulties like the following must be faced. Man's body particularly in its embryonic development, shows undoubted traces of lower animal forms. Taken with other, less direct, evidence, this so far implies (what evolutionists contend for) a building-up process, a connected chain, a series of transitions—not of separate creations. Now if this be true of his body, can we think differently of the conscious soul inhabiting that body? Can we draw a line across the chain at any point and say that here, at such and such a link, free-will, mind, immortality began, having hitherto had no existence? Surely this is hardly thinkable, or consistent with that principle of continuity which is the essence of evolution. If on the other hand we conceive of the soul as following a parallel course of development with the body, and as dependent thereon, how can one believe that it survives the dissolution of the physical frame with which its own growth and experience were so closely identified?

Such questions as these will continue to present themselves, and to defy solution, so long as men hold to the old crude notions of the limited nature of the soul, its origination with the body, its transient connection with earth, its eternal personal isolation from the One Life which animates nature, and breathes through all her vast and intricate activities.

Now Theosophy, as our readers know, is instinct at every point with the idea of evolution, but rather in its higher aspect, as a constant interblending or interweaving, of Spirit and Matter, of Soul and Body, than as a mere happy

accident of combination in the interplay of mechanical forces. Instead therefore of considering thought, will, intellect as simply the result, or efflorescence, or index, of physical development, which is what the materialists would have us believe, Theosophy looks at the process entirely from the other end; holds Soul and Consciousness to be the antecedent cause, bodily evolution rather the effect; and so we come to that part of theosophical teaching which many may regard as unessential or arbitrary, but which is really put forward as a needful answer to the questions which the researches of science have caused to arise in so many minds—to the occult doctrine, namely, of man's *spiritual and psychic* evolution, outlined for us in the noble work of H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Without attempting the (to us) impossible task of a detailed presentment of the doctrine in question, which, indeed, occupies the larger part of that of that great book—some of its leading features may be here briefly summarized.

Bearing in mind what has been said in former papers as to the law of cycles to which every grade of Being is subject, even to the all-inclusive One Life of the Universe itself—it will be understood why the *Secret Doctrine* never speaks of, or postulates, any *beginning* in the Cosmic process of evolution. The Tree of Life fades away and again springs forth eternally. Its roots and branches ramify unbroken through the uttermost realms of Nature. They form the ladder up which the evolutionary impulse travels—the undying expression of its unity and continuity. Never has been the time when men, in some form or other (that is, intelligent, conscious beings) did not exist. The humanity of to-day is partly the re-incarnation of an older, less developed humanity, which came to maturity and died away upon some older sphere; and partly is recruited by the ascent to the human form of what were then the higher animals. But these did not, and could not, *produce* humanity. They rather *attained* to it, climbing by slow degrees the path already cleared and trodden by endless predecessors. The “missing link” however, which marked the transitional stage between beast and man, is not, in the view of the occult teaching, to be looked for upon this earth. The intermediate stations are passed through upon other planes of nature than this—in other states of matter—and in fact the *Secret Doctrine's* teaching is, that man on this globe *preceded* (though of course not in his present form) the advent of lower forms of life.

The early races of mankind referred to, were, as compared with those of to-day, entirely embryonic in character, as regards both outward form and psychic development. The first “man” of this kind is said to have appeared ere yet the earth had cooled down to anything like its present temperature, and when its surface was still mainly a vast steaming morass. Half-ethereal in substance, mindless and well-nigh senseless as we understand the term, this early race was the origin of animal life on the globe, carrying with it, as man still carries, the types of all the lower forms through which it had evolved. But whereas to-day this ancestry and inheritance only shows itself in the stages through which the human embryo rapidly passes in a few brief months, in the loosely compacted “men” of the early races the animal types were endowed with an independent vitality of their own, and were constantly thrown off—spore-like—to develop, side by side with man, into the ancestors of the present race of animals—subject, of course, to the modifying influences of “natural selection” and the many other factors of evolution which have been so diligently traced out by science.

It is not maintained, of course, that the early archetypal man was like a

veritable Noah's Ark, in which specimens of all kinds of animals were stored up, so to speak, ready-made. But granted—what all evolutionists grant—that certain leading types did branch off from a common centre, it is surely not inconceivable, or inconsistent with known fact to believe, that this parent-source of species was an actual entity—not man indeed in the proper sense, but still a distinct type of being, undergoing a cycle of gradual metamorphosis, and destined later on to develop into the true human form, side by side with the lower animal types thrown off during the transitional period. Such at any rate is the occult teaching, as the writer understands it—its importance lying in the fact that by this view the awakening of mind in the perfected bodily vehicle will appear as natural and inevitable as it is now in the case of individual growth. The popular doctrine of evolution, on the other hand, quite fails to account for the enormous advance in mental development shown by man as compared with the highest animals; and the “spiritual influx” theory of Wallace and Mivart is far too vague and shadowy to help us much.

In our next paper we shall come to those more distinctly occult teachings of the *Secret Doctrine* which deal with the origin and growth of man's higher nature.
(to be contd.)

—:O:—

DAWN.

Still as the holy of holies breathes the vast,
Within its crystal depths the stars grow dim,
Fire on the altar of the hills at last
Burns on the shadowy rim.

Moment that holds all moments, white upon
The verge it trembles, then like mists of flowers
Break from the fairy fountain of the dawn
The hues of many hours.

Thrown downward from that high companionship
Of dreaming inmost heart with inmost heart,
Into the common daily ways I slip
My fire from theirs apart.

G. W. R.

THE FOUR LOWER TATWAS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THEIR FUNCTIONS.

In my study of the Tatwas I found great difficulty, at first, in realizing their *pure spirituality*—to conceive of motion without anything to move—to avoid confusing effects, in matter, with their tatwic causes.

For illustration, the Prithivi (earthly) Tatwa is "a vibration that moves in squares," forming substance into straight lines, walls, angles &c. Without this sustaining "square" vibration, solidity would be impossible, everything would be dissolved by the Apas (watery) or burned by the action of the Agni (fiery) Tatwa.

But, though formed and held in form by it, a crystal is no more the Prithivi Tatwa than the breath of a person is his speech. In giving utterance to an idea (the very idea, itself, being one set of tatwic vibrations, received from the next octave higher of vibratory force) its motion is conveyed to the next lower octave of vibrations in the mental substance, through the atom of consciousness. (Consciousness itself being the vibrations of atoms or Anupādaka Tatwa.) The same set of motions, acting in the mental octave more slowly, differentiates the idea into thoughts. These thoughts, by still slower motion and to still grosser substance, pass on their vibratory force to the physical organs of speech which the breath catches, in passing, and transmits to the outer world as uttered idea.

These four transfers, or dropping of the word melody through the four octaves, are called by the Hindu philosophers Parâ, Pashyanti, Madhyamâ and Vaikhari.

This simple illustration of tatwic action on the life plane, by which the ever concealed idea becomes speech, may suggest some conception of the Cosmic processes by which Divine Ideation becomes universes—the Infinite falls into the Infinity of manifestation, and the Word is made flesh.

It is said that "iron is in the air." It comes to us, like all things else, from the sun. The affinitive vibrations in the solar currents (drawn together, even in their solar state, by some hunger in the earth for that metal) must pass through the *invariable sequence* of tatwic phases—airy (vayu), fiery (agni) and watery (apas)—until they fall to the densest clothing of these matter, the earthly (prithivi) and become the concrete manifestation of these special proportions of vibratory solar life, which we name iron. This completes the downward or evolutionary cycle in *our system*; and the iron runs through the limit of experiences in its solid or prithivic form. Immediately it has exhausted these and attained its highest consciousness as solid iron, urged onward by the solar cosmic-buddhic or affinitive force, it seeks new matings, new experiences, through various chemical processes, till it reaches the next watery (apas) Tatwa on its upward returning path. In this Apas Tatwa development it serves the vegetable kingdom. Next follows, by the same law of solar force, its gradual preparation for, and assimilation with, the fiery (agni) Tatwa or animal life plane. Passing through all these the iron finally reaches the human level from which, after ages of experience, it reënters, through human transmutation, the Solar-Akasa in its proper proportion of humanized consciousness.

This is divine alchemy; and when the *octaves* of tatwic vibrations are understood the possibility of changing a dense metal into that grade of matter, which is the field of action, of ideation, will not seem unreasonable.

As to materializing fruit, it is true that we form it of something *within* ourselves, but this "something" is not the matter of the grape, if grape it is to be. What we give out as will from our sun-centre, or reservoir of this solar force in us, is precisely the same and works in precisely the same manner, as the Solar Impulse acts in forming iron. In the "medium" it is generally used unconsciously, but the Adept has it under conscious control. He fixes a thought image and throws into that his will—the vitalizing or buddhic force and the vorticle centre formed by this "spark" collects to itself, by affinitive vibrations, out of its surrounding Akasa, such materials as are needed to make the image a complete manifestation on the physical plane.

Whether the *seed* of such formed grapes would be vital and produce vines I do not know. Just how far this creative power extends into *life* planes, when used by man, is an interesting question.

M. F. W.

THE ELEMENT LANGUAGE (*contd.*)

It is advisable at this point to consider how correspondences arose between things seemingly so diverse as sounds, forms, colors and forces. It is evident that they could only come about through the existence of a common and primal cause reflecting itself everywhere in different elements and various forms of life. This primal unity lies at the root of all occult philosophy and science; the One becomes Many; the ideas latent in Universal Mind are thrown outwards into manifestation. In the Bagavad-Gita (chap. iv) Krishna declares: "even though myself unborn, of changeless essence, and the lord of all existence, yet in presiding over nature—which is mine—I am born but through my own *maya*, the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind." "I establish the universe with a single portion of myself and remain separate;" he says later on, and in so presiding he becomes the cause of the appearance of the different qualities. "I am the taste in water, the light in the sun and moon, the mystic syllable Om in all the Vedas sound in space, the masculine essence in men, the sweet smell in the earth, the brightness in the fire" &c. Pouring forth then from one fountain we should expect to find correspondences running everywhere throughout nature; we should expect to find all these things capable of correlation. Coëxistent with manifestation arise the ideas of time and space, and these qualities, attributes or forces, which are latent and unified in the germinal thought, undergo a dual transformation; they appear successively in time, and what we call evolution progresses through Kalpa after Kalpa and Manvantara after Manvantara: the moods which dominate these periods incarnate in matter, which undergoes endless transformations and takes upon itself all forms in embodying these states of consciousness.

The order in which these powers manifest is declared in the Purânas, Upanishads and Tantric works. It is that abstract formula of evolution which we can apply alike to the great and little things in nature. This may be stated in many ways, but to put it briefly, there is at first one divine Substance-Principle, Flame, Motion or the Great Breath; from this emanate the elements Akasa, ether, fire, air, water and earth; the spiritual quality becoming gradually lessened in these as they are further removed from their divine source; this is the descent into matter, the lowest rung of manifestation. "Having consolidated itself in its last principle as gross matter, it revolves around itself and informs with the seventh emanation of the last, the first and lowest element." [S. D. I, p. 297] This involution of the

higher into the lower urges life upwards through the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, until it culminates in spirituality and self consciousness. It is not necessary here to go more into detail, it is enough to say that the elements in nature begin as passive qualities, their ethereal nature becomes gross, then positive and finally spiritual, and this abstract formula holds good for everything in nature. These changes which take place in the universe are repeated in man its microcosm, the cosmic force which acts upon matter and builds up systems of suns and planets, working in him repeats itself and builds up a complex organism which corresponds and is correlated with its cosmic counterpart. The individual spirit Purusha dwells in the heart of every creature, its powers ray forth everywhere; they pervade the different principles or vehicles; they act through the organs of sense; they play upon the different plexuses; every principle and organ being specialised as the vehicle for a particular force or state of consciousness. All the sounds we can utter have their significance; they express moods; they create forms; they arouse to active life within ourselves spiritual and psychic forces which are centred in various parts of the body. Hence the whole organism of man is woven through and through with such correspondences; our thoughts, emotions, sensations, the forces we use, colours and sounds acting on different planes are all correlated among themselves, and are also connected with the forces evolving in greater nature, those universal planes of being which are everywhere present about us, in which we live and move. We find such correspondences form the subject matter of many Upanishads and other occult treatises; for example in Yajnavalkya-smitha, a treatise on Yoga philosophy, we find the sound "Ra" associated with the element of fire, Tejas Tatwa, with the God Rudra, with a centre in the body just below the heart. Other books add as correspondences of Tejas Tatwa, that its colour is red, its taste is hot, its form is a triangle and its force is expansion. The correspondences given in different treatises often vary; but what we can gather with certainty is that there must have existed a complete science of the subject: the correlation of sound with such things, once understood, is the key which explains, not only the magic potency of sound, but also the construction of those roots which remain as relics of the primitive Aryan speech.

The thinking principle in man, having experience of nature through its vehicles, the subtle, astral and gross physical bodies, translates these sensations into its own set of correspondences: this principle in man, called the Manas, is associated with the element of âkâsha, whose property is sound; the Manas moves about in the âkâsha, and so all ideas which enter into the mind awaken their correspondences and are immediately mirrored in sound. Let us take as an instance the perception of the colour *red*; this communicated to the mind would set up a vibration, causing a sound to be thrown outwards in mental manifestation, and in this way the impulse would arise to utter the letter R, the correspondence of this colour. This Manasic principle in man, the real Ego, is eternal in its nature; it exists before and after the body, something accruing to it from each incarnation; and so, because there is present in the body of man this long-travelled soul, bearing with it traces of its eternal past, these letters which are the elements of its speech have impressed on them a correspondence, not only with the forces natural to its transitory surroundings, but also with that vaster evolution of nature in which it has taken part. These correspondences next claim our attention.

(to be continued.)

G. W. R.

PROTEUS. (*Continued.*)

Plato had learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. It is unity expressed in variety. All her wardrobe is cut from one cloth. Rock, plant, animal and man have the same life differing only in degree. Life belongs to the mineral as truly, though not as distinctly as to the higher form.

The lily has its degree of intelligence, for intelligence is as common as the air, only some forms of life have more of it than others. There are electricities that think and feel. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure, and makes its own environment. The Universe is a single, unbroken expression of Unity.

A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows: the Animalcule and the Scientist who studies it, are alike one. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dung heap is transformed into the grape vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer, come the tint of the pink and the odour of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The Earth is but an astral atom. The atom may contain a globe. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinites. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The sand grain is a masterpiece like the sun; the mite is mighty, and the mouse miraculous. The azure vault is but a floating islet of sun crystals and star crystals, knit together by the same chemic law that binds the grains of the pebble. In every cobweb there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same law, and the blood-globules in our veins dance to the same time as asteroid and star.

"Tis from the world of little things
The ever-greatening Cosmos wings.
The heaving earth, its rounded sphere,
Began between a smile and tear."

We come, we go, through many cycles of successive births. Note the clear witness that nature gives of this grand truth, in our pre-natal experience. The microcosm of the individual repeats to us, in little, the macrocosm of the race. In the gestative periods previous to birth, the forming being runs rapidly through the whole gamut of changes that his ancestors underwent in their progress up the zoological ladder. He passes through the several stages of cell, leaf, egg, worm, reptile, fish including gills, quadruped including tail, till he reaches the full human development. Thus, as the embryo man he re-enacts the world-code, he epitomizes the history of the evolution of the race, and his growth in the womb is a condensed repetition of the process by which, through the long ages, the human family came into the life of the world. The life of the babe has repeated the evolutionary experience of mankind.

Every atom of Nature is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impeded and winged. Life which is molecular in the mineral, growth in the plant, motion in the animal and consciousness in the man, has grown from more to more. The potential soul has climbed from worm to seer, through planet-haze and lambent globe, through leaf and bud from chaos to the dawning morrow. This world-energy that moves through all things, this Universe power, this god-force that in us wells up as consciousness, as truth, as love, is the same force by which the worlds were made. We, and the divine unworking energies of the spheres, are one. The great call toward perfection

which vibrates in man's soul, is the same as the impetus with which the entirety of nature swings forward toward completed being. The Creation is uni-verse turned into one, and forever thrilled through and through by the God!

"The art of Shakespeare is potential in the fires of the Sun," said Tyndall. It is true; man has travelled over all chasms and up all gradients from microbes to savants. It is a Universe of Man, and of nothing but Man; its arteries and veins from cell to soul run with humanity. He is the principle from which all derivations flow, and the world is the Logos of which he is the Logos. He did not begin his existence with his organic birth. Innumerable were his successive births, and lives, and deaths before; for he has previously existed in every type and form. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. His fingers are finer than tact. Space and Matter, irrespective of him, are so flimsy that thought goes through them as if there was nothing there. Time is not heard unless ticking in ourselves. The Earth itself is coördinate with man and in its own remoteness, human. In the stone or the plant is the Psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history, and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the Eternal God-Seed comes and goes.

"Cocks crow, hens cackle, round the psyche-shell:

Lambs bleat, wolves howl, the fierce, wild instincts play."

Everything in Nature points, like the old signs of the Zodiac, to some part of the human body; for man is the summing up of things. He is the central Yolk of the World-egg, receiving and transmitting the rush of destiny. The Sun and Moon hang in the sky for him. For him the Nebulæ cohered to an orb, and the long slow strata piled and slept. The Stars moved aside in their rings to make room for him. Through all the chaos of the beginning his tender Psyche passed, taking no harm from the fiery gases. Vast vegetables clothed his germ, monstrous mammoths with care sheathed it in their hearts. All mundane forces conspired to complete him, till he stands at the appointed rendezvous—a soul ruling the world. Not a breeze blows, not a wave beats, not an atom stirs on the most distant star but the movement enters his body. Not a stone, or a plant, or a living creature, but carries its heart-thread into his loom, there to be wound up into human nature, and henceforth to follow his lead,

In the primal medley, all things are confusedly blent. It is a Pot-pourri. The entire scope of evolution is to reduce this chaos to order. Mineral life is the first step towards this end. It is the arrest of chaos; the "I" getting into position for its experience of growth in the vegetable forms, motion in the animal, and action in the human form. The mineral marks the initial movement of the "I" getting its rudimentary body, and protesting against the community of chaos. Did the "I" not first wear this lowest form of resistance, it would never flower forth in the after and higher evolution. Vegetable growth, animal motion, human individuality but record the successive steps of triumph of that initial protest.

(to be continued)

FIRST THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY.

Ever since we began to think out things for ourselves, and to disbelieve the fairy tales which always acted out justice to everyone; ending happily for the good, and leaving the wicked to lament their evil ways; we have been trying to reconcile the world as it appeared to us, with such religious ideas as have come in our way; we have tried to understand the orthodox systems; learned something of materialism, secularism, spiritualism and yet have remained unsatisfied, finding a want in all, scarcely knowing what that want was, yet sensible that the solution of life's difficulties which they offered was not satisfactory, not such as we could accept.

In time perhaps we begin to understand that it is justice we are seeking, and the world seems full of injustice, we find poverty and wretchedness apparently undeserved; selfishness and weak yielding to temptation plunging whole families and communities into suffering without any option on their part; and all seeming such a medley of injustice, that we become oppressed as by a nightmare, by the cruelties and miseries around us.

No wonder that sleep, dreamless and unending is to some minds the only desirable or possible ending to a world of confusion and suffering, for they reject the scheme of salvation offered by orthodox Christianity as revolting to their sense of justice, and rather resign all hope of immortality, than even entertain the idea of purchasing eternal bliss by vicarious atonement. Loth as most of us are to abide the consequences of our own errors, we are not happy with an arrangement which causes the penalty to fall on some one else. Justice is the ideal of humanity. If there is not justice ultimately for us all, the world is a howling wilderness, and we have no incentive to right action other than our own inclination.

But still in spite of the injustice taught by the churches, upheld by the law, and practised by mankind generally, one feels an apparently unreasonable conviction that "there is a power divine that moves to good," and that somehow and somewhere, the apparent wrongs will be righted. And so we go on searching for something more definite, something which will fit in with our experience of life, and give us a feeling of security, that there is a purpose working through and in us toward some definite end, which can give us each the power to "suffer and be strong," some reason for believing that "we can rise by our dead selves to higher things," and that the agony and pain we may suffer are not the result of chance, or the caprice of beings more powerful than ourselves. To those of us who have come in contact with Theosophy in a form in which we could assimilate its teachings, the world is transformed. This is the religion for which we have been seeking so long, it answers our needs, and even though we only understand a fraction of its philosophy, the little we do understand has a restfulness for us, unknown before. The theory that all suffering is the effect of causes which we have set in motion, that every being is responsible for the position it occupies, and that the world is like a gigantic school in which men women and children are the pupils, where they not only may, but must, learn all that life can teach, places life on a new foundation and changes our estimate of its pains and pleasures, and furthermore when we learn that effect inevitably follows cause; and while no juggling or shuffling can save us from the effect of our actions in the past, we may yet make our future by our present, we feel that the world is not such a hopeless jumble after all.

Successive incarnations give time and afford opportunities for fulfilling

and completing ourselves; for developing faculties and tastes hungering for their proper nourishment, and which have as absolute a right to be sustained as our physical bodies.

We have so many things to learn; so much to do; such possibilities unveiled, that there is even a joy in thinking we will have time enough to learn everything, even to the highest mysteries.

"Only while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace no resting-place can be,
Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount
The wheel goes round unceasingly".

"Who falls will mount"; when we have become convinced of the truth of this we can never more feel hopeless about our backslidings. We have the power to rise to unimaginable heights, once we set foot upon the path, in spite of obstacles of sense and passion seemingly unsurmountable. By the light within us, we will arrive at the pure passionless ideal.

When we know that every unworthiness in thought or deed, not only retards our own progress, but has also an effect upon all our struggling brothers and sisters, life takes a new seriousness. We begin to realise the unity underlying all nature, and that no separateness is possible. We are one and indivisible; the same spirit in and through us all, animate and inanimate, human and animal. It is its effort to manifest itself that drives us on to action. "It is the power within which moves to good." All our time before we were seeking something; restless, unsatisfied, questioning, rejecting, not knowing why we were created to suffer and to die, with an uncertain prospect of heaven, which even if gained was doubtfully desirable.

Now we have found the one thing needful; a consciousness that everything tends toward perfectness; we ourselves working on through life after life, until we have attained the object for which we were created. All forms of aspiration are efforts toward the ideal. The Spirit in man can only function through the material that enshrines it; if that be dense or gross, subtle or refined, its manifestations will be modified by these conditions; always we have the principle of absolute right within us, but we have not yet learned how to put ourselves in touch with it.

"Like to the light of the all-piercing sun
Which is not changed by aught it shines upon
The soul's light shineth pure in every place."

If we have become convinced that there is an essential unity, or one-ness between the best and worst in the world, the difference being superficial and not fundamental, our sympathies expand and intensify. As an older pupil in a class has a certain advantage over a new scholar, but is not therefore necessarily superior in intellect, so a human being gifted with a larger mind, is not in reality purer in his essence, but of greater experience, or of more steadfast determination to act by his highest convictions of right, without regard to the result.

We frequently assume an intolerant and overbearing air, toward those of our fellows who appear overwhelmed by the temptations peculiar to themselves, which we think might easily be resisted; we imagine that an effort would lift them to our superior level, ignorant of the efforts they have made, or the strength of their temptation. In this position we are the lower of the two, in that we claim superiority, and have not love or sympathy, the highest of all qualities.

If we recognise the spiritual unity I have alluded to between ourselves and the "life of the world" taught by Theosophy, we have the right to

work with it. We must learn to use the powers that are hidden away in ourselves; to distinguish between what is true and what is false, what permanent and what impermanent, then life seems no more ignoble and of little value it is no more a burden to be borne, but a glory to be achieved.

Theosophy teaches detachment from consequences; that when we have *acted*, well or ill, so far as that act is concerned, it is finished, and as we cannot alter it, we should turn our thoughts to determine what our next act is to be. At first this idea is a little startling, we are so accustomed to worrying ourselves over what we have done, that we have almost come to imagine it is necessary and beneficial to spend a considerable part of our time in regretting our past actions, and in the mean time opportunities for good are slipping past, to supply us in their turn with fresh matter for regret. Penitence in itself is of no value, but only as it acts as an incentive to better and purer life. Detachment from consequences means more than this; we are to do right, indifferent to the result.

“With equal calm
Taking what may befall, by grief unmoved
Unmoved by joy, unenvyingly, the same
In good or evil fortunes—nowise bound
By bond of deeds.”

It is hard to renounce fruit of deeds. It is so sweet to find our efforts appreciated, but it is easy to understand that if we work for that appreciation, our virtue is only apparent. If we were not so selfish in our fancied separateness from our fellows, we would feel that so a right deed is done, it matters not by whom it is done, the world is made richer by every noble *thought*, as well as deed, and we all share those riches. The only real value of an act lies in the *motive*. Even to *try* to realise the unity of each with all, breaks down some of the barriers of pride and foolishness with which we have surrounded ourselves, and already we draw closer to our fellows, unshocked by sin and ugliness, unawed by wealth and luxury. Those who are filled with a sense of brotherhood and love, have the key that unlocks every heart; its hopes and joys, its fears and regrets are laid open before them; forgetting self, their whole effort is to help others to a more lofty conception of duty and truth, and so doing they must themselves rise higher, for “how can love lose doing of its kind.”

I have only tried to deal in the simplest form with some of the teachings of Theosophy.—but it seems to me that whosoever can accept those teachings finds more and more that they offer a solution of the complexities and contradictions of life. The great road to the Heaven of Heavens is not travelled in a day; we have to learn through our experience in this world, that we must not only *act* rightly, but *feel* truly and purely; recognizing the unity between ourselves and all that is.

A. V.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

The American Section T. S. has issued a useful pamphlet giving details regarding the “Parliament of Religious” at the World’s Fair, in Chicago. The programme is a very comprehensive one, beginning on 11th. September, and lasting 17 days. Mrs. Besant and most of the best speakers in the T. S. will attend and address

the large gathering. Further comment is unnecessary. With such a speaker as Mrs. Besant, a profound impression is sure to be created. In the short space of 18 years, Theosophy stands today, calumny notwithstanding, a mighty force in the world. And who can see the end?

Mr. Stead has favoured us with a prospectus of his forthcoming publication *Borderland*, a Quarterly Review and Index of the Periodical Literature Relating to the Occult World; and has asked us to intimate to our readers, that he cordially invites their coöperation and support. To use his own words Mr. Stead hopes it is possible "that *Borderland* may become a veritable College of the Occult Sciences." Circles are to be formed for the study of the Occult, the subscription being 10/- which covers postage, printing and cost of the four numbers of the magazine which will be sent post free to students.

We notice also that Mr. Stead has availed himself of the advantage accruing from his much prized friendship with Mrs. Besant "to secure her promise of coöperation and counsel in the prosecution of an enterprise with the general principle of which, she is heartily in accord." We much admire Mr. Stead's pluck in issuing a publication of this nature, and for our part, wish it heartily every success. The first no. will appear July 1st.

Mr Sinnett in the course of his reply to Professor Max Müller in the *Nineteenth Century* says "those who most love and revere Madam Blavat-

sky are doing the worst service they can render to the cause she worked for by pinning her name to Theosophy, and making it look like a sect with one infallible mortal at its head." We should guard against confirming this impression.

In the *Weekly Sun* of the 4th. inst. Mrs. Besant declares, with a conviction that will probably startle some of her readers, her belief in Reincarnation. She is relating her first meeting with Mr. Bradlaugh, and makes use of the following words:—"As friends, not as strangers we met, swift recognition as it were, leaping from eye to eye; and I know now that the instinctive friendliness was, in very truth, an outgrowth of stong friendship in other lives, and that on that August day we took up again an ancient tie; we did not begin a new one. And so in lives to come we shall meet again and help each other as we helped each other in this." Here there is no uncertain sound.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following subscriptions toward the *I. T. FUND*, since our last issue:—Captain Nicholson, 10/-; F. J. Dick, 10/-; Miss C. C. Rea, 5/-

DUBLIN LODGE.

The session of open meetings of the Dublin Lodge T. S. was brought to a close on 31st. May with the discussion on "*Kama Loka and Devachan*" inaugurated by Miss Lawrence's very able essay thereon.

Delegates to represent this Lodge at the third convention of the European Section, which takes place in London on the 6th. and 7th. July, will be elected by the Lodge in due course.

It is announced that lectures and papers on Theosophical subjects from Branches or members should be in the hands of the General Secretary a week before the Convention.

A meeting of members of the Lodge will be held on Wednesday Evg. 28th inst. at 8 30, to consider the agenda for the Convention.

Miss Annie J. Willson has accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary to the Lodge.

3 Upper Ely Place, Dublin.

Fred. J. Dick, Secy.

NOTICE:—All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor, and all business communications to the Publisher, 71 Lr. Drumcondra Road. Yearly subscription 1/6

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VOL. I

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MEDITATION, CONCENTRATION, WILL.

These three, meditation, concentration, will, have engaged the attention of Theosophists perhaps more than any other three subjects. A canvass of opinions would probably show that the majority of our reading and thinking members would rather hear these subjects discussed and read definite directions about them than any others in the entire field. They say they must meditate, they declare a wish for concentration, they would like a powerful will, and they sigh for strict directions, readable by the most foolish theosophist. It is a western cry for a curriculum, a course, a staked path, a line and rule by inches and links. Yet the path has long been outlined and described, so that any one could read the directions whose mind had not been half-ruined by modern false education, and memory rotted by the superficial methods of a superficial literature and a wholly vain modern life.

Let us divide Meditation into two sorts. First is the meditation practised at a set time, or an occasional one, whether by design or from physiological idiosyncrasy. Second is the meditation of an entire lifetime, that single thread of intention, intentness, and desire running through the years stretching between the cradle and the grave. For the first in Patanjali's Aphorisms will be found all needful rules and particularity. If these are studied and not forgotten, then practice must give results. How many of those who reiterate the call for instruction on this head have read that book, only to turn it down and never again consider it? Far too many.

The mysterious subtle thread of a life meditation is that which is practised every hour by philosopher, mystic, saint, criminal, artist, artisan, and merchant. It is pursued in respect to that on which the heart is set; it rarely languishes; at times the meditating one greedily running after money, fame, and power looks up briefly and sighs for a better life during a brief interval, but the passing flash of a dollar or a sovereign recalls him to his modern senses, and the old meditation begins again. Since all theosophists are here in the social whirl I refer to, they can every one take these words to themselves as they please. Very certainly, if their life meditation is fixed low down near the ground, the results flowing to them from it will be strong, very lasting, and related to the low level on which they work. Their semi-occasional meditations will give precisely semi-occasional results in the long string of recurring births.

"But, then," says another, "what of concentration? We must have it.

We wish it; we lack it." Is it a piece of goods that you can buy it, do you think, or something that will come to you just for the wishing? Hardly. In the way we divided meditation into two great sorts, so we can divide concentration. One is the use of an already acquired power on a fixed occasion, the other the deep and constant practise of a power that has been made a possession. Concentration is not memory, since the latter is known to act without our concentrating on anything, and we know that centuries ago the old thinkers very justly called memory a phantasy. But by reason of a peculiarity of the human mind the associative part of memory is waked up the very instant concentration is attempted. It is this that makes students weary and at last drives them away from the pursuit of concentration. A man sits down to concentrate on the highest idea he can formulate, and like a flash troops of recollections of all sorts of affairs, old thoughts and impressions come before his mind, driving away the great object he first selected, and concentration is at an end.

This trouble is only to be corrected by practise, by assiduity, by continuance. No strange and complicated directions are needed. All we have to do is to try and to keep on trying.

The subject of the Will has not been treated of much in theosophical works, old or new. Patanjali does not go into it at all. It seems to be inferred by him through his aphorisms. Will is universal, and belongs to not only man and animals, but also to every other natural kingdom. The good and bad man alike have will, the child and the aged, the wise and the lunatic. It is therefore a power devoid in itself of moral quality. That quality must be added by man.

So the truth must be that will acts according to desire, or, as the older thinkers used to put it, "behind will stands desire." This is why the child, the savage, the lunatic, and the wicked man so often exhibit a stronger will than others. The wicked man has intensified his desires, and with that his will. The lunatic has but few desires, and draws all his will force into these, the savage is free from convention, from the various ideas, laws, rules, and suppositions to which the civilized person is subject, and has nothing to distract his will. So to make our will strong we must have fewer desires. Let those be high, pure, and altruistic; they will give us strong will.

No mere practise will develop will *per se*, for it exists forever, fully developed in itself. But practise will develop in us the power to call on that will which it ours. Will and Desire lie at the doors of Meditation and Concentration. If we desire truth with the same intensity that we had formerly wished for success, money, or gratification, we will speedily acquire meditation and possess concentration. If we do all our acts, small and great, every moment, for the sake of the whole human race, as representing the Supreme Self, then every cell and fibre of the body and inner man will be turned in one direction, resulting in perfect concentration. This is expressed in the New Testament in the statement that if the eye is single the whole body will be full of light, and in the Bhagavad Gita it is still more clearly and comprehensively given through the different chapters. In one it is beautifully put as the lighting up in us of the Supreme One, who then becomes visible. Let us meditate on that which is in us as the Highest Self, concentrate upon it, and will to work for it as dwelling in every human heart.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE T. S.

The report of the General Secretary will shortly be in every member's hands, so that it is not necessary here to go into details of the business transacted at the Third Annual Convention of the European Section of the Theosophical Society. The members and delegates from the various lodges met together in the lecture room attached to the Head-Quarters at 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, on the 6th. and 7th. July. This hall has been covered with curious symbolical designs by Mr. R. Machell, so that the visitor who lacks concentration, whose attention wanders from the discussion, is brought back by these to the mystic traditions and the mythologies of ancient India, Assyria and Greece. It speaks volumes for the power of Theosophy in inducing self restraint, that a convention of people of such strongly marked individuality and power of vigorous self expression, passed without the slightest friction. The meetings were marked by the utmost kindness and humour; there was little or none of the red-tape formality, which generally suffocates any poor soul forced to endure the traditional routine of gatherings of this nature. The chairman, William Q. Judge, said: "The Theosophical Society needs no rules; rules are only made to be broken; the good man needs no rules, he becomes a law to himself," and bearing this in mind the convention delayed but little over these matters; the members spoke only of work; taking into consideration the rapid growth of the Society, they discussed new plans of propaganda and ways of utilizing the energy and enthusiasm which are inspired by the great ideas of Theosophy.

The convention deputed Annie Besant, Herbert Burrowes, Bertram Keightly and Miss Müller to represent the European branches of the Society at the Parliament of Religions to be held at the World's Fair, Chicago, and a sum of £79 was rapidly subscribed by those present towards covering the necessary expenses.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead announced that eleven other lodges had been founded since the last report, and that over two hundred and forty books and pamphlets had been published; these included works in almost every language. It was also proposed to republish all Madame Blavatsky's magazine articles in book form; this will be welcome intelligence to all students of occult philosophy. Annie Besant gave some valuable advice to intending public speakers, never to venture on a platform without having arranged their ideas beforehand in clear and logical sequence and yet they were not merely to intellectualize their ideals, the emotional nature must fire the speaker or else his speeches will have no effect.

A motion to introduce some form of Theosophical teaching into the club for working girls was unanimously opposed as unwise and as likely to break up the club, which was started to make these workers happy and not as an aid to propaganda.

The Convention terminated with a public meeting in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. There was a large audience who were attentive and often enthusiastic. In this great city where materialism is rampant, where everything is so intensely modern, it was strange to hear the primeval wisdom learned by the Rishis in the golden age of the earth, uttered with calm conviction and defended by the science of to-day. The audience heard Bro. Judge proclaim that man is an immortal being; they heard Herbert Burrowes defend the right of Theosophists to hold these ideas; and finally they heard Mrs. Besant's triumphant oratory, full of prophecy for the future.

whisper ; they wither and burn up the body with their fire ; the beauty they offer is smitten through and through with unappeasable anguish." She paused for a moment ; her terrible breath had hardly ceased to thrill them, when another voice was heard singing ; its note was gay and triumphant, it broke the spell of fear upon the people,

"I never heed by waste or wood
The cry of fay or faery thing
Who tell of their own solitude ;
Above them all my soul is king.

The royal robe as king I wear
Trails all along the fields of light ;
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

The breath of joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds star-lit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it."

The priestess advanced from the altar, her eyes sought for the singer ; when she came to the centre of the opening she paused and waited silently. Almost immediately a young man carrying a small lyre stepped out of the crowd and stood before her ; he did not seem older than the priestess ; he stood unconcerned though her dark eyes blazed at the intrusion ; he met her gaze fearlessly ; his eyes looked into hers—in this way all proud spirits do battle. Her eyes were black with almost a purple tinge, eyes that had looked into the dark ways of nature ; his were bronze, and a golden tinge, a mystic opulence of vitality seemed to dance in their depths ; they dazzled the young priestess with the secrecy of joy ; her eyes fell for a moment. He turned round and cried out, "Your priestess speaks but half truths, her eyes have seen but her heart does not know. Life is not terrible but is full of joy. Listen to me. I passed by while she spake, and I saw that a fear lay upon every man, and you shivered thinking of your homeward path, fearful as rabbits of the unseen things, and forgetful how you have laughed at death facing the monsters who crush down the forests. Do you not know that you are greater than all these spirits before whom you bow in dread : your life springs from a deeper source. Answer me, priestess, where go the fire-spirits when winter seizes the world?"

"Into the Fire-King they go, they dream in his heart." She half chanted, the passion of her speech not yet fallen away from her. "And where go the fires of men when they depart?" She was silent ; then he continued half in scorn, "Your priestess is the priestess of ghouls and fays rather than a priestess of men ; her wisdom is not for you ; the spirits that haunt the elements are hostile because they see you full of fear ; do not dread them and their hatred will vanish. The great heart of the earth is full of laughter ; do not put yourselves apart from its joy, for its soul is your soul and its joy is your true being."

He turned and passed through the crowd ; the priestess made a motion as if she would have stayed him, then she drew herself up proudly and refrained. They heard his voice again singing as he passed into the darkening woods,

"The spirits to the fire-king throng
 Each in the winter of his day:
 And all who listen to their song
 Follow them after in that way.

They seek the heart-hold of the king,
 They build within his halls of fire,
 Their dreams flash like the peacock's wing,
 They glow with sun-hues of desire.

I follow in no faery ways;
 I heed no voice of fay or elf;
 I in the winter of my days
 Rest in the high ancestral self."

The rites interrupted by the stranger did not continue much longer; the priestess concluded her words of warning; she did not try to remove the impression created by the poet's song, she only said, "His wisdom may be truer it is more beautiful than the knowledge we inherit."

The days passed on; autumn died into winter, spring came again and summer, and the seasons which brought change to the earth brought change to the young priestess. She sought no longer to hold sway over the elemental tribes, and her empire over them departed: the song of the poet rang for ever in her ears; its proud assertion of kingship and joy in the radiance of a deeper life haunted her like truth; but such a life seemed unattainable by her and a deep sadness rested in her heart. The wood-people often saw her sitting in the evening where the sunlight fell along the pool, waving slowly its azure and amethyst, sparkling and flashing in crystal and gold, melting as if a phantom Bird of Paradise were fading away: her dark head was bowed in melancholy and all that great beauty flamed and died away unheeded. After a time she rose up and moved about, she spoke more frequently to the people who had not dared to question her, she grew into a more human softness, they feared her less and loved her more; but she ceased not from her passionate vigils and her step faltered and her cheek paled, and her eager spirit took flight when the diamond glow of winter broke out over the world. The poet came again in the summer; they told him of the change they could not understand, but he fathomed the depths of this wild nature, and half in gladness, half in sorrow, he carved an epitaph over her tomb near the altar,

Where is the priestess of this shrine,
 And by what place does she adore?
 The woodland haunt below the pine
 Now hears her whisper nevermore.

Ah, wrapped in her own beauty now
 She dreams a dream that shall not cease;
 Priestess, to her own soul to bow
 Is hers in everlasting peace.

Æ.



PROTEUS. (*Continued.*)

It was said at the beginning of this paper, that the wiser Ancients knew and taught that Man was Nature's Microcosm. They also knew the law of evolution, which Darwin has but re-stated. They knew, for instance, that the idea or psyche, or linear outline of man was latent in the horse, and was preparing to evolve still further. From this comes the myth of the Centaurs. It is a parable of evolution. So the Mermaid, the Syren, the Sphinx, and other supposed fables of the old Pagan Myths, are similarly parables.

In itself the Psyche is an unbounded force, seeking perpetual expansion, ready to break out into a chaos of passion. It needs restraints to shape it into orderly developement, and to endow it, at last with self-control. The long series of moulds or bodies through which it ascends, furnish this curbing power, compressing the action of the soul into specific channels. Man's spiritual destiny is so sublime; his final blending with the divine so intimate and complete that he needs all this preliminary experience of mineral, vegetable and mineral and animal existence, to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last *solidaire* with the Gods.

Our humanity has been evolved out of the lower and coarser types of life, and faces still hang out the sign of this experience in the eagle or vulture beak, the bull-dog visage, the swinish or wolfish aspect. The brute peers forth through seeming manhood's face. "As the Carnivora disappear from the forests they re-appear in our race. The ape and fox are in the drawingrooms, the lynx and hyena haunt the courts of law, the wolf commands a regiment, the gorilla is the king." Animals are sentient structures in which the psychic germs, or human seed, are moving on the rounds of their long pilgrimage toward the human incarnation. We have trodden in all these rounds before. The present man has but stepped a little beyond the frontier of impersonal life. He is, as yet, but imperfectly and partially human, carrying much of the lime and slime of animalism on his shoulders. The present is rooted in the soil of the past, and worthier æons build from ages gone. But slowly does the body forget its heredity. We have worked the tiger out of our teeth and nails, but he lingers in our passions. The mind is still toothed and fanged, the human hand retains the wild beast's claw. The human heart the beast's heart with it blending.

Civilization does not so much remove and erase, as hide and cover. The former barbarian now goes clad in broadcloth, and looks very demure and decorous at church, but underneath his snowy linen you can still trace the primitive tattooing of the cannibal. Beneath this, again, are found the earmarks of animal heredity, the snake, the eagle or the swine, and especially the universal and irrepressible donkey. His tuneful voice is heard and his ears wave gracefully in our selectest circles.

He is the man of shells and chards. He is crusted over with bestial dross; erect in form, on all-fours by the thought. The animal is horsed on man. A four-footed beast is he, and if he looks at the universe at all, it is through a Jewish pin-hole.

The lower creation is planted permanently in man. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit root and grain, and is "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds." The snake slides through him and rests in his mouth. The predatory hawk peers out of his eyes. The mastodon retreats within his bones; nor are the wolf or hog wanting. Every birth brought him new riches, and other births will enrich him more.

True that we see all around us lamentable faces. The nobler forms of man sleep in their shell. This face is a bear's muzzle; that one is a snout. This is written over by a foulness that needs no label; that is gnawed by worms. Faces of apes through Prelates may emerge. Here is a rat, and there an abject thing cringing for leave to be! But all are deific. All can show their "descent from the Lord." Beneath each haggard and mean disguise, the perfect Psyche patiently waits. It will wear better garments to-morrow. What matter spots on the window, if we know the master of the house stands within, sufficient and undisturbed. Man neither leg nor handless, he takes his time and takes no hurt from it all. Through every change the Psyche remains serene and beautiful.

Through each product and influence of the globe we have entered and evolved, till we have arrived at the form of man. From the time we were saccerely, floating with open mouths in the creative sea, to the present, when we have begun to be man, we have exhausted millions of winters and summers. There are millions ahead of us, and millions still ahead of them. It is needful for the harmonious development of the soul that all phases of material existence should be first passed through. In each stage of the long process, the outward form represents so much of the unfoldment of the inherent and indwelling God, as its grade of life permits it to express. The science of to-day has but re-discovered a truth, which was known to ancient philosophy before the Indo-European had yet entered Europe.

"Go where we will through the obscure and almost obliterated paths of the old and still elder times; covered with fallen leaves, heaped over by the sand storms of the ages, we shall discover images partially animal, partially man; the fish-man, the reptile-man, the bird-man, the brute-man; the human form and feature struggling onward through the inferior disguise". The forms of life we see about us are the results of a long series of embodiments. Immense and unwieldy beasts, reptiles longer than the mountain pine, and birds tall as the giraffe, lived in the saurian ages. Obeying the innate tendency in nature to the higher round, the Psyche of the extinct Plesiosaurus or Mammoth, is now the spirit of the eagle, the horse, or dog, and will be the spirit of the man. When it was a clumsy, wallowing titanic Saurian, huge in size and coarse in fibre, but a single remove from the vegetable, and moved only by the desire to eat and digest, it daily felt its twenty tons of flesh and bone as a clog; it aspired toward differentiation; it floundered after a higher structure; it sprawled and wallowed toward symmetry along the ages; and through the long series of advancing forms that it has since shaped and worn in the cycle of the Millenards, this ruling instinct was an active force slowly moulding the form.

We find this longing still expressive to-day in the universal aspiration of our humanity for a better and finer incarnation, for matter is the precipitate of mind, nature the sediment of soul. Said one "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?"—voicing a desire which, in the future as in the past, is surely the prophet of its own fulfilment. This is the ideal dream of humanity, presaging the sure destiny of the race. In this divine passion for something higher, man feels his infinity and eternity, and anticipates the hour of his full deliverance, when that which is in part shall be done away.

(to be concluded next number.)

THE ELEMENT LANGUAGE. (*Continued.*)

The correspondences here suggested do not I think at all exhaust the possible significance of any of the letters. Every sound ought to have a septenary relation to the planes of consciousness, and the differentiations of life, force and matter on each. Complete mastery of these would enable the knower to guide the various currents of force, and to control the elemental beings who live on the astral planes, for these respond, we are told, "when the exact scale of being to which they belong is vibrated, whether it be that of colour, form, sound or whatever else," (*Path.* May. 1886.) These higher interpretations I am unable to give; it requires the deeper being to know the deeper meaning. Those here appended may prove suggestive; I do not claim any finality or authority for them, but they may be interesting to students of the occult Upanishads where the mystic power of sound is continually dwelt upon.

The best method of arranging the letters is to begin with A and conclude with M or OO: between these lie all the other letters, and their successive order is determined by their spiritual or material quality. Following A we get letters with an ethereal or liquid sound, such as R, H, L or Y; they become gradually harsher as they pass from the A, following the order of nature in this. Half way we get letters like K, J, TCHAY, S, or ISH; then they become softer, and the labials, like F, B and M, have something of the musical quality of the earlier sounds. If we arrange them in this manner, it will be found to approximate very closely to the actual order in which the sounds arise in the process of formation. We begin then with

A This represents God, creative force, the SELF, the I, the beginning or first cause. "Among letters I am the vowel A," says Krishna in the Bagavad. It is without colour, number or form.

R This is motion, air, breath or spirit; it is also abstract desire, and here we find the teaching of the Rig-Veda in harmony. "Desire first arose in It which was the primal germ of mind, and which sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their hearts to be the bond which connects Entity with non-Entity." The corresponding colour of this letter is Red.

H (*hay*) and L Motion awakens Heat and Light which correspond respectively to H and L. That primordial ocean of being, says the book of Dzyan, was "fire and heat and motion;" which are explained as the noumenal essences of these material manifestations. The colour of H is Orange, of L yellow. L also conveys the sense of radiation.

Y (*yea*) This letter signifies condensation, drawing together, the force of attraction, affinity. Matter at the stage of evolution to which this refers is gaseous, nebulous, or ethereal: the fire-mists in space gather together to become worlds. The colour of Y is green.

W (*way*) Water is the next element in manifestation: in cosmic evolution it is spoken of as chaos, the great Deep; its colour, I think, is indigo. After this stage the elements no longer manifest singly, but in pairs, or with a dual aspect.

G (*gay*) and K Reflection and Hardness; matter becomes crystalline or metallic: the corresponding colour is blue.

S and Z A further differentiation; matter is atomic: the abstract significance of number or seed is attached to these letters: their colour is violet.

J and Y Earth and gross Substance: this is the lowest point in evolution; the worlds have now condensed into solid matter. The colour of these letters is orange.

N and Ng Some new forces begin to work here; the corresponding sounds have, I think, the meaning of continuation and transformation or change: these new forces propel evolution in the upward or ascending arc: their colour is yellow.

D and T The colour of these letters is red. The involution of the higher forces into the lower forms alluded to before now begins. **D** represents this infusion of life into matter; it is descent and involution, death or forgetfulness, perhaps, for a time to the incarnating power. **T** is evolution, the upward movement generating life; the imprisoned energies surge outwards and vegetation begins.

Ih and Ish These correspond respectively to growth or expansion and vegetation; the earth, as Genesis puts it, "puts forth grass and herbs and trees yielding fruit." The colour of these letters is green.

B and P After the flora the fauna. **B** is Life or Being, animal and human. Humanity appears; **B** is masculine, **P** feminine. **P** has also a meaning of division, differentiation or production, which may refer to maternity. The colour here is blue.

F and V The colour is violet. Evolution moves still upwards, entering the ethereal planes once more. Lightness and vastness are the characteristics of this stage: we begin to permeate with part of our nature the higher spheres of being and reach the consummation in the last stage, represented by

M which has many meanings; it is thought, it is the end or death to the personality, it is the Receiver into which all flows, it is also the Symbol of maternity in a universal sense, it has this meaning when the life impulse (which is always represented by a vowel) follows it, as in "ma." It is the Pralaya of the worlds; the lips close as it is uttered. Its colour is indigo.

O The last vowel sound symbolizes abstract space, the spirit assumes once more the garment of primordial matter; it is the Nirvana of eastern philosophy.

I will now try to show how the abstract significance of these sounds reveals a deeper meaning in the roots of Aryan language than philologists generally allow. Prof. Max Müller says in the introduction to *Biographies of Words*. "Of ultimates in the sense of primary elements of language, we can never hope to know anything," and he also asserts that the roots are incapable of further analysis. I will endeavour now to show that this further analysis can be made.

(to be continued)

G. W. R.

A PRIESTESS OF THE WOODS.

Here is a legend whispered to me, the land or time I cannot tell, it may have been in the old Atlantean days. There were vast woods and a young priestess ruled them; she presided at the festivals and sacrificed at the altar for the people, interceding with the spirits of fire, water air and earth, that the harvest might not be burned up, nor drenched with the floods, nor torn by storms and that the blight might not fall upon it, which things the elemental spirits sometimes brought about. This woodland sovereignty was her heritage from her father who was a mighty magician before her. Around her young days floated the faery presences; she knew them as other children know the flowers having neither fear nor wonder for them. She saw deeper things also; as a little child, wrapped up in her bearskin, she watched with awe her father engaged in mystic rites; when around him the airy legions gathered from the populous elements, the spirits he ruled and the spirits he bowed down before; fleeting nebulous things white as foam coming forth from the great deep who fled away at the waving of his hand; and rarer the great sons of fire, bright and transparent as glass, who though near seemed yet far away and were still and swift as the figures that glance in a crystal. So the child grew up full of mystery; her thoughts were not the thoughts of the people about her, nor their affections her affections. It seemed as if the elf-things or beings carved by the thought of the magician, pushed aside by his strong will and falling away from him, entering into the child became part of her, linking her to the elemental beings who live in the star-soul that glows within the earth. Her father told her such things as she asked, but he died while she was yet young and she knew not his aim, what man is, or what is his destiny; but she knew the ways of every order of spirit that goes about clad in a form, how some were to be dreaded and some to be loved; By reason of this knowledge she succeeded as priestess to the shrine, and held the sway of beauty and youth, of wisdom and mystery over the people dwelling in the woods.

It was the evening of the autumn festival, the open grassy space before the altar was crowded with figures, hunters with their feathered heads; shepherds, those who toil in the fields, the old and hoary were gathered around.

The young priestess stood up before them; she was pale from vigil, and the sunlight coming through the misty evening air fell upon her swaying arms and her dress with its curious embroidery of peacock's feathers; the dark hollows of her eyes were alight and as she spoke inspiration came to her; her voice rose and fell, commanding, warning, whispering, beseeching; its strange rich music flooded the woods and pierced through and through with awe the hearts of those who listened. She spoke of the mysteries of that unseen nature; how man is watched and ringed round with hosts who war upon him, who wither up his joys by their breath; she spoke of the gnomes who rise up in the woodland paths with damp arms grasping from their earthy bed.

"Dreadful" she said "are the elementals who live in the hidden waters; they rule the dreaming heart; their curse is forgetfulness; they lull man to fatal rest, with drowsy fingers feeling to put out his fire of life. But most of all, dread the powers that move in air; their nature is desire unquenchable; their destiny is—never to be fulfilled—never to be at peace: they roam hither and thither like the winds they guide; they usurp dominion over the passionate and tender soul, but they love not in our way; where they dwell the heart is a madness and the feet are filled with a hurrying fever, and night has no sleep and day holds no joy in its sunlit cup. Listen not to their

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

"Theosophy in plain Language" has been unavoidably held over 'till next number.

Somnomancy is the name given to the phenomenon which has been attracting large audiences to the Rotunda during the past fortnight, and about which people generally, have been puzzling their brains. We have been asked to offer a few words in explanation. This could not be easily done, without encroaching too far on the space at our disposal. However, we may repeat one or two Theosophical ideas which we think point the way to a full explanation, for those who desire to give a little time to the study of the problem.

Now anyone who has an elementary acquaintance with Theosophy, will know the great stress laid upon the power and potency of thought. We say—not without good reason, that thoughts are things, which appear as real and actual to the clairvoyant, as material things do to the five-sense individual, and this is important, in view of the fact that the audiences in the Rotunda, were requested to let their minds dwell on the questions asked, and to think sympathetically towards the person in trance.

These thoughts, or mind pictures impress themselves on what we term the astral light—the great picture gallery of the universe, or what in other words may be called the mem-

ory of nature. Here nothing is ever left unrecorded. Thus, the clairvoyant can see and read distinctly the question asked, and being in synchronous vibration with the questioner, derives impressions of pictures associated with the past, and connected with the question on which the mind is fixed for the time being.

The prophetic aspect of the question is less reliable, and for the present, we prefer not to touch upon it. In conclusion we wish to point to the light this phenomenon throws on the great importance of purifying our thoughts and motives, and once it is fully realized the bearing it will have on life generally. "As a man thinks, so is he."

The Key-note of the Convention, a report of which appears elsewhere, was work, more work, without looking for results. Another good sign was the active and sustained interest in the deliberations by the Provincial delegates, and many useful hints were given, and suggestions made, which we are sure will not be without good results, during the next twelve months.

We have to acknowledge with thanks, the following subscriptions toward the *I. T. FUND*, since our last issue:—W. Q. J. 3/6; Mrs. A. Keightley. 18/6; Eta. 10/-. Further contributions will be welcome.

DUBLIN LODGE.

There was a strong representation of this Lodge at the Convention of no less than six members, who will no doubt give us an interesting idea of the proceedings, at the conversazione which will be held here on Thursday evg. the 20th. inst. Herbert Coryn of Brixton Lodge will probably be with us on that occasion.

3 Upper Ely Place.

F. J. Dick, Secy.

REVIEWS.

BOOKS etc. of which notice is desired in these columns, ought to be forwarded to EDITOR, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

Reflections and Refractions by Charles Weekes. (London, Fisher Unwin & Co.)

This is a remarkable book of verse from a young man; the wisdom, good or bad, which it contains is such as we are accustomed to find rather in men who have outlived their period of exuberant vitality, and the pleasure of mere living, who ponder carefully over every new experience, seeking for some subtler charm, some suggestion of the traditions of philosophy and religion which have arisen with these emotions as their germ. This subtle suggestiveness and charm we undoubtedly often get in these poems, but the effort is marred a little by a too great carefulness; our author seems as if he could never give himself away, never unchain the fancies of the populous soul; he intellectualizes everything. "Grow as the flower grows unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air" says *Light on the Path*; Mr. Weekes should trust more to his unconscious nature from whence comes the breath of flame that vitalizes the filmy mental images. A vigilant and instantaneous perception, an insight into the philosophical aspect of emotion and a rare generosity of thought characterize the best of the lyrics. I think those who read this curious book with its young old thought will look with interest for further works by the same author, for a good deal of the attitude towards life suggests a sort of genius.

The Legend of the Golden Child, by Dhorna Vhegge. (London: Percy Lund & Co. One penny.)

This is an attempt to interpret intelligibly and to discover a similar-

ity in the stories about gods and heroes which are found in the records of the various religious systems, but particularly with the idea of identifying the Christos in each system. Perhaps the chief value of the paper lies in its suggestiveness; for, anything like a precise treatment of such a subject is scarcely to be thought of in fourteen octavo pages.

Literature may be said generally to have a poetic-scientific value: Dhorna Vhegge attempts, by discovering allegory in these legends, to give them a scientific value; a poetic value they of course already possess, and most people find them interesting reading. But a whole cycle of them is here treated, so that they are much crushed together, and the reader wishes that the author had performed the after all more difficult task of elucidating a single legend in detail, and in all its various aspects. Accepting him however as he is, it does not increase our confidence in his leading to find him suggesting that the Homeric Apollo was an allegorical figure as well as a messenger of "Jove." The messenger proper of the Homeric Zeus is not Apollo but Hermes: Apollo usually acts on his own account, and sometimes even against his father; and, as for allegory, we do not think that more can be found in him than the naïve and obvious god of the naïve and barbarous nations who revelled in battle within and without the walls of Troy. In some technical matters also, Dhorna Vhegge is not quite careful: the use of who for a neuter; the dropping of his notes of interrogation and the like.

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The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this publication.

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE

IX. MAN'S HIGHER EVOLUTION.

In our last article we saw, following the course of change, how man existed for ages in a rudimentary, undeveloped form, on the borderland as it were, of the world of physical matter, and that as the gradual condensation and metamorphosis of the matter proceeded, the time grew ripe when mind should awake, and the cycle of mental, psychic growth begin. The hour for the change came with the development of sex, for before this time the race had been, first sexless, then androgyne or hermaphrodite. The separation into male and female marks a critical turning-point in evolution which is referred to in many ancient myths, and is familiar to most of us in the biblical allegory of the "fall," and the eating of the fruit of the "tree of knowledge." The "fall" was that of the thinking ego or soul which now entered and became immersed in matter; but for "Adam" or man, now awakened from his state of unreflecting, irresponsible innocence, the change portended the beginning of a new and higher evolution, that of the "inner man" or "second Adam." Since then the type of his bodily form has remained fixed, and will so continue for a certain period, and it is in the realms of his inner nature, his mind and soul, that progress has to be achieved. This is the "new birth" which is "from above," of which the New Testament speaks, and has far more than a mere moral or ethical significance. It involves an actual organic change into a "spiritual body" which Paul affirms to exist within our "natural body" of flesh. This inner vehicle of consciousness it is upon which the inner evolution is now at work, ever since the completion of the physical organism long ages past.

The animal types which branched off, as already stated, from "pre-Adamite" mankind, went through a similar transformation to that of man himself, and the sexual mode of reproduction became universal. But even amid the quite different fauna of our own day, traces of the more primitive order still remind us of the infinite possibilities of nature; and the story told by the human embryo itself confirms the teaching of the *Secret Doctrine*, that sex is no eternal and essential condition of existence, that it began in time and will also end in time, while humanity—or what is now humanity—still endures.

Mind, then, awoke in man after the completion of his physical frame through ages of unconscious development in the womb of nature. But whence came the "spiritual influx" which transformed the animal instinct of that early race into reasoning intelligence, moral responsibility, self-governing power? The question is similar to that presented by the origin of mind in the new-born infant of to-day, and is answered by Theosophy in the same way. In neither case does intelligence arise or begin for the first time within the newly developed body and brain. It exists outside "matter" and evolves on its own plane, although in conjunction with ours. It is the gift of the real *Atma* in man, who survives the body, and — what more concerns us at present — pre-exists from former lives in other bodies. This holds good both for individuals to-day, and for the first appearance of thinking and reasoning beings on this globe during what the *Secret Doctrine* calls the "Third Race." The intelligences who then entered into man were *re-born* from an older cycle of evolution on some other sphere, partly — says the teaching — to perfect their own experience and knowledge of our plane; and also — such are the high purposes of the One Law — to help forward the ascending group of lower entities who without their aid could not be "made perfect."

Now the occult teaching goes on to state further, that among the higher beings who entered into man, some were further advanced than others on the evolutionary path, and that in consequence men were differently endowed with the gift of reason and spirituality, some being merely "overshadowed," others (the majority) gifted with mind but left with animal leanings to contend with, while one group, very small in comparison numerically, were entirely ensouled and illuminated from the beginning, and from this group came the early religious instructors of humanity, the founders of ancient civilized arts and sciences, the great Sages, Law-givers and Heroes of old tradition. Disciples and agents of their Brotherhood have been ever since a living factor in the world's history, even though unrecognised by the majority of men; and Theosophy asserts, as a vital truth, the continued existence of such a Brotherhood upon the earth to-day.

We find thus, that from the very beginning of its appearance on earth, mankind was divided into many classes or degrees of advance; and this theosophists hold to account for the wide differences which, morally and intellectually, now divide the various branches and families of our race. There is no unfairness in such a temporary inequality of attainment, for the savage, or rather the ego at present dwelling in the savage, will one day stand where we stand to-day, and the path of his progress will be smoother and easier than ours has been; just as we ourselves have been and still are aided, though we know it not, by the "Elder Brothers of the Race," who, from heights now beyond us, direct and inspire the upward strivings of mankind.

Where then, and what are those heights which lie before us, and which have been already scaled by beings like ourselves? Toward what final end and consummation are we to conceive the soul pursuing its long pilgrimage?

Now the keynote, watchword, mainspring and essence of theosophic doctrine is in this single thought: *the inner Unity of all things*. Nature is One; the souls of men are at their centre One; the law of all divided being is that from warring diversity, from limit and isolation, a deeper unity of life may evolve. This then is the general truth, the main tendency. Theosophy adds that evolution proceeds in cycles, and that each smaller cycle repeats in its own way the general features of the great cycle. Thus we have

always at the first, a single united life and consciousness; then a breaking up of this into separate units or individuals; finally a return towards a higher unity, and so again upon a grander and wider scale. In the case of the present sojourn of mankind upon the globe, we find the occult doctrine to be as follows:—

The first “men” to appear were a half-ethereal, “protoplasmic” race, structureless as the simple cell-lives which build up organic substance to-day; propagating their kind in a like manner, and without any distinct self-consciousness or individuality save in the most rudimentary form. Life was a blissful dream, in which each shared the common sensation of the whole racial body, which formed in reality, as it were, one single organism, or composite entity. As mankind became more and more physical (the earth’s surface meanwhile cooling towards a habitable shape and temperature) the lives grew more isolated, organism became more complex, and at last, when the turning point was reached with the “Fourth Race,” the acme of physical development and of independent ego-ism was reached, and, by the entry of mind, man was fitted for an entirely new and different order of advance—a direct reversal, indeed, of the old one. We of to-day are in the “Fifth Race.” Our physical evolution for the cycle is completed, and what has yet to be achieved, is a spiritual and psychic unification of the race, an elimination or subordination of the egoism in the common being of humanity—the creation in fact, of an actual organic rapport between soul and soul, such that men shall think and feel in unison, and humanity exist once more as a living entity of which the individuals shall be as it were the members. This higher evolution, although predicted for humanity as a whole, will be accomplished by the co-operation and will of individuals, and not apart therefrom.

The methods and laws of the lower or “natural” evolution are indeed quite different—as Prof. Huxley pointed out recently—from those of the higher. Blind struggle, brute strength, crass self-interest give way in the latter to altruism, justice, harmony. And so we find in theosophic teaching a deep and rational basis of ethics. We see that the self-sacrifice and unworldliness preached by the world’s great religious teachers are no arbitrary or sentimental or unnatural things, but the very laws and conditions of true growth and progress.

This progress extends for a vast distance through the future, before, in the “Seventh Race,” humanity attains its consummation. New gifts and faculties, and a grand knowledge and mastery of nature’s laws and forces will be the glory of the men of that day. They will have acquaintance with the subtler world that underlies the world of sense, and will be able to live and move at will within it. Mankind will then be ready for a new phase and cycle of development, a nearer approach toward that spiritual kingship and godhead which Theosophy holds to be his destiny.

On this subject, however, Theosophy does not and could not reveal much that the intellect might clearly grasp, and for the present the sojourn on earth affords sufficient hope and promise without looking beyond.

(to be contd.)

—:O:—

“Karma is never the cause of emancipation; actions are for the purification of the heart, not for the attainment of real substance. The substance can be attained by right discrimination, but not by any amount of Karma.”

From the *Crest-Jewel of Wisdom* of Sankaracharya.

PROTEUS. (*Concluded.*)

All creatures are incarnations, in different degrees, of one and the same Universal Soul. Man is potential God. Humanity is the one universal Form to which all living things are but the differing steps of ascent. The chief religious symbol of Egypt, the Sphynx, in picturing the lowest as linked to the highest, was an embodiment of this truth. Through every change, the Planet is fitting for a grander style of manhood. That within us imprisoned through the ages, will be set free in our nature. For this, the primitive forests and their peoples, have been shedding their frames, in unreckoned generations. For this the little flowers have been working since they first were sown. For this, an aboriginal savage tenantry lease as hunters the future cornlands of civilization. The human body, also fallow and in great part tenantless, like the planet, will become the microcosm of a new mind, burning with supernal fire, until we image more and more the likeness of the Divine Heart.

Man is the Jacob's ladder, of many rounds. Nature, in her grand workshop of the planets, has slowly felt her way; built and broken many a clay model; re-sketches and re-written her secret thought; till after a thousand millenniums, man appears, note book in hand, and begins to ask of his origin.

Where man is, there is the present Master of life. All gospels lie in him. From his two hands all tools are born, all arts proceed. The World becomes his shadow to chase his footsteps. The words of his mouth are echoed in Empires and civilizations. His gestures rise into religion. His heart heaves with the hope of the Universe. He is the acme of things done, the seed of things to be. Cycles floated his cradle. Aeons waited on his baby steps. Older he than solid soil or floating wave. He is the root of all that has grown, and out of his soul come all the bibles; the leaves are not more shed from the trees than they are shed from the deep heart of man. The hinge of his hand, the lift of his eye-lid puts all machinery to scorn. His open palms cover continents. He passes all boundary lines: fetters fall, gashes heal, corpses rise on his way to the Supreme. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom.

Nature has not yet spoken her last organic word in the present type of man. There are no finalities. There is no halt in the movement of the cosmos. Each end in nature is also a beginning. All phases and manifestations in life expire at the end of their use, and fulfillment of their term. Nothing remains in an unchanged appearance. When a form has accomplished the end for which it was designed, it passes away to make room for other structures. This is the law of life.

As each advance in the lengthened chain of being was not a stationary summit, but merely a base from which the next step was taken, "so the present type of egoistic mankind, which has less aptitudes for orderly association than the insects in an ant-hill, which presumes to quarrel and butcher on this globe till it reeks like an abattoir; this creature whose history is made up of frauds, treacheries, disputes, and murders, from the beginning of recorded time, is by no means nature's true or ideal man, but only a rough approximation". He stands in the strict law and line of evolution — a massing together of all the possibilities of the lower types of life. In the present mankind, humanity is like the silver ore in a mineral vein, mixed with dross and scoria, rock and refuse. Nature in her next assay, will bring out from the crucible of Evolution the pure metal of Man, like silver thrice refined.

The ape seems not to have died out, but only *gone in*; he is closeted and

lurking in each. He may be seen in the fantastic tricks of boys, and ill bred or shoddy people; he survives morally, and the impish chatter of his resistance is heard at each step of the human advance. Every dog has his day, but the longest dog-day comes to an end. When the new departure begins, then — *Exeunt Omnes!*

We go only to return, as we have gone and returned a myriad times before. The souls of to-morrow are the further evolved souls of to-day. The past we have been, the present we are, the future we will be. Then will come Nature's Paragon, her Olympian group; her Wood-god Pan.

Out of the lowliest forms Man has come to be something, and will come to be much more. Gradually he gets rid of the propensities which have "held over" in him his upward progress. The God in us still keeps climbing. Nor are the Leaders wanting to humanity in this advancing change. There are Men higher than the present man. To use Professor Huxley's words there are beings in the Universe "whose intelligence is as much beyond ours, as ours exceeds that of the black beetle." Man on the higher planes is more than he is on the lower. Man is not limited by being man, what cramps him is that he is not enough man. It may be said of these "Elder Brothers" of the race, that in them the mind is not confined to a cerebral dot, but is in every part of the body. The fourth dimensional space opens to them, as the third does to us. They have always existed, and have known their own and been known of them. "What manner of men are these, that the winds and the seas obey them?"

As already stated, a large remainder of deposit in our structures is animal; and the law of the animal is Egoism. Egoism is not evil in the animal, for it is his law, but when mind appears, and egoism usurps the place of altruism, it becomes what we term, evil. The elimination of self-life, will be the outcome of the next wave of evolution, and altruism will then become the law of human nature. It involves a new growth for the aged earth; a new nature teeming with loftier races, and a new Genesis for man. Our race stands balanced to-day upon the verge of a new and grand World-cycle. We are hearing even now the musician's fitful preluding before the Divine strain begins. Then dawns the new era, when mankind will be equal to its destiny.

—:O:—

DESIRE.

With Thee a moment! then what dreams have play!
Traditions of eternal toil arise,
Search for the high, austere and lonely way,
Where Brahma treads through the eternities.
Ah, in the soul what memories arise!

And with what yearning inexpressible,
Rising from long forgetfulness I turn
To Thee, invisible, unrumoured, still:
White for Thy whiteness all desires burn;
Ah, with what longing once again I turn!

G, W. R.

THE THEOSOPHICAL BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD.

There are many philosophies that teach the brotherhood of man, and the term "brotherhood" has various limitations according to the scope of the system which expounds it. There are, among others, philosophies of brotherhood that pivot round a personal anthropomorphic father-God. There are philosophies that reject this God, and seeing nothing in Nature but blind, senseless forces, set up for themselves an ideal of a glorified intellectual humanity, and bow down with much reverence, and in one case with no little ritual to an idol with feet of clay.

To the Theosophist these philosophies of human life, crude, narrow, and barren, are but as faiths outworn; for, running, as they do, only in limited grooves, they offer no final satisfaction to the craving heart, and sink almost into nothingness beneath the expanding spiritual sense that pierces into the mystery that underlies the manifested Cosmos.

It is not possible to deny the claim of these systems, that in their own particular spheres, and within the bounds of their own peculiar limitations they are satisfactory, and, so far, complete; but in the fact that they have particular spheres, that they have limitations lies their weakness as philosophies of human life—they are only partial, they are *not* complete. Now, it is on this very point, this fundamental point of *completeness* that Theosophy proves itself to be the master-philosophy, and the container of them all. For, being in itself complete,—a synthesis of science, of religion, of philosophy, that embraces the entire Cosmos, subjective as well as objective; that pierces behind the veil of illusion unto a perception of the one Absolute Law—it necessarily contains within itself all that there is of truth in the smaller, narrower religions or philosophies, for it embraces *all* truth, under whatever aspect it may assert itself. It is the living root and stem; they are the dead and dying branches!

So then, these systems of Brotherhood are not for us; and we must seek elsewhere if we would contemplate human life, as a perfect, symmetrical whole; and we claim that in the teachings of Theosophy the knowledge requisite for such an all-embracing view of our true relationship to each other, of our origin, of our object, of our destiny can be found.

Let us then examine a little the teaching of our relationship to each other as put forth by Theosophy. We all know that the basic tenet of Theosophy is that of the Brotherhood of Man, and that the basis of that brotherhood, as we understand it, is the essential spiritual unity of all mankind.

H. P. Blavatsky in the *Key to Theosophy*, speaking of the common spiritual and physical origin of man, which origin "may be demonstrated on logical, philosophical, metaphysical, and even scientific grounds" says, "that all men have physically and spiritually the same origin, which is the fundamental teaching of Theosophy." "Mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one—infinite, uncreate and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature".

This solidarity, this unity of the human race, is not, then, a unity on the objective planes, but a unity in the subtler planes of being that lie beyond the veil of the objective. For Theosophy teaches that behind all the differences of manifestation and of degree in the evolutionary scale; behind all the egoism, and the strong sense of separateness that we now see dominant in mankind, there is an underlying unity and harmony. Continuity and reciprocity obtain everywhere, in human kind as in the rest of the universe, and there is an interdependence on the lower planes of being, and a "one-ness"

on the highest, which make of humanity a vast, single organism, distinct in one aspect like the cells of the human body, yet in reality knit together indissolubly into one great whole. As it is with the universe, so it is with the human race in the present stage of evolutionary progress, immured in the prison house of personality, men's lives seem separated from those of their brothers. But, "there is no such thing as *isolation* within our conception of a Universe; no such thing as action which has respect to self alone; no such thing as thought in which self is the only object."

Mohini thus states the main teachings of Theosophy which bear upon the Universal Brotherhood of Man. He says:—

1. That there is a principle of consciousness in man which is immortal.
2. That this principle is manifested in successive incarnations on earth.
3. That the experiences of the different incarnations are strictly governed by the law of causation.
4. That as each individual man is the result of a distinct causal necessity in nature, it is not wise for one man to dominate the life and action of another, no matter what their relative development may be. On the other hand, it is of paramount importance that each individual should ceaselessly work for the attainment of the highest ideal that he is capable of conceiving.
5. That for the above reasons it is wise and just to practise the most ungrudging toleration towards all of our fellow creatures.
6. That as absolute unity of all nature exists for ever, all self-centered actions are bound to end in pain for the actor on account of their opposition to this fact. The foundation of morals must therefore lie in the feeling of the Universal Brotherhood of Man.
7. That the harmony of the unit with the whole is the only condition which can remove all pain, and as each individual represents a distinct causal operation of nature, this harmony is attainable only through the individual's own exertions.

We see, then, that the Theosophical basis of Brotherhood, being the interdependence and solidarity of the human race on *every* plane of being, is no partial or artificial basis, but is indeed "a *fact* in nature; not a something which is to be brought about, but a something to be recognized," its ethical system is "based upon *natural law*", and has its extension into every plane of human life and consciousness."

In regard to purely ethical and materialistic systems, if it were indeed a fact that there is, after all, nothing in nature but dead matter and blind force; if it were a fact that there is no consciousness, distinct from either matter or energy, working ever behind all those objective manifestations which is all these systems take cognizance of; if it were a fact that man's relation to the universe as a conscious entity was but for the short space of *one* life on earth, then would these systems perhaps be far nearer the truth than they are now. But we hold that any system which fixes its basis in the objective alone, and takes no cognizance whatever of the subjective reality which underlies all objectivity, has a basis—if it may be called one—which is not real and permanent, and therefore not a basis at all. That the basis of our relationship to each other as formulated by our modern scientific thinkers will soon be acknowledged by themselves to be unsatisfactory, the experiments of Science in the domain of the sub-conscious clearly show. Day by day investigators are meeting with facts that go far to prove the Theosophic position. So then, realizing that the egoistic sense of separateness which has hitherto swayed the hearts of humanity, and turned the world into a hell of oppression and injustice, is but an illusion, which must soon be swept from

men's minds by the onward march of true knowledge, we should all strive ceaselessly and earnestly on,—“each true to his own keynote”—towards the attainment of that state “when selfishness and individualism shall have been overcome by the feelings of solidarity and mutual brotherhood.”

F. R.

THE REMAINING FIVE YEARS.

H. P. B. said in 1890 “If you would really help the noble cause you must do so now: for, a few years more and your, as well as our efforts, will be in vain. We are in the very midst of the Egyptian darkness of Kali-Yuga, the Black Age, the first 5000 years of which, its dreary first cycle, is preparing to close on the world between 1897 and 1898. Unless we succeed in placing the T. S. before this date on the safe side of the spiritual current, it will be swept away irretrievably into the Deep called ‘Failure,’ and the cold waves of oblivion will sweep over its doomed head.” And just before her death she implored us not to let her incarnation with its one purpose and reason be a failure. It need not fail, few as we are; for throughout these next years of the dying century there is not an effort on our plane of action that any one of us makes that is not *known to* and greatly reinforced by the great Lodge of Masters; and there is nothing else needed for our personal acceptance by that Lodge into its membership than the pure-hearted maintenance of such efforts. There is a special quality of power in anything done by a Theosophist who does his acts with the particular intent to help on the purposes of the Lodge and of that member of it who has specially taken the T. S. under His guidance. This mental act of recognition on our part makes us an open channel, causing that which we do or say on the open planes to be backed up by force that comes through the planes of feeling. The thoughts of all men are now a little turned in the direction of mysticism, and even the most materialistic minds more or less unconsciously tend to think that after all there may be something that is true which it is not wise altogether to neglect in what they have thus far so unhesitatingly dubbed superstition. We can strike now while this iron is hot; among ourselves preserving unity, meeting often to compare notes of work, of progress, of common impulses to do particular things (for the spirit of unity makes these common impulses possible as coming from Those under whom we work), and as regards the outer world constantly collecting evidences in support of our teachings from recognized sources scientific and other. In these ways we shall find that when the century closes, Theosophy in the west has a firm hold and we shall transmit to the next generation of Theosophists an impulse, which, they in their turn handing on, will not die before the great reinforcement which 1975 will begin to witness. So may be provided a body in which may incarnate the soul of Occultism.

H. C.

THE ELEMENT LANGUAGE. (*continued.*)

I should not be understood to say that all the so-called roots can be made to yield a secret meaning when analysed. Philologists are not all agreed as to what constitutes a root, or what words are roots, and in this general uncertainty it should not be expected that these correspondences, which as I have said are not complete, will apply in every instance. There are many other things which add to the difficulty; a root is often found to have very many different meanings; some of these may have arisen in the manner I suggest, and many more are derived from the primary meanings and are therefore not intuitive at all. The intuition will have to be exercised to discover what sensations would likely be awakened by the perception of an action or object; or if the root has an abstract significance, the thought must be analysed in order to discover its essential elements. I described previously the manner in which I thought a single sensation, the perception of the colour Red, would suggest its correspondence in sound, the letter R. Where the idea is more complex, a combination of two, three or four sounds are necessary to express it, but they all originate in the same way. The reader who desires to prove the truth of the theory here put forward can adopt either of two methods; he can apply the correspondences to the roots, or he may try for himself to create words expressing simple, elemental ideas by combining the necessary letters; and then, if he turns to the roots, he will probably find that many of the words he has created in this way were actually used long ago, and this practice will enable him more easily to understand in what sense, or on what plane, any particular letter should be taken. I think it probable that in the Sacred Language before mentioned, this could at once have been recognized by a difference in the intonation of the voice. This may have been a survival to some extent of the chanting which was the distinguishing characteristic of the speech of the Second Race. (*Secret Doctrine*. vol. II p. 198.) In the written language it is not easily possible to discover this without much thought, unless endeavour has previously been made to re-awaken the faculty of intuitive speech, which we formerly possessed and which became atrophied.

It is not possible here to go into the analysis of the roots at much length: I can only illustrate the method which will be found to apply more surely where the roots express most elemental conceptions. Let us take as example the root, *Wal*, to boil. Boiling is brought about by the action of fire upon water, and here we find the letters W, water, and L, light or fire, united. In *War*, to well up as a spring, the sounds for water and motion are combined. A similar idea is expressed in *Wat*, to well out; the abstract significance of T, which is to evolve, come forth or appear, being here applied to a special action. A good method to follow in order to understand how the pure abstract meaning of a letter may be applied in many different ways, is to take some of the roots in which any one letter is prominent and then compare them. Let us take D. It has an abstract relation to involution or infusion; it may be viewed in two ways, either as positive or negative; as the exertion of force or the reception of force. Now I think if we compare the following roots a similarity of action will be found to underlie them all. *Id*, to swell; *Ad*, to eat; *Da*, to give; *Dhu*, to put; *Da*, to bind; *Ad*, to smell; *Du*, to enter; *Da*, to suck.

I am not here going exhaustively to analyse the roots, as this is not an essay upon philology, but an attempt to make clear some of the

mysteries of sound ; those who wish to study this side of the subject more fully can study with this light the primitive languages. A few more examples must suffice. The root, *Mar*, to die, may be variously interpreted as the end of motion, the cessation of breath, or the withdrawal of spirit, R being expressive of what on various planes is motion, spirit, air and breath. In *Bur*, to be active, life and movement are combined ; in *Gla*, to glow, reflection and light ; the same idea is in *Gol*, a lake. We find combined in *Kar*, to grind, hardness and motion : in *Thah*, to generate, expansion and heat ; in *Pak*, to comb, division and hardness, the suggestion being division with some hard object ; the same idea is in *Pik*, to cut. In *Pis*, to pound, the letters for division and matter in its molecular state are combined : in *Fath*, to fly, lightness and expansion : in *Yas*, to gird, drawing together and number ; in *Rab*, to be vehement, energy and life ; in *Rip*, to break, energy and division. In *Yudh*, to fight, the meaning suggested may be, coming together to destroy. Without further analysis the reader will be able to detect the relation which the abstractions corresponding to each letter bear to the defined application in the following words. *Ak*, to be sharp ; *Ank*, to bend ; *Idh*, to kindle ; *Ar*, to move ; *Al*, to burn ; *Ka*, to sharpen ; *Har*, to burn ; *Ku*, to hew ; *Sa*, to produce ; *Gal*, to be yellow or green ; *Ghar*, to be yellow or green ; *Thak*, to thaw ; *Tar*, to go through ; *Thu*, to swell ; *Dak*, to bite ; *Nak*, to perish ; *Pa*, to nourish, to feed ; *Par*, to spare ; *Pi*, to swell, to be fat ; *Pu*, to purify ; *Pu*, to beget ; *pau*, little ; *Put*, to swell out ; *Flu*, to fly, to float ; *Bar*, to carry ; *Bhu*, to be, to become ; *Bla*, to blow as a flower ; *Ma*, to think ; *Mak*, to pound ; *Mi*, to diminish ; *Mu*, to shut up, to enclose ; *Yas*, to seethe, to ferment ; *Yu*, to bind together, to mix ; *Yuk*, to yoke, to join ; *Ra*, to love ; *Rik*, to furrow ; *Luh*, to shine ; *Rud*, to redden, to be red ; *Lub*, to lust ; *Lu*, to cast off from ; *Wag*, to be moist ; *Wam*, to spit out ; *So*, to sow, to scatter ; *Sak*, to cut, to cleave ; *Su*, to generate ; *Swa*, to toss ; *Swal*, to boil up ; *Ska*, to cut ; *Skap*, to hew ; *Sniw*, to snow ; *Spcw*, to spit out ; *Swid*, to sweat ; etc. An analysis of some sacred words and the names of Deities may now prove interesting.

(to be concluded.)

G. W. R.

DUBLIN LODGE.

The regular open meetings of the Lodge will be resumed on 6th September. They are held at the Dublin Headquarters, 3 Upper Ely Place, every Wednesday evening beginning at 8-15. Readers who wish copies of the Syllabus for distribution among friends can have them from any officer of the Lodge.

The following is the Syllabus of discussions :—

| | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| September 6th. | "Theosophy and the Masters." | F. J. Dick. |
| September 13th. | "Light on the Path." | K. B. Lawrence. |
| September 20th. | "Concentration." | D. N. Dunlop |
| September 27th. | "A New Light on an Old Religion." | Jas. Duncan. |
| October 4th. | "Magic, Ancient and Modern." | T. P. Byrne. |
| October 11th. | "The Seven Races." | G. W. Russell. |
| October 18th. | "A Study of Mythology." | P. E. Jordan. |
| October 25th. | "Consciousness." | F. A. Roberts |
| November 1st. | "A Seventeenth Century Theosophist." | H. M. Magee |
| November 8th. | "Reincarnation." | J. Varian. |
| November 15th. | "The Three Qualities." | E. Harrison. |
| November 22nd. | "The Ethics of Theosophy." | A. Varian. |
| November 29th. | "The Esoteric Side of Christianity." | J. J. Nolan. |
| | F J Dick. Secretary. | |

NOTES.

In April "Lucifer," Mrs. Besant says referring to Mr. Judge :

"H. P. B. knew well what she was doing when she chose that strong quiet man to be her second self in America, to inspire all the workers there with the spirit of his intense devotion and unconquerable courage. In him we find a rare conjunction of the business qualities of the skilful organizer and the mystical insight of the Occultist," and no words of ours could express in more fitting terms a true estimate of the man.

.. ..

In publishing "The Ocean of Theosophy" Mr. Judge adds another service to the long list already rendered for the cause of Theosophy. It is, in our opinion, one of the best books of its kind yet issued, either for Theosophists or for enquirers. It is unique in that it serves both purposes so well.

.. ..

Throughout the book Mr. Judge speaks with the quiet conviction of one who knows, and we cannot but admire the fearless presentation of his views. The book opens in a fitting way by referring to the "Masters of Wisdom" and their Lodge. They have never had but one doctrine, and cannot lose what they have through evolution come into conscious possession of.

.. ..

From this, as starting point, he proceeds to give in a clear simple and concise way, some idea of this one doctrine. The following is the arrangement of the book and will give some idea of its scope. Chap. 2 General Principles. 3. The Earth Chain. 4. Septenary Constitution of Man. 5. Body and Astral Body. 6. Kama-Desire. 7. Manas. 8. 9. 10. Reincarnation. 11. Karma. 12.

Kama-Loka. 13. Devechan. 14. Cycles. 15. Differentiation of species — Missing Links. 16. Psychic Laws, Forces, and Phenomena. 17. Psychic Phenomena and Spiritualism. Quite a comprehensive list. We are sure the book will command a wide circulation. The price is 2/6, and it may be had from Theosophical Publishing Society, 7 Duke St. Adelphi, London.

.. ..

Perhaps not many of our readers are aware that Bro. C. H. Collings, 26 Townshend Road, N. W. is European Agent for "The Theosophic Thinker" which we understand has the claim, of being the only weekly English journal of the kind, published in all the world. The subscription is only 5/- per year post free. The Management have started too, a fund called the "Vernacular Theosophical Publication Fund." Mr. Sturdy has already drawn attention to the great need for more translations of Theosophical works into the Indian vernaculars, if the T. S. is to become strong there, and we are only doing our duty in bringing the existence of this fund before our readers. Our Indian brothers deserve every support. Mr. Collings will, we have no doubt, be glad to give any information about the fund, and to receive subscriptions for "The Theosophic Thinker."

.. ..

The Vatican has placed Prof. St. George Mivart's work, "Happiness in Hell," in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. announce a new edition of Beale's 'Oriental Biographical Dictionary' (edited by H. G. Keene), thoroughly revised and partly re-written.

The Clarendon Press has ready a quarto (200 copies, each net £10. 10) called: A Collotype Reproduction of the ancient M S of the Yasna, with

its Phelavi translation, A. D. 1324. This priceless Manuscript was written by MIHIRAPAN KAI-KHUSRO in A.Y. 692. (A.D. 1323), and constituted one of the fundamental documents of the Zend religion and philology. It has been for centuries hereditary property in a family of a High Priest of the Parsis, who has now presented it to the University of Oxford. The Colotype Facsimile reproduces the MS. with absolute fidelity.

The League of Workers in connection with the Dublin Lodge, have taken our interests vigorously in hand, and have arranged a scheme for bringing the *Irish Theosophist* more before the notice of the public. Very soon, we believe, the news boys will have it on sale at the principal railway termini. Nor does it stop here; libraries, hotels, steamers, and in fact every place where it can possibly be got in, our little paper will appear. The League intends to use every means in its power to familiarise Theosophy throughout Ireland. We will have more to say on the subject at another time.

The August number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains Prof. Max Müller's rejoinder to Mr. Sinnett.

We have to remind Subscribers that the next number will be the last of the present volume, and we venture to express the hope that every one, without exception, will renew their subscription for the next year. We will leave nothing wanting on our part, to make our little Magazine in every way worthy of support, and to this end, have asked more than once for suggestions from our readers. The price is within the reach of everybody, and if those who have so far approved of our efforts, obtain one or two new subscribers, it will put us in a better position to go on improving. Subscription forms will be sent out with next number.

Messrs. Hutchinson will issue in the Autumn a new edition, with new type and illustrations, of Olive Schreiner's 'African Farm'.

We will be very glad to answer any enquiries on the subject of Theosophy or its literature. The T. S. is non-sectarian, and has in its ranks members of every denomination. Its one binding rule is Universal Brotherhood. It is the friend of every religion, and endeavours to shew the truth underlying each.

DUBLIN LODGE.

Arrangements have been made for the continuance during the session of the *Secret Doctrine* class for members on Monday evenings at 8.30. The attention of members is drawn to the suggestion made at the Convention of contributing references for the scrap book of all nations or from other works, which support the general principles of the Esoteric Philosophy, for the scrap book at the London Headquarters.

The Friday night debates conducted by Miss Lawrence continue to be well attended, and many very interesting discussions upon Theosophical subjects have taken place. During the coming session it is hoped that there will be a still larger attendance. The debates for the coming month will be as follows:—Aug. 18, *Evolution (Contd.)*; Aug. 25, *The Real Age of Man*; Sep. 1, *What Life Is*; Sep. 8, *The Object of Re-incarnation*; Sep. 15, *That One Life is Inadequate for Development*.

3 Upper Ely Place.

Fred. J. Lick, Secy.

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The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.



THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE

X. REINCARNATION.

“**W**HERE have I come from !” “How did I get here !” We have all as children put the question to our omniscient seniors, and have all, doubtless, been well snubbed for our inordinate curiosity, or silenced by an answer, which, given with a confidence quite proportioned to its incomprehensibility, has perhaps silenced for ever all further enquiries in the same direction. For whether we are put off with the nursery myth of a cabbage-stalk origin, or left to ponder over the mysterious “God made you,” an equally fatal blow is struck to any infantile speculations in which we may have indulged about the matter ; and so we grow up to the strange, so-called, Christian notion about the soul as an immortal being, created suddenly to animate a body, and sent to school for a brief period on earth to gain everlasting reward or punishment at the final examination, all for the good pleasure or “glory” of the much-dreaded, watchful, though invisible Schoolmaster. Many remain, or profess to remain, content with such a view of life’s origin, meaning, and destiny. Others begin to think the terms and conditions of the Great Examination too arbitrary and opposed to their sense of justice, and try at first to believe in a final state of beatitude for everybody, without any punishments at all. But this theory, though more comforting, is no less unreasonable than the other, and the great difficulty still remains as to the origin and source of this mysterious “I” which is to endure eternally. Then science comes with its proclamation of a uniform law and harmony throughout Nature, opening up a vast conception of the complexity and extent of the forces which have gradually built up the Universe we see around us. The old crude teaching of our childhood fails to accommodate itself to the new revelation. Its gaps and inconsistencies now appear hopeless, and on the other hand, science itself cannot inform us about the problem which has haunted and baffled us from the beginning—the *source, meaning, and object of existence*. Then, perhaps, we fall in with some statement of Theosophic teaching, and now for the first time we know that a real clue has been put into our hands.

The idea of pre-existence and re-birth is one so logical, so explanatory of many difficulties that beset alike the moralist and psychologist, that one wonders how a belief once will-nigh universal, should in Europe and America have fallen into disfavour and almost oblivion. But the ecclesiastical nightmare of the middle ages has taken long to shake off ; and of the thousands who profess belief in the existence of a “soul” to-day, how many give a half hour’s thought to the mystery of its nature, its origin ?

How many are simply possessed of a vague notion that this wonderful complex of thought, will, emotion, perception, memory which we call *mind*—had its beginning in a microscopic egg-cell derived from our parents' bodies, and that by some strange miracle it will pursue an independent existence for ever? No wonder that with doctrines like this—even if implied and not expressed—the churches are filled with atheists and agnostics in disguise.

Theosophy, believing mind and soul to be inherent in all nature, denies the need of miracles; teaches that, parallel with physical evolution, there is also a quite distinct *psychic* evolution always in progress; that our "I" is a ray from the one Soul of things, perfecting itself and gaining self-knowledge by a long pilgrimage through all the kingdoms of nature; hence that it has lived before many times upon this earth, and will live again many times, and in many higher forms. "As a man," says the Indian scripture, "throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new."

This "clothing" of the soul with bodies which die, and are succeeded by others, Theosophy holds to be part of the great cyclic law of alternate activity and rest, waking and sleep, out-breathing and in-breathing, which ramifies all through nature. In another part of the poem already quoted, Krishna, typifying the spirit of God within man, is represented as saying: "I build up by my power, and again dissolve the universe." We must remember this wider aspect of Reincarnation before we can rightly understand its bearing as applied by Theosophy to man.

One great difficulty which meets us in the west in grasping the idea of re-birth, comes from our lack of introspection, and our consequent failure to apprehend the great subtlety, depth, and complexity of the consciousness within. When we say "I" we mean the every-day commonplace changeable "I" who drives a bargain, reads the newspaper, or gossips about the weather. Even when we talk of the "next world" no very different conception of our "immortal souls" presents itself. This is the "I" who is so incredulous and amused at the idea of pre-existence—and not without reason. For being born and developed with the body and its desires, the personal "I" cannot, as a rule, discern within and behind its own narrow circle of consciousness, the greater entity who is the real, undying Ego, the true Soul. This immortal "I" or Higher Self, the Watcher and Remembrancer of our deeds, the "divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"—has been known to mystics of all ages and creeds and described by various names, such as God or daimon, good genius, guardian angel, and the like; and in the seven-fold Theosophic analysis of man it corresponds to the three higher principles of Atma, Buddhi, and Manas. Popularly, of course, no such duality of life, no such co-existence of a higher and lower self is recognized, hence one great difficulty in accepting Reincarnation.

Yet we have not far to look for facts of consciousness, which, though not in themselves conclusive, still go far to discourage hasty denial of the doctrine of the dual ego, however paradoxical it may seem. The familiar phenomenon of dreaming might alone convince us how little we know of the self and its nature, and how partial and misleading is our superficial sense of waking identity. Still more clearly do facts like somnambulism, clairvoyance, thought-transference, telepathy, and others which science is now investigating, point to the existence of powers and faculties included in the soul, although unperceived as a rule by the waking brain. So much has this been felt of late that already in the west, which unlike the east has neglected these questions for so long, we find the old materialism giving way, and a marked return towards the old conception of the soul as an entity, distinct from the body, using the latter as instrument or agent on this "plane," but with other instruments and faculties of its own which could by no possibility originate in the physical germ-cell.

But, it will be asked, does this prove Reincarnation? Not directly, certainly. Yet if we are right in recognising (as everyone is coming to recognise) in evolution a universal law of being, it becomes surely not merely difficult, but impossible to imagine that any so subtle, complex, and powerful an organism as the soul, could originate suddenly in a physical process. And if it did not originate thus, what but a long evolution can have brought it to be what it is?

It may still, however, be maintained that, even granted pre-existence, reincarnation in human bodies does not logically follow. In reply we may say: Consider the present connection with earth-life. Is it a caprice of nature, a unique and complete phase of experience, or not rather a chapter, a page, a fragment, of a long and consistent purpose? We have all some dim ideal of human life and its possibilities; some shadowy faith, perhaps, in a "far-off divine event," toward which humanity is tending. All know, too, how utterly inadequate is one short life for the gaining of such knowledge, moral excellence, completeness, as that ideal implies. Is it therefore vain and meaningless save for a select and distant few?

Reincarnation justifies and explains all. Lifetime after lifetime the soul gathers experience. By slow degrees the mind of man becomes receptive and retentive of its garnered wisdom and knowledge. Ultimately the higher and the lower consciousness shall become one, and in some few great ones called in Theosophy Masters or Mahatmas, this connection has already taken place. But they are only the advance-guard of an advancing host, and one day all mankind shall be illumined and ensouled by the same inner light. Therefore must all "be born again."

(To be continued.)

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A TRAGEDY IN THE TEMPLE.

I HAVE often thought with sadness over the fate of that comrade. That so ardent and heroic a spirit, so much chivalry and generosity should meet such a horrible fate, has often made me wonder if there is any purpose in this tangled being of ours; I have hated life and the gods as I thought of it. What brought him out of those great deserts where his youth was spent, where his soul grew vast knowing only of two changes, the blaze of day and night the purifier, blue, mysterious, ecstatic with starry being? Were not these enough for him? Could the fire of the altar inspire more? Could he be initiated deeper in the chambers of the temple than in those great and lonely places where God and man are alone together? This was my doing; resting in his tent when I crossed the desert, I had spoken to him of that old wisdom which the priests of the inner temple keep and hand down from one to the other; I blew to flame the mystic fire which already smouldered within him, and filled with the vast ambition of God, he left his tribe and entered the priesthood as neophyte in the Temple of Istar, below Ninevah.

I had sometimes to journey thither bearing messages from our high priest, and so as time passed my friendship with Asur grew deep. That last evening when I sat with him on the terrace that roofed the temple, he was more silent than I had known him before to be; we had generally so many things to speak of; for he told me all his dreams, such vague titanic impulses as the soul has in the fresh first years of its awakening, when no experience hinders with memory its flights of aspiration, and no anguish has made it wise. But that evening there was, I thought, something missing; a curious feverishness seemed to have replaced the cool and hardy purity of manner which was natural to him; his eyes had a strange glow, fitful and eager;

I saw by the starlight how restless his fingers were, they intertwined, twisted, and writhed in and out.

We sat long in the rich night together; then he drew nearer to me and leaned his head near my shoulder; he began to whisper incoherently a wild and passionate tale; the man's soul was being tempted.

"Brother" he said, "I am haunted by a vision, by a child of the stars as lovely as Istar's self; she visits my dreaming hours, she dazzles me with strange graces, she bewilders with unspeakable longings. Sometime, I know, I must go to her, though I perish. When I see her I forget all else and I have will to resist no longer. The vast and lonely inspiration of the desert departs from my thought, she and the jewel-light she lives in blot it out. The thought of her thrills me like fire. Brother give me help, ere I go mad or die; she draws me away from earth and I shall end my days amid strange things, a starry destiny amid starry races."

I was not then wise in these things, I did not know the terrible dangers that lurk in the hidden ways in which the soul travels. "This" I said "is some delusion. You have brooded over a fancy until it has become living; you have filled your creation with your own passion and it lingers and tempts you; even if it were real, it is folly to think of it, we must close our hearts to passion if we would attain the power and wisdom of Gods."

He shook his head, I could not realize or understand him. Perhaps if I had known all and could have warned him, it would have been in vain; perhaps the soul must work out its own purification in experience and learn truth and wisdom through being. Once more he became silent and restless. I had to bid him farewell as I was to depart on the morrow, but he was present in my thoughts and I could not sleep because of him; I felt oppressed with the weight of some doom about to fall. To escape from this feeling I rose in adoration to Hea; I tried to enter into the light of that Wisdom; a sudden heart-throb of warning drew me back; I thought of Asur instinctively, and thinking of him his image flashed on me. He moved as if in trance through the glassy waves of those cosmic waters which everywhere lave and permeate the worlds, and in which our earth is but a subaqueous mound. His head was bowed, his form dilated to heroic stature, as if he conceived of himself as some great thing or as moving to some high destiny; and this shadow which was the house of his dreaming soul grew brilliant with the passionate hues of his thought; some power beyond him drew him forth. I felt the fever and heat of this inner sphere like a delirious breath blow fiercely about me; there was a phosphorescence of hot and lurid colours. The form of Asur moved towards a light streaming from a grotto, I could see within it burning gigantic flowers. On one, as on a throne, a figure of weird and wonderful beauty was seated. I was thrilled with a dreadful horror, I thought of the race of Liliths, and some long forgotten and tragic legends rose up in my memory of these beings whose soul is but a single and terrible passion; whose love too fierce for feeble lives to endure, brings death or madness to men. I tried to warn, to awaken him from the spell; my will-call aroused him; he turned, recognized me and hesitated; then this figure that lured him rose to her full height; I saw her in all her terrible beauty. From her head a radiance of feathered flame spread out like the plume of a peacock, it was spotted with gold and green and citron dyes, she raised her arms upwards, her robe, semi-transparent, purple and starred over with a jewel lustre, fell in vaporous folds to her feet like the drift over a waterfall. She turned her head with a sudden bird-like movement, her strange eyes looked into mine with a prolonged and snaky glance; I saw her move her arms hither and thither, and the waves of this inner ocean began to darken and gather about me, to ripple through me with feverish motion. I fell into a swoon and remembered nothing more.

I was awakened before dawn, those with whom I was to cross the desert were about to start and I could remain no longer. I wrote hurriedly to Asur a message

full of warning and entreaty and set out on my return journey full of evil forebodings. Some months after I had again to visit this temple ; it was evening when I arrived ; after I had delivered the message with which I was charged, I asked for Asur. The priest to whom I spoke did not answer me. He led me in silence up to the terrace that overlooked the desolate eastern desert. The moon was looming white upon the verge, the world was trembling with heat, the winged bulls along the walls shone with a dull glow through the sultry air. The priest pointed to the far end of the terrace. A figure was seated looking out over the desert, his robes were motionless as if their wrinkles were carved of stone, his hands lay on his knees, I walked up to him ; I called his name ; he did not stir. I came nearer and put my face close to his, it was as white as the moon, his eyes only reflected the light. I turned away from him sick to the very heart.

Æ.

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THE ELEMENT LANGUAGE (*concluded*).

IT has been said that before we can properly understand the character of any deity we would have to know the meaning and the numbers attached to each letter in the name, for in this way the powers and functions of the various gods were indicated. If we take as examples names familiar to everyone, *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Rudra*, the three aspects of Parabrahm in manifestation, and analyse them in the same way as the roots, they will be found to yield up their essential meaning. From the union of *B*, life, *R*, breath, and *Ma*, the producer, I would translate *Brahma* as “the creative breath of life.” *Vishnu* similarly analysed is the power that “pervades, expands, and preserves;” I infer this from the union of *V*, whose force is pervasion, *Sh*, expansion, and *N*, continuation. *Rudra* is “the breath that absorbs the breath.” *Aum* is the most sacred name of all names ; it is held to symbolize the action of the Great Breath from its dawn to its close : it is the beginning, *A*, the middle, *U*, and the close *M*. It is also an affirmation of the relation of our spiritual nature to that universal Deity whose aspects are *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Rudra*. I shall have more to say of the occult power of this word later on. Taken in conjunction with two other words, it is “the threefold designation of the Supreme Being.” *Om Tat Sat* has a significance referable to a still higher aspect of Deity than that other Trinity ; the *Om* here signifies that it is the All ; *Tat* that it is self-existent or self-evolved ; I think the repetition of the *T* in *Tat* gives it this meaning : *Sat* would signify that in it are contained the seeds of all manifestation. H. P. Blavatsky translates this word as Be-ness, which seems to be another way of expressing the same idea. The mystic incantation familiar to all students of the Upanishads, “*Om, Bhur, Om, Bhavar, Om, Svar,*” is an assertion of the existence of the Divine Self in all the three worlds or *Lokas*. *Loka* is generally translated as a place ; the letters suggest to me that a place or world is only a hardening or crystalization of Fire or Light. In *Bhur Loka* the crystalization of the primordial element of Fire leaves only one principle active, the life principle generally called *Prana*. *Bhur Loka* then is the place where life is active ; we have *B*, life, and *R*, movement, to suggest this. In the word *Bhuvar* a new letter, *V*, is inserted : this letter, as I have said, corresponds to the Astral world, so that *Bhuvar Loka* is the place where both the Astral and Life principles are active. It is more difficult to translate *Svar Loka* : there is some significance attached here to the letter *S*, which I cannot grasp. It might mean that this world contains the germs of Astral life ; but this does not appear sufficiently distinctive, *Svar Loka* is generally known as *Devachan*, and the whole incantation would mean that the Deity is present throughout the Pranic, Astral, and Devachanic worlds. It is interesting to note what is said

in the Glossary by H. P. B., about these three words (p. 367): they are said to be "lit by and born of fire," and to possess creative powers. The repetition of them with the proper accent should awaken in the occultist the powers which correspond to the three worlds. I think by these examples that the student will be able to get closer to the true significance of incantation; those who understand the occult meaning of the colours attached to the letters will be able to penetrate deeper than others into these mysteries.

I may here say something about the general philosophy of incantation. There is said to be in nature a homogeneous sound or tone which everywhere stirs up the molecules into activity. This is the "Word" which St. John says was in the beginning (the plane of causation); in another sense it is the Akasa of occult science, the element of sound, it is the Pythagorean "music of the spheres." The universe is built up, moulded and sustained by this element which is everywhere present, though inaudible by most men at this stage of evolution. It is not sound by the physical ears, but deep in the heart sometimes may be heard "the mystic sounds of the Akasic heights." The word *Aum* represents this homogeneous sound, it stirs up a power which is latent in it called the *Yagna*. The Glossary says that this "is one of the forms of Akasa within which the mystic word calls it into existence:" it is a bridge by means of which the soul can cross over to the world of the Immortals. It is this which is alluded to in the *Nada-Bindu Upanishad*. "The mind becoming insensible to the external impressions, becomes one with the sound, as milk with water, and then becomes rapidly absorbed in *chidakas* (the Akasa where consciousness prevades). The sound * * * serves the purpose of a lure to the ocean waves of *Chitta* (mind). * * * the serpent *Chitta* through listening to the Nada is entirely absorbed in it, and becoming unconscious of everything concentrates itself on the sound." We may quote further from another Upanishad. "Having left behind the body, the organs and objects of sense, and having seized the bow whose stick is fortitude and whose string is asceticism, and having killed with the arrow of freedom from egoism the first guardian, * * * he crosses by means of the boat Om to the other side of the ether within the heart, and when the ether is revealed he enters slowly, as a miner seeking minerals enters a mine, into the hall of Brahman.

* * * Thenceforth, pure, clean, tranquil, breathless, endless, imperishable, firm, unborn, and independent, he stands in his own greatness, and having seen the Self standing in his own greatness, he looks at the wheel of the world."

Let no one think that this is all, and that the mere repetition of words will do anything except injure those who attempt the use of these methods without further knowledge. It has been said (*Path*, April, 1887) that Charity, Devotion, and the like virtues are structural necessities in the nature of the man who would make this attempt. We cannot, unless the whole nature has been purified by long service and sacrifice, and elevated into mood at once full of reverence and intense will, become sensitive to the subtle powers possessed by the spiritual soul.

What is here said about the *Aum* which is the name of our own God, and the way in which it draws forth the hidden power will serve to illustrate the method in using other words. The Thara-Sara Upanishad of Sukla-Yajur Veda says "Through *Om* is Brahma produced; through *Na* is Vishnu produced; through *Ma* is Rudra produced, etc." All these are names of gods; they correspond to forces in man and nature, in their use the two are united, and the man mounts upwards to the Immortals.

I have been forced to compress what I had to say in these articles, I have only been able to suggest rather than put forward ideas, for my own knowledge of these correspondences is very incomplete. As far as I know the subject has been untouched hitherto, and this must be my excuse for the meagre nature of the information given. I hope later on to treat of the relation of sound and colour to form and to show how

these correspondences will enable us to understand the language which the gods speak to us through flowers, trees, and natural forms. I hope also to be able to show that it was a knowledge of the relation of sound to form which dictated the form of the letters in many primæval alphabets.

G. W. R.

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DEEP SLEEP.

Heart-hidden from the outer things I rose,
The spirit woke anew in nightly birth
Into the vastness where forever glows
The star-soul of the earth.

There all alone in primal ecstasy,
Within her depths where revels never tire,
The olden Beauty shines ; each thought of me
Is veined through with its fire.

And all my thoughts are throngs of living souls ;
They breathe in me, heart unto heart allied
With joy undimmed, though when the morning tolls
The planets may divide.

—————:O:—————

DAY.

In day from some titanic past it seems
As if a thread divine of memory runs,
Born ere the Mighty One began his dreams,
Or yet were stars and suns.

But here an iron will has fixed the bars ;
Forgetfulness falls on earth's myriad races,
No image of the proud and morning stars
Looks at us from their faces.

Yet yearning still to reach to those dim heights,
Each dream remembered is a burning-glass,
Where through to darkness from the light of lights
Its rays in splendour pass.

G. W. R.

—————:O:—————

“THE FIRST STEP.”

IN these gold mines of luminous thought the Upanishads, two brief statements gleam brighter than the rest. They place on record the brief biography of a soul pilgrimage, and he who has but insight enough to read between the lines, will find there all he needs to know concerning the valley of Quest and the steps that he must tread to reach and enter into the realms of the real, and find the “small old path that stretches far away.”

Across the lapse of ages a comrade's voice seems borne to us from heights of achievement to the levels where we dwell; a seeker for freedom he, convinced that there is only one thing worth the seeking. Calm, strong, encouraging, the words thrill through our inmost being, and we know without a doubt that what one attempted others can; that what one achieved others may; and that the initial effort if not already made in former lives, can be made right here and now despite all circumstances, and surroundings, in the whirl of the nineteenth century, as it was then in calmer grander ages.

“Seeking for freedom I go,” we read, and our hearts respond and beat for a moment in unison with all who have trodden the unknown way; weak as we feel ourselves, unsuitable as we are, black as we know our lower nature to be, we too would go; for pondering over the words old memories seem to awaken dim shadowy recollections of resolutions made in spirit and forgotten all too long; flashes of light that half reveal ways already trodden when we “journeyed with Deity;” things relating to the True alone, striven for and partly gained; a hidden chord in the heart is touched, vibrations not registered in the mind, or translatable into terms of brain consciousness are set up; the intellect cannot respond, but soul speaks to soul, and we recognise the language—for the soul is the same in all ages, the “immortal pilgrim ever faces home again,” and “the yearning to go out into the infinite” is more intense, perhaps, now than ever; longing hearts frame questions that the lips never utter; the soul's tragedy since the beginning of time is this—the God within refuses to be satisfied with illusive, transitory things.

By intuitive prescience, we see the difficulties to be overcome if we would start upon the one quest worth a thought; the heights to be scaled, the battles won. It will not do to start upon the unknown way scarce knowing what we seek, but like Arthur's knights, we “follow wandering fires, lost in the quagmire.” Our vows must not be lightly taken like theirs, because others swore, nor must we limit the search to twelve months and a day. Life after life if needs be, unceasingly, uncomplainingly, with no thought of abandoning the self-imposed task, we must press as if we would conquer; we must be willing to lose ourselves to find ourselves; to sacrifice self to self impersonal; to give up happiness and instead thereof find blessedness, and the freedom from self which is freedom to serve humanity.

Well may we pause and consider; the foes to conquer are not those without alone, they are “those of our own household”—our lower self. And that truly is a task from which all but the bravest may well shrink, but it need not be finished in a day or hour; the whole of time is ours, and “whether we come to our own to-day, or in ten thousand years, matters little.” This alone matters, not whether we achieve, but whether we *attempt* to-day. Vices may be conquered one by one; the battle waged inch by inch; we can “rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things”; we know we are not bound save by the fetters of our own forging, we impose our own limits, we weave the strands of illusion that bind us fast. Anywhere, anytime, with one determined effort we can free ourselves, at least partially. And what we need is determination, courage, will, and a conviction that the path lies just where it always did; “that it is well to tread it now; that the gates of gold exist, and

that our hands can lift the latch." What is needed then? simply this—courage to abandon all things else and take the first step. We do not, cannot, doubt that those who live but to serve humanity, are waiting to give us all the help the Good Law permits, if we but open up our way to their plane. We know that the Great Lodge exists, and that Master hears every heart-beat in the right direction; all hindrance lies with us, and if we are but loyal to Him, and true to our highest thoughts, we must overcome all obstacles sooner or later. To one who would serve, and whose motives were all unselfish, the answer was given—"Until the Master calls you to be with Him, be with humanity; to live to benefit mankind is the first step." H. B. Blavatsky taught us in the words she translated for our daily use—"the first step is sacrifice, the second renunciation."

We read, "here then lies the beginning of the way, this is the first step to help humanity, whilst striving to drill out the sense of separateness; to live but for this one object, that we may serve others as they serve the Law. In the first hot glow of enthusiasm we would all be approved disciples, all chelas if we could, that is surely of the lower self a courted distinction we have not merited; our work lies ready to hand, our appointed task is just where we are, we are not wanted anywhere else; we cannot scale the heights where they dwell yet awhile, nor can our longing, alone avail to bring them near to us; first we must "raise ourselves by ourselves" by a life of purity and meditation; "we can endeavour to become divine and set our final hopes no lower than that supreme condition; we can free our consciousness from desire of ought for self, and learn *to be*; we can at least try to realize all the help we have had; we can strive to maintain a fixed habit of one-pointedness in thought; we can by repeated effort keep a note of spiritual consciousness sounding within the heart and listen to that, and by continuous thought of the Master and loyalty to Him become channels through which (even unconsciously to ourselves) His words may reach others; and those who do all they can, and all they know how to do, do enough."

Be with humanity:—there is misery enough to relieve; tears enough to dry; we can recognize and entertain an "angel unawares" in the beggar at our door; we can see the divine in every creature if we look deep enough. In the feeble cry of childhood there is a call to duty; in the unexpressed misery of the dumb animals a plea for pity.

On the thought plane too, so much remains to be done, and the time is short. Our efforts may not be needed later on; they are now. We should study the truths contained in our literature and be able to state them clearly, so that we may give sound reasons for "the faith that is in us"; we should cultivate intellect as well as intuition; we should be prepared, when necessary, to meet and confute materialistic views, and correct erroneous scientific ones.

Lastly, if we would "help humanity" we must *live* occultism. So shall we find that strength will come to us as units, and as a Society, and the first object of the T. S. be more than accomplished.

K.

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NOTES ON THE ADWAITA PHILOSOPHY.

Compiled from "Monism or Advaitism," "Vasudeva Manana," "The Theosophic Glossary," etc.

THE Adwaita is one of the six Darsanas or Hindu Schools of Philosophy. The word Darsana means Consciousness, and this a very significant fact, as showing that the systems of philosophy were supposed to be developed from the inner consciousness, that is to say they were produced by concentration and meditation.

In Theosophic literature one often meets with allusions to Hindu writings under various names, and short definitions of these may be useful.

The *Vedas* are the Hindu Scriptures, all the most ancient Hindu sacred writings. The word is from the root *vid* to know, and the *Vedas* are Divine knowledge. The Hindus say that they were first taught orally for thousands of years, and then compiled and written down in Thibet.

The *Upanishads* are the most important, and the esoteric part of the *Vedas*. The Hindu pundits say that the word Upanishad means that which destroys ignorance and thus produces liberation of spirit through the knowledge of the supreme truth. Just as Christ said "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The Glossary says that the Upanishads treat of very abstruse metaphysical questions, such as the origin of the universe, the nature and essence of the unmanifested Deity, and the manifested gods, the connection of spirit and matter, the universality of mind, and the nature of the human soul and ego.

The *Vedantas* are writings in explanation of the *Vedas*. The word Vedanta means the end of all Vedic knowledge, the last word about the *Vedas*.

To return to the Darśanas or Schools of Philosophy. These are all founded on the Upanishads. The most important of them are the Saukya School, the Yoga School and the Advaita School—the subject of this paper.

The *Saukya System* is sometimes called the materialistic. It is an enumeration or analysis of the Universe. It treats of the evolution of matter in all its various stages, and may be said roughly to correspond to that aspect of Theosophy which is set forth in Esoteric Buddhism.

The *Yoga System* aims at reaching knowledge by self training, so that the Saukya and the Yoga systems are each incomplete in themselves, but are complementary to each other. That is to say both systems are needed to make one complete system.

The *Advaita Philosophy* appears to be the most important of the six systems, and to be complete in itself. The word Advaita means *non-dual* and the leading idea of this system is the oneness of the Universe, the Unity of Nature, or in other words the omnipresence of Atma in all stages of manifestation and on all planes of being. It asserts that Atma is the only Reality, and that the realization of this truth is right knowledge whereby man is freed for ever from illusion, and enabled to rise above flesh and matter. By some strange delusion we go on imagining the physical universe to be real. Our perceptions are held in bondage by the physical senses and by the force of the convictions of those around us. Our fellow men, believing matter to be a reality, exert as it were a vast hypnotic influence on our minds, and from this hypnotic influence we are unable to free ourselves. Once realise clearly that the existence of matter is entirely owing to false perception, to a wrong mode of thought, and we are on the way to right knowledge by which final liberation is obtained. A man who is hypnotised will imagine a rope to be a snake, and as long as he is under the hypnotic influence will be unable to free himself from the delusion. In the same way we are hypnotized into imagining the One Reality to be many, and as long as we imagine it to be so, so it will be for us.

The Unity of Nature, which is the root idea in the Advaita Philosophy, is being daily illustrated in many ways, from the scientific aspect, by the progress of modern science. Many instances of this are given in Haeckel's History of Creation. There is, in fact, nothing in nature but Pure Spirit, the Central Truth, and to realise this and gain freedom it is right knowledge that is required. Now how is this right knowledge to be gained?

The Advaita Philosophy says that it is the force of individuality which prevents persons from realizing their true nature, by enveloping them with intense mist; but also that it is this individuality alone which is the cause of final emancipation

(Vasudeva Manana). I take this to mean that the stage of individuality is a necessary stage through which humanity must pass, but that it is necessary to emerge from it before mankind can be finally emancipated. The statement appears to be analogous to the statement made in the Key to Theosophy, that the human Ego is divine in its essential nature, yet not pure enough to be one with the All, and has therefore to pass through the Cycle of Necessity or Reincarnation which will make it fit for conscious union with the Universal Spirit.

The Adwaita Philosophy also says that this individuality which prevents right knowledge is annihilated by spiritual wisdom, which arises from the discrimination of Tattvas or spiritual vibrations.

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our own thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—*Dhammapada*.

Neither by the eyes, nor by spirit, nor by the sensuous organ, by austerity, nor by sacrifices, can we see God. Only the pure, by the light of wisdom and by deep meditation, can see the pure God.—*Upanishad*.

“Lead me from the unreal to the real! Lead me from darkness to light! Lead me from death to immortality!”—*Saman and Yagur Vedas*.

The small, old path stretching far away, has been found by me. On it sages who know Brahman move on to the heavenly place, and thence higher on, entirely free.—*Yā'navalkya*.

For thoughts alone cause the round of rebirths in this world; let a man try to purify his thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.—*Maitrayana-Upanishad*.

A delicious fragrance spreads from the leaders of the world over all quarters, a fragrance by which, when the wind is blowing, all these creatures are intoxicated.—*Saṁkṣarā-Pundarika*.

When the body sleeps people see the playground of the soul, but if they never see; therefore let no one wake a man suddenly, for if the soul gets not rightly back to his body, it is not easy to remedy.—*Upanishads*.

There is this city of Brahman—the body—and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self, here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it.—*Chandoya-Upanishad*.

I know that great spirit of sunlike lustre beyond the darkness. A man who knows him truly passes over death ; there is no other path to go.

Grasping without hands, hasting without feet, he sees without eyes, he hears without ears. He knows what can be known, but no one knows him ; they call him the first, the Great Person.—*Svetasriatara-Upanishad*.

One moment in eternity is of as great consequence as another moment, for eternity changes not, neither is one part better than another part.—*Zoroaster*.

There is one Eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts ; He, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise, who perceive Him within their self, to them belong eternal life, eternal peace.—*Upanishads*.

—————:O:—————

NOTES.

The current number of the *Contemporary Review* contains an article by Andrew Lang: "Comparative Psychological Research." The comparatives go back as far as 1665, and the house of Lady Conway. Mr. Lang is "almost persuaded."

In the same Review, August Weimanns (replying to Herbert Spencer) avows himself to be an "Ultra Darwinian," and a believer in "the All-sufficiency of Natural Selection."

* * *

Professor St. George Mivart has accepted and "heartily" submitted to the ruling of the Vatican in regard to "Happiness in Hell;" and the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* may be found a copy of the "Decree," with an account of the "methods" of the "Sacred Congrega-

tion of Cardinals," when they move to declare a book "forbidden": all over the familiar signature of Father Clarke, S.J. British good nature is just now listening to Rome, as may be noticed by any casual reader of the current numbers.

* * *

Miss Taylor, in the current *National Review*, appears under the title of "An Englishwoman in Thibet."

* * *

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly announce a volume of selections from the correspondence of Matthew Arnold.

* * *

Dr. H. Macleod has published (Burnet) a cheap edition at sixpence, of his "Far East, a familiar Account of a Visit to India."

—————:O:—————

DUBLIN LODGE.

The session now commenced, meeting on Wednesday evenings at 3 Upper Ely-place, has every promise of increased activity, harmony, and solidarity. The transference of the valuable printing plant to the headquarters, which is about to take place, provides increased facilities for the issue of circulars, leaflets, pamphlets, and reprints of valuable articles and books at a low cost, and will afford abundant scope for the surplus energy of our active members. At the meeting on the 30th August, the amount still due on the plant, £22, was promptly subscribed by the members, so that the whole plant now becomes the collective property of the Lodge ; thanks to the theosophical action of our North Dublin brethren, who have so strenuously helped forward Masters' cause.

FRED J. DICK, *Secretary*.

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THEOSOPHIST

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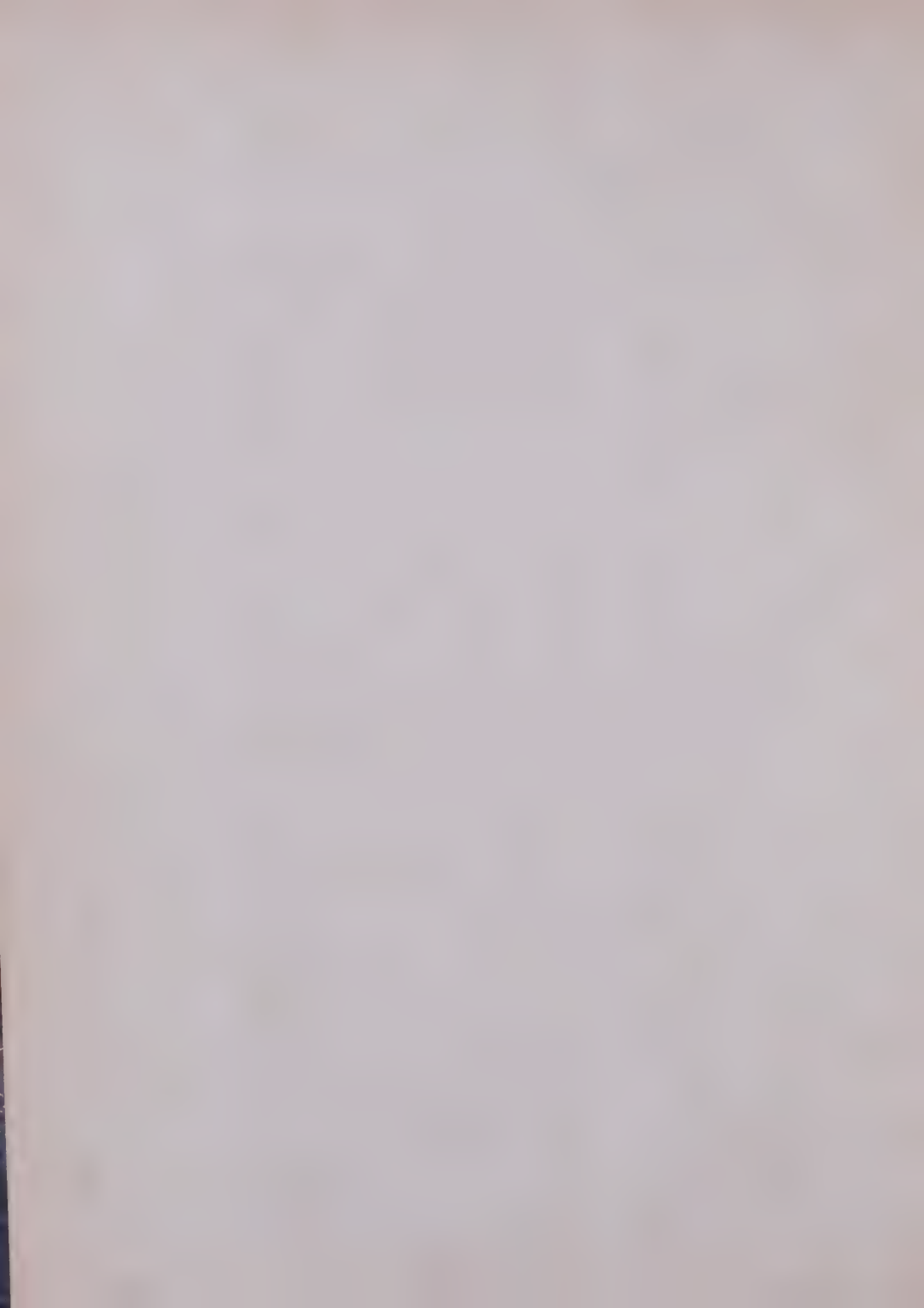
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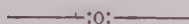
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The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

OURSELVES.

“WE go right on!” We hope that the many shortcomings of the past year have been but an indication of our endeavours toward a more rounded perfection. Crude and sharply angular our initial effort has been, yet, we hope, not without promise of greater things. Although depending as much as ever on our friends elsewhere for interest and support, we intend to devote more of our attention during the coming year to Ireland.

In this country, perhaps, more than any other, the mutual distrust and intolerance, with which the devotees of the different sects—Roman Catholic and Protestant—regard each other, and the opposition by each, and all, against any attempt to harmonize the philosophy of things have been more marked. The Protestants’ faith and reason, have been aptly compared to boys playing at see-saw on a beam balanced by an immovable bar. Rome, however, does not see-saw at all. It stands solid on its feet; reason thrust down, and held there.

Some one has said, “Rome is a coal bed alike in its Theology, its art, custom, pageant, and ritual,” and here where she holds sway we find less aptitude in the art of competitive production, and the people less disposed, generally speaking, to industrial and mental energy. And why? Because that which was once light and heat, has become fossilized strata, hardened during the pressure of the ages. Protestantism too, that began as an assertion of the right of the individual to think for himself, in so far as it has receded from centralized Rome, has become weak and ineffective. It is noticeable also, that Agnostics find the satisfaction which the religion of Rome affords its adherents, by yielding themselves up to the pleasureable influences of Nature.

Strange as it may appear, through each and all the soul seeks for some fitting expression of itself. Each in a measure indicates the weakness of the other. Now, we think, it is just here where Theosophy comes in. It stands at the meeting of the ways. It recognizes that each system has its uses, but objects to the endeavours made to constitute each a finality. It asserts, that there can be no limits placed on the possibilities of the Soul, and that necessarily, all mental ligatures must be cut asunder, in the advance of wider culture and intelligence. It teaches us to disregard alluring promises, and threatenings of peril, and asks us to seek Truth for herself alone, for “there is no religion higher than Truth.”

As the mission of Theosophy in the world of to-day becomes understood, the old time prejudice will slowly disappear. Already those who were left on the one hand at the mercy of a bleak ecclesiasticism, and on the other, of a barren science,

have felt new joy and satisfaction in the channels of fresh discovery, and the vistas of thought opened up by a study of the old wisdom-religion ; old, but ever renewing from that far off time, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

It will be seen then, that we but seek to proclaim afresh, the old truths that have been almost obscured and obliterated, and so shed their light and warmth anew upon the many perplexing problems of to-day ; to revive again that old joy and beauty through the forms of decay ; to call forth the potency and promise of the God within every man. Beyond the warring of many creeds, there dwells harmony—the harmony of that deeper, fuller, song, which is the cradle of Man and of his living Soul

Theosophy extends to-day over *every land*, but *our* message particularly is for Ireland. We are not without faith in its future. The fires were alight on its towers before England arose from the sea. The spirit of our ancient race still lives ; still lives, and breathes. To her, we say, rise then ! take your place once more in the van of spiritual freedom—"as beauty veiled like justice, might in thought"—and drink from the antique flagons of wisdom, filled with songs that by the world are heard no more.

Meantime "*we* go right on" full of hope and courage.

—————:O:—————

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

XI. REINCARNATION (*continued*).

WE have endeavoured to show that the popular confusion and want of thought upon the question of the soul's nature, is one great reason why the doctrine of Reincarnation seems improbable and unwelcome to so many. When the modern Theosophical movement was started eighteen years ago, there existed but little interest in such enquiries—at all events of a widespread or general character. Two theories, not always very clearly distinguished, held the field ; one that of materialism, which identified the soul with the body ; the other that hazy conception of an "immortal something" conferred upon us at birth by God, which is still prevalent amongst the majority of Christians. Now one of the first and most characteristic features of Theosophy has been its analysis of man's inner being into *several* distinct constituents, some present to the ordinary consciousness, others still latent therein. A protest has been made, and an alternative suggested, to the old division, so crude and meaningless, of "soul and body." True, no very exhaustive or detailed account of the nature of the "seven principles" has been given, but the main point insisted on has been, that the roots of man's being extend far beneath and beyond that narrow circle of personal consciousness, of limited thoughts, emotions, desires, which we call our *self*, and that the Soul or Ego, far from being fully contained in and moulded by the physical brain and senses (as most people seem to imagine) is a distinct and complex entity, with subtle consciousness and faculties extending through many planes or realms of Nature besides this solid one of matter. It is therefore held that the real self acts *through* the body as one instrument only out of many ; dwelling apart from it yet standing behind the "I" that it contains ; and that as such it knows and participates in our actions as if from behind a screen—a screen transparent indeed to the inner vision, though opaque to the perceptions of what we term our "waking" selves.

An unexpected side-light upon this ancient doctrine of the Soul has come in recent years from the renewed interest awakened in the phenomena of somnambulism and kindred states. For often in these conditions, the outer senses being stilled, strange faculties and powers of the mind, an exalted intelligence and

clearness of memory have shone out, of whose presence the "waking" brain had given no sign. The confidence of materialist views of consciousness has received a check. More and more, among students of these things, the conviction has grown, that the brain is not the *cause* of thought but the *instrument* of the real Thinker, who remains behind it, and above its comprehension or perception; that in fact there exist in man two selves, an Inner and an Outer, one changeable, forgetful, perishable; the other calm, watchful, forgetting nothing, treasuring all experience for some mysterious purpose of its own. But whether or not hypnotism leads to or justifies such belief, the teaching is that of Theosophy, and this must be grasped ere the doctrine of Reincarnation can be properly understood, or its apparent difficulties explained.

Thus with regard to the question so often put, as to why we do not remember our past lives, the answer can soon be found in a true notion of what the Ego is who reincarnates. The truth (it will then be seen) is that the former lives are *not* forgotten. Their memory can be and has been recovered by some who have succeeded in reaching (whether by natural gift or by occult training) some unusual degree of union with the Inner Self. Where this is not attained, the outer memory naturally recalls but the doings of the personal self with which it has grown and developed, and only shows its heritage from the past in those special leanings, characteristics or aptitudes which most people exhibit more or less decidedly, from early infancy.

For it is held in the east, and in Theosophy, that what we call *character* is not the mere result of hereditary transmission (though heredity does supply the basis or material through which character works)—but far more the outcome of tendencies set up in past lives—tendencies which when strong enough impress themselves upon the permanent ego, and remain to form the seed, as it were, of new personalities, strictly continuous with those that have gone before. And here we find the *rationale* of the doctrine of *Karma*, or the great evolutionary law of adjustment and harmony which guides the soul's progress, and metes out to each man the opportunities or hindrances which his own hands have made him. Karma and Reincarnation are in fact corollary to one another. Together they afford us that solution of life's riddles, that clue to the enigma of existence, for which the West, with all her intellectual and material advance, feels herself so completely at a loss.

The objection is sometimes raised, that it is not consistent with justice that we should suffer the results of actions which we have forgotten. Perhaps, according to our notions of human justice, there is some force in the objection, which is, nevertheless, superficial, and not wholly applicable to the facts. One may point out, to begin with, that we all (or most of us) enjoy also many pleasures and comforts without in the least doubting our perfect right thereto. Yet if the suffering is unjust, the pleasures must, at least, be equally so. But (it will be answered) happiness is the natural and proper condition of man and requires no justification, whereas pain is *unnatural*, injurious, and wholly evil. Here is the crux of the whole matter. Here lurks the assumption which joined to the other false notion that loss of memory means change of identity, and that the person who suffers, and the person who produced the suffering, are different and distinct beings—underlies all complaints against Nature's just and wise law. Both assumptions are, however, gratuitous, hasty, and indefensible.

We hardly need to go even to the Theosophic doctrine of soul-evolution to find a beneficent office constantly fulfilled by pain. But in the light of such a design and purpose behind life as that doctrine reveals, one begins still more clearly to see that pain, equally with pleasure, is necessary for that deepening and purification of the inner nature that is to culminate in Godhood. So then if we regard all suffering as a discipline as well as a penalty, as a probation no less than as a punishment, the question of injustice no longer appears in the same light, and though we may not at

once arrive at that indifference to pain and pleasure which the Sages counsel, we shall be less ready to cry out about injustice, or to wish to lecture the wise nurse Nature on the faulty systems of education which she has adopted for the upbringing of her children.

As to that other objection that we really suffer, or are rewarded, for the deeds of someone else, because even if the Inner Self recalls the former life and its actions, we, the sufferers, do not remember—all that can be said is, that while such memory might or might not be gratifying, there is no injustice, but in all probability a benefit, in its non-possession at present. It sometimes happens that people lose their memory completely even of past events in their present life. They nevertheless are constantly liable to the direct effects, whether good or bad, of those events. This never strikes us as unjust. On the other hand, how often do we find memory a hindrance rather than a help to the acquirement of fresh faculties, the exercise of energies that we feel within us but have not courage to use. We think we have a tradition to keep up, or the influence of some false creed or culture lies heavy upon us, and life's calls and opportunities pass us by unheeded. Therefore Nature is ever drawing a curtain behind us as we advance, planting us down in new surroundings, setting before us fresh chances and tests. It is all strictly in the way of desert, of course. We reap but what we ourselves have sown. But is it not a possible advantage that we are not (as otherwise we might be) elated or depressed, or confused, or otherwise diverted from the present and its calls, by thoughts and memories of a past whose lessons, though pictured on the mind, might not yet be engrained within the heart?

Still, be it remembered that these memories are not beyond recall. Their secret is known to the enduring Self—that "Pilot" whom all may hope at some time to meet with, face to face, and of whom some great souls, even now, have knowledge. The time is not ripe as yet for most men, but some day, as Paul said, "we shall know, as we are known."

—————:O:—————

LOSS AND GAIN.

"And find in loss a gain to match."

We weep and moan for what can never be,
 We raise a golden image of the past
 And bow before it, worshipping. Held fast,
 We know not yet the law that makes us free
 The law of our own being; cannot see
 That we from change to change advancing, cast
 Upon the flame which burns while time shall last
 The garments of the soul. "Come unto me"
 The Christos ever cries. We hear the call
 Even now, with half dimmed ears; to understand.
 Is not yet ours. But when that day shall fall
 When we, sad wanderers in a weary land,
 Have found the promised rest, we know that all
 Will then be ours by that divine command.

E. M. D.

—————:O:—————

AT THE DAWN OF THE KALIYUGA.

WHERE we sat on the hillside together that evening the winds were low and the air was misty with light. The huge unbrowned slope on which we were sitting was sprinkled over with rare spokes of grass; it ran down into the vagueness underneath where dimly the village could be seen veiled by its tresses of lazy

smoke. Beyond was a bluer shade and a deeper depth, out of which, mountain beyond mountain, the sacred heights of Himalay rose up through star-sprinkled zones of silver and sapphire air. How gay were our hearts! the silent joy of the earth quickened their beating. What fairy fancies alternating with sweetest laughter came from childish lips! in us the Golden Age whispered her last, and departed. Up came the white moon, her rays of dusty pearl slanting across the darkness from the old mountain to our feet. "A bridge!" we all cried, "Primaveeta, who long to be a sky-walker, here is a bridge for you!"

Primaveeta only smiled; he was always silent; he looked along the gay leagues of pulsating light that lead out to the radiant mystery. We went on laughing and talking; then Primaveeta broke his silence.

"Vyassa," he said, "I went out in thought, I went into the light, but it was not that light. I felt like a fay; I sparkled with azure and lilac; I went on, and my heart beat with longing for I knew not what, and out and outward I sped till desire stayed and I paused, and the light looked into me full of meaning. I felt like a spark, and the dancing of the sea of joy bore me up, up, up!"

"Primaveeta, who can understand you?" said his little sister Vina, "you always talk of the things no one can see; Vyassa, sing for us."

"Yes! yes! let Vyassa sing!" they all cried; and they shouted and shouted until I began:—

"Shadowy petalled, like the lotus, loom the mountains with their snows:
Through the sapphire Soma rising, such a flood of glory throws
As when first in yellow splendour Brahma from the lotus rose.

"High above the darkening mounds where fade the fairy lights of day,
All the tiny planet folk are waving us from far away;
Thrilled by Brahma's breath they sparkle with the magic of the gay.

"Brahma, all alone in gladness, dreams the joys that throng in space,
Shepherds all the whirling splendours onward to their resting place,
Where at last in wondrous silence fade in One the starry race."

"Vyassa is just like Primaveeta, he is full of dreams to-night," said Vina. And indeed I was full of dreams; my laughter had all died away; a vague and indescribable unrest came over me; the universal air around seemed thrilled by the stirring of unknown powers. We sat silent awhile; then Primaveeta cried out: "Oh, look, look, look, the Devas! the bright persons! they fill the air with their shining."

We saw them pass by and we were saddened, for they were full of solemn majesty; overhead a chant came from celestial singers full of the agony of farewell and departure, and we knew from their song that the gods were about to leave the earth which would nevermore or for ages witness their coming. The earth and the air around it seemed to tingle with anguish. Shuddering we drew closer together on the hillside while the brightness of the Devas passed onward and away; and clear cold and bright as ever, the eternal constellations, which change or weep not, shone out, and we were alone with our sorrow. Too awed we were to speak, but we clung closer together and felt a comfort in each other; and so, crouched in silence; within me I heard as from far away a note of deeper anguish, like a horn blown out of the heart of the ancient Mother over a perished hero: in a dread moment I saw the death and the torment; he was her soul-point, the light she wished to shine among men. What would follow in the dark ages to come, rose up before me in shadowy, overcrowding pictures; like the surf of a giant ocean they fluctuated against the heavens,

NOTE.—Kaliyuga. The fourth, the *black* or iron age, our present period, the duration of which is 432,000 years. It began 3,102 years B.C. at the moment of Krishna's death, and the first cycle of 5,000 years will end between the years 1897 and 1898.

crested with dim, gigantesque and warring figures. I saw stony warriors rushing on to battle; I heard their fierce hard laughter as they rode over the trampled foe; I saw smoke arise from a horrible burning, and thicker and blacker grew the vistas, with here and there a glow from some hero heart that kept the true light shining within. I turned to Primaveeta who was crouched beside me: he saw with me vision for vision, but, beyond the thick black ages that shut me out from hope, he saw the resurrection of the True, and the homecoming of the gods. All this he told me later, but now our tears were shed together. Then Primaveeta rose up and said, "Vyassa, where the lights were shining, where they fought for the True, there you and I must fight; for, from them spreads out the light of a new day that shall dawn behind the darkness." I saw that he was no longer a dreamer; his face was firm with a great resolve. I could not understand him, but I determined to follow him, to fight for the things he fought for, to work with him, to live with him, to die with him; and so, thinking and trying to understand, my thoughts drifted back to that sadness of the mother which I had first felt. I saw how we share joy or grief with her, and, seized with the inspiration of her sorrow, I sang about her loved one:—

"Does the earth grow grey with grief
For her hero darling fled?
Though her vales let fall no leaf,
In our hearts her tears are shed.

"Still the stars laugh on above,
Not to them her grief is said;
Mourning for her hero love
In our hearts her tears are shed.

"We her children mourn for him,
Mourn the elder hero dead;
In the twilight grey and dim
In our hearts the tears are shed."

"Vyassa," they said, "you will break our hearts." And we sat in silence and sorrow more complete till we heard weary voices calling up to us from the darkness below: "Primaveeta! Vyassa! Chandra! Parvati! Vina! Vasudeva!" calling all our names. We went down to our homes in the valley; the breadth of glory had passed away from the world, and our hearts were full of the big grief that children hold.

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NOTES ON THE ADWAITA PHILOSOPHY (*Continued*)

Compiled from "Monism or Adwaitism," "Vasudeva Manava," "The Theosophic Glossary," etc.

This spiritual wisdom which annihilates individuality is of two kinds, the indirect and the direct. The indirect kind is that which is gained by hearing the teaching of others, or by reading the sacred books. This kind of wisdom, as the Adwaita puts it, destroys disbelief in the Reality, or as we should put it, it breaks down Atheism or Materialism, and enables the student to realise that God *may* be a Reality. In short it converts an Atheist into an Agnostic. He hears or reads that others have known God, and by that means comes to see that a knowledge of God is not impossible. This, as the Adwaita says, is Hearing, or the first stage. Then after the removal of doubt through hearing, dawns the belief in the existence of the Real

and thus the way is prepared for direct knowledge, the second kind of wisdom, and the only path to final emancipation. This direct knowledge destroys not only Atheism but agnosticism. The indirect wisdom has destroyed disbelief in the Reality. The direct wisdom does more, it brings knowledge of the Reality. As the Adwaita says, "A man becomes firmly convinced of the Reality of the Cause and not of the Effects" (Vasudeva Manava). "It is the dictum of Vedanta that whoever, after due enquiry, becomes conscious of the fact that there is no other Reality in the Universe than Brahman, and that I (the Ego) is only that Brahman—he is freed from the trammels of birth." (Vasudeva Manava).

The Adwaita Philosophy also deals with the study of the evolution of the universe as a help to the acquiring of right knowledge or realising the omnipresence of Atma. The plan of evolution which it sets forth is similar in its main features to that given in the Secret Doctrine, but differs from it in various details. It is as it were another expression of the same set of truths. The best elementary presentments of it are given in "Monism or Adwaitism," and in an article in *Lucifer* for March, 1892. In each of these there is a table or plan of the evolution of the Universe as considered from the point of view of the Adwaita Philosophy, with an explanation in detail in each case. The system is much simpler and easier to grasp than that of the Secret Doctrine, and forms a useful prelude to it. It is possible to grasp it as a whole, and thus get some notion of what evolution means, whereas the method of the Secret Doctrine cannot be grasped as a whole by a beginner.

One of the main features in the Adwaita system is the omnipresence in the material universe of the three qualities or *gunas*, sattva, rajas, and tamas, sometimes translated truth, passion and darkness, sometimes goodness, badness, and indifference; and in various other ways. These three qualities are frequently alluded to in all the ancient Hindu writings. They exist in all men, as well as in all aspects of nature. The Bhagavad-gita says "There is no creature on earth or among the hosts of Heaven who is free from these three qualities which arise from nature." But it also says that to obtain liberation it is necessary to rise above these three qualities, "*to sit as one unconcerned above the three qualities and understand by them.*"

Thus liberation does not mean goodness precisely, but a rising superior to both good and evil, a separating oneself from the acts of the personality, a realising of one's true nature as the Universal Spirit, who takes no part in the affairs of life, but simply watches and directs them. When a man gets into an impersonal frame of mind, ceases to identify himself with the acts of his personality, but merely studies those acts and analyses them as a disinterested spectator, from that time forward he makes no new karma. He is no longer the animal in which he dwells. He directs the animal, but he no longer *is* the animal, and its past misdeeds do not distress him. Then he begins to be independent of blame or praise, for he is no longer the person whom men praise or blame. He is the persons' master, whom neither praise or blame can reach. All the energy which was before spent in useless regrets, in vain desires, in childish self gratification, is now set free for useful work, so that his rate of progress towards the goal rapidly increases.

When the Ego has resolved to throw aside all hope of reward, and has thus ceased to attach itself to results, Karma will work itself out, but the Ego will be free from its effects, and will lay up no more Karma. "There is freedom under necessity. Man is free by his very nature so far as his spirit is concerned, but he is under strict necessity so far as his personality is concerned" (Monism or Adwaitism). The essence of the Adwaita Philosophy may be expressed in the following words from the Bhagavad-gita:—"A man is said to be confirmed in spiritual knowledge when he forsaketh every desire which entereth into his heart, and of himself is happy and content in the Self, through the Self. His mind is undisturbed in adversity, he is happy and contented in prosperity, and he is a stranger to anxiety, fear, and anger."

SARAH CORBETT.

THE GREAT BREATH.

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
 Withers once more the old blue flower of day ;
 There where the ether like a diamond glows
 Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air ;
 Sparkle the delicate dewes, the distant snows ;
 The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere
 The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
 Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,
 Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
 And knows herself in death.

G. W. R.

—:O:—

UNITY

“That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men.

“It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, Thy Soul and My Soul.”

I have failed ! how often that thought turns peace to pain, and life's sweetness into the very waters of Marah.

In some task bravely undertaken, some deed of mercy attempted, failure instead of success has apparently crowned our effort ; what does it matter if we have failed, if the motive has been unselfish, the work bravely done ? why should we be exempt from failure ? Why should we claim that results often only to be estimated in years to come, should be at once obvious to us.

“Have you heard that it is good to win the day ? I say that it is good to fall—battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won” writes Walt Whitman ; and it is well to remember that fact sometimes. “In our dark fortnights” lit by no gleam of intuition ; in the hours of intense weariness that follow repeated and long sustained effort ; in the blankness and desolation that often come after moments of enlightenment ; when the struggle seems endless, and the forlorn hope not worth the battling ; when the tired feet stand still and no advance seems possible, and the helpful hands are folded for a time in despondency—then it is well to call to mind past days when the heart-light shone upon the path ; it is not extinguished ; although dark night envelope us it shines there still behind the clouds.

If the failure is real and not imaginary, what has caused it ? The hand could not accomplish the work the brain planned. True, but what hand ever did. The act has not expressed the feeling of the heart : but the motive was all, the deed nothing. The will has been hampered by the body : but to have willed is in itself surely something ; and we should learn to believe what is written for our guidance, that “each failure is success and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time.”

Let us look at the matter closely : our very words will themselves reveal the cause of failure. “I have failed.” The definitions, the words of separateness, may contain that letter. The alphabet of altruism has no *I* ; while we retain it we have not learned to kill out all sense of separateness, or recognized that before we can attempt

to work for humanity or in Master's name we must be equally willing to stand aside if needs be, and let others do the work.

Or want of harmony may account for it. Some "little rift within the lute" and the music of life is changed to discord; some harsh word repented of as soon as said, perhaps, but which hurt another; some bitter thought swift as lightning that swept across the lake of our consciousness, and ruffled the surface; some rebellion against the good Law; or impatience with our environment; some false note somewhere; at all costs we must restore harmony, accept our Karma, "kill out the sense of separation and erase the *I* from the future record of our life.

To find the place of peace, to be able to help others, to succeed, we must recognize the unity of all. "Thy soul and my soul" is not the language of the True, we cannot help others unless one with them. I fail to relieve my brother's sufferings as long as I regard him as an object of compassion. I read his heart, only when mine beats in union with his, and I suffer in his sufferings through oneness with him.

You cannot raise those whose feet are held fast in the mire of life, if you strive to reach down to them from levels you have reached. It cannot be done. The only place where help becomes possible is where they are. If they find footing there you can. Their sin, their sorrow is yours; until that lesson is learned it is useless to strive to raise them.

Your words of cheer cannot reach other hearts until you learn the heart language. Then only can you "be in full accord with all that lives," and become attuned to every sigh and thought of suffering humanity. The heart language spells one word, *Unity*, and translated means the intense conviction of non-separateness of all. To learn that language in all its fulness, the voice "must have lost the power to wound." If I am my brother I shall not vex him with hasty words, nor shall I strive for supremacy, or fancied rights, or be over careful to take offence at trifles.

Harmony in word and act, unity in all things—if these were attained what might not be achieved! One thing at least; the basis of Universal Brotherhood upon which the long-looked for age of equality and fraternity might rest, would be firmly laid.

Unity alone will make it possible for the gracious influence to flow from other planes to ours, until in the lapse of time peace would lie "like a bright shaft of light across the land."

—:o:—

K. B. L.

PROOF AS TO MASTERS

(*From Path of October, 1893.*)

ALWAYS since the first proclamation by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett of the existence and work of Masters, there has continued a controversy as to the nature and sufficiency of the evidence. Most persons outside the Theosophical Society reject the doctrine and despise the evidence; many within it regard both as having some plausibility, though to be treated rather as a "pious opinion" than an actual fact; a few are convinced that Masters are an evolutionary necessity as well as a certified reality; and a still smaller number have had their belief fortified by a personal experience which is conclusive. To the first, Masters are a chimera; to the second, a probability; to the third a truth; to the fourth, a certainty. Is there any reason to suppose that the assurance of the last can be made to extend to the others, and, if so, by what means and upon what lines? This raises the question of the evidence available in the specific case of Masters.

The asserted fact is that there exists a body of exalted men, with faculties, powers, and knowledge enormously transcending those we cognize, who, though usually unseen, are ceaselessly interested in the well-being of humanity and cease-

lessly working to promote it. It is an assertion of much the same kind as that there are Angels, though somewhat more unfamiliar, and a not unnatural tendency to distrust novelty prompts to exaction of explicit evidence. Such evidence in such a case may be (*a*) direct sight, or (*b*) the execution of marvels impossible to ordinary human beings, or (*c*) the disclosure of truths unknown to humanity on our level, or (*d*) an interior influence or impression upon the soul referable to no other source. And yet it is clear that direct sight would not of itself identify a Master, since his physical body is like that of other men, and also that an interior influence or impression would prove nothing to one not already convinced. Hence the evidence demanded is a visible appearance of a Master, coupled with a conclusive display of Occult power or knowledge.

But even this evidence, in the form of testimony, is pronounced inadequate. Various witnesses have deposed to a sight of Masters—Col. Olcott having had repeated interviews with them, Occult powers have been exhibited, and no small part of the early Theosophical literature is of letters written by them upon matters beyond the ken of any scientist or historian. The triple fact has received evidence copious in amount, more so, indeed, than have geographical explorations which the civilized world accepts as final. It is rejected, however, by very many readers because merely the assertion of others and therefore not demonstrative. “I must see for myself: if I am to believe that Masters exist, it must be because one has Himself appeared to me or otherwise evidenced certainly His power. Testimony is not proof: only experience can be *that*. And so a frequent attitude is of entire incredulity until and because a Master gives direct and visible demonstration to each separate critic.

At this point two questions arise: *first*, to what class of persons have Masters, in fact, vouchsafed proof of their existence?; *second*, with what object? Inspection of the cases shows that they were of individuals avowedly interested in the cause of humanity and actively at work on its behalf; not curiosity-seekers, not scientists examining a theory under test conditions, not indifferent members of the T. S. And the class discloses the object of their selection; *viz.* that they should be equipped with fact needful for their efficient work, be assured that the work was actually fostered by the real Founders, be strengthened and impelled by the consciousness of near relation. To reward for zeal and to endow with certainly was the motive of the demonstration.

If this has been the purport of such evidential disclosures of Masters as have been recorded in Theosophical literature, it is fair to infer that it rules in later cases and will persist unchanged. The primary object is not to furnish tested examples whereby an incredulous world may be coerced into acceptance, or even to satisfy lukewarm Theosophists that there is more in the doctrine than they are yet ready to concede. Whether a scoffer or an indifferentist believes in the existence of Masters can hardly be a matter of moment to Masters Themselves, for the absence of interest makes needless an attempt at conviction. Why should a Master concern Himself with demonstrating a fact for which the recipient is unprepared, for which he cares nothing, and of which he would make no use? Why should any power expend itself on a soil suspicious of it, unwilling to receive it, unfitted to utilize it? And if it be urged that inrefragable proof is the first requirement from agents soliciting an intellectual conviction, the answer is that Masters solicit nothing; if that there can be no blame to doubt unremoved by evidence, the answer is that no blame has been imputed, no criminality incurred. The evidence has been to a specific class, for a specific purpose: no one outside of it has material for grievance.

Since the departure of H.P.B., the exhibitions of Masters' activity in the Society, and even of Their interest in individual members, seem to have increasingly multiplied. In the published writings of those nearer to our Unseen Protectors than are we ordinary members, there are very striking indications of a loosening of reserve, a

freer disclosure, a more explicit statement, than has ever yet been ever supposed possible. Eyes not specially quick to discern have perceived marks of a changing policy, and are prepared for still fuller revelations in a future very near. Nay, on lower levels, in quarters where no favours had been anticipated or even coveted, this enlargement of Adept manifestation has had place. That in certain remarkable instances America should lately have been the scene need surprise no one who remembers H.P.B.'s prophecies of its future. If no proclamation of facts has startled the Section, if no details have crept through the ranks, this means only that the purpose of such manifestation is now, as it was formerly, a reward to faithful workers and an aid to their better work.

Certainly it is conceivable that there are epochs in organized labor and in individual career when extraordinary measures of help are fitting. Crises in work, crises in character, crises in time arise, wherefrom may come a permanent issue for good if all can be guided rightly. It may be that the turning-point means a sudden evolution of energy invaluable in the mission of the Society; or that a wounded spirit, wounded by suffering, needs succour from the Masters of Compassion; or that a group of united workers have reached the stage of fuller union and richer labor. To the Wise Ones all forms of want in Their servants appeal, and in the vast treasury of Adept resource is found every means to meet them. Counsel, sympathy, strengthening, help, revelation of the past and of the future, every necessary aid is at their disposal; and whether it is transmitted in messages or letters, or audible sounds, what matters it if the source is certain and the end secured.

In the more recent, as in the earlier, manifestations of Masters' interest, the recipients and the motive remain the same. It is to Their zealous, faithful servants and friends that the demonstration comes, and it comes as a reward for work, an encouragement, a stimulus to more work. Even if in no one mind had ever moved a doubt as to the assertion "We always help those who help us," there might have been in many a need for help,—and then the help came. But it came on the lines of the assertion.

This very simple truth is filled with a lesson for all Theosophists. There is heard at times a question as to the reality of Masters, or of the sufficiency of its proof, or of Their actual manifestation in the Society. Men say that they will not believe unless they see with their own eyes, and test with their own organs. Very well; let it be so. But then they must furnish the condition to the manifestation. It is not intellectual interest or critical acumen or even open-mindedness to proof; it is that sincere and unselfish devotion to the Theosophic Cause, that continuous and whole-souled labor on its behalf, which identifies them in spirit with Masters and makes relations fitting. When they have demonstrated that identification, and when need arises for distinct disclosure, it will be given. Anyone solicitous for proof of Masters should first test his claim to it, and it is easy to query in himself whether he and They are so far alike in aim and effort that it is proper they should meet. If the life is indolent, indifferent, self-seeking, what have the two in common? Why should be conceded to curiosity what is avowedly reserved for service? But if the searching question shows identity of purpose and of zeal, the community of character is assured and then manifestation in the hour of need becomes a promise. It may not be to the eyes, and it may not be in phenomena or marvel, but it will be abounding and conclusive, and the enriched soul, filled with peace and abiding trust, will rest as upon a rock, doubts and misgivings and forebodings powerless forevermore. "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." "We ALWAYS help those who help us."

ALEXANDER FULLERTON, F.T.S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EXPRESSION OF BELIEF IS NOT DOGMATISM.

To the Editor of the "Irish Theosophist."

DEAR SIR,—In the course of conversation, and of reading Theosophical journals, I have gathered that there is an opinion afloat, that Theosophists should not express publicly their belief in certain tenets—the existence of Mahatmas especially—unless they are prepared to come forward with proofs of their statements; because to do so would be to dogmatise. But I must confess that I do not see where the dogmatism comes in, for I have always understood that a dogma is a proposition *forced upon* people by authority, a very different thing from merely stating one's conviction of a thing, and leaving others to accept or reject it as their reason dictates. Surely, Sir, it would be very prejudicial to the progress of Theosophic ideas, if we were all to abstain from proclaiming our beliefs merely from fear that a few weak-minded persons might accept them dogmatically? I cannot *prove* the existence of Masters to other people, but I do not see why I should be prevented from putting the idea before them for investigation, and from telling them what my own convictions are in the matter. People know the T. S. is not dogmatic, and if they accept my statements as dogmas it is not my fault. Hoping I may have the benefit of your views on this subject, I am, etc.—“NOT ASHAMED OF MY CONVICTION.”

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LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

THAT pure great light which is radiant; that great glory; that verity which the gods worship; that by means of which the sun shines forth—that eternal divine being is perceived by devotees. The real and the unreal have both the same real entirely as their basis. The being who is the inner Self, is not seen, being placed in the heart. Meditating on him, a wise man remains placid.—*Saratyugatiya*.

The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two having different objects claim a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.—*Katha Upanishad*.

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DUBLIN LODGE.

The Discussions at 3 Upper Ely-place, during the following month will be as follows:—

- Oct. 18th—"A Study in Mythology."
- " 25th—"Consciousness."
- Nov. 1st—"A Seventeenth Century Theosophist."
- " 8th—"Reincarnation."
- " 15th—"The Three Qualities."

Opened by Brothers Jordan, Roberts, Magee, Varian, and Harrison, respectively.

Good reports of some recent meetings have appeared in the local newspapers. The meetings have been very well attended.

The printing plant is now at 3 Upper Ely-place, and some useful reprints of valuable works may soon be undertaken.

FRED. J. DICK, *Secretary*.

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THE ASCENDING CYCLE.

THE teaching of the Secret Doctrine divides the period during which human evolution proceeds upon this globe into seven periods. During the first three-and-a-half of these, the ethereal humanity who appeared in the First Race gradually become material in form, and the psychic spirituality of the inner man is transformed into intellectuality. During the remaining three-and-a-half periods, there is a gradual dematerialization of form; the inner man by slow degrees rises from mere brain intellection to a more perfected spiritual consciousness. We are told that there are correspondences between the early and later periods of evolution; the old conditions are repeated, but upon higher planes; we re-achieve the old spirituality with added wisdom and intellectual power. Looked at in this way we shall find that the Seventh Race corresponds to the First; the Sixth to the Second; and the Fifth Race (which is ours) corresponds with the Third. "We are now approaching a time," says the Secret Doctrine, "when the pendulum of evolution will direct its swing decidedly upward, bringing humanity back on a parallel line with the primitive Third Root Race in spirituality." That is, there will be existing on the earth, about the close of Fifth Race, conditions in some way corresponding with those prevailing when the Third Race men began their evolution. Though this period may be yet distant hundreds of thousands of years, still it is of interest to forecast that future as far as may be, for the future is concealed in the present, and is the outcome of forces working to-day. We may find out from this enquiry the true nature of movements like the Theosophical Society.

One of the most interesting passages in the Secret Doctrine is that which describes the early Third Race. "It was not a Race, this progeny. It was at first a wondrous Being, called the 'Initiator,' and after him a group of semi-divine and semi-human beings." Without at all attempting to explain the real nature of this mysterious Being or Race, we may assume that one of the things hinted at is the consciousness of united being possessed by these ancient Adepts. Walking abroad over the earth as instructors of a less progressed humanity,

their wisdom and power had a common root. They taught truth from a heart-perception of life, ever fresh and eternal, everywhere prevailing nature and welling up in themselves. This heart-perception is the consciousness of unity of inner being. The pendulum of evolution which in its upward swing will bring humanity backwards on a parallel line with the primitive Third Root Race, should bring back something corresponding to this primeval hierarchy of divine sages. We should see at the end of the Kaliyuga a new brotherhood formed from those who have risen out of material life and aims, who have conquered self, who have been purified by suffering, who have acquired strength and wisdom, and who have wakened up to the old magical perception of their unity in true Being. "At the end of the Kali, our present age, Vishnu, or the 'Everlasting King,' will appear as Kalki, and establish righteousness upon earth. The minds of those who live at that time shall be awakened and become pellucid as crystal."—(*Secret Doctrine*, II., 483.)

Passing beyond the turning point of evolution, where the delusion of separateness is complete, and moving on to that future awaiting us in infinite distances, when the Great Breath shall cease its outward motion and we shall merge into the One—on this uphill journey in groups and clusters men will first draw closer together, entering in spirit their own parent rays before being united in the source of all light and life. Such a brotherhood of men and women we may expect will arise, conscious in unity, thinking from one mind and acting from one soul. All such great achievements of the race are heralded long before by signs which those who study the lives of men may know. There is a gestation in the darkness of the womb before the living being appears. Ideals first exist in thought, and from thought they are outrealized into objective existence. The Theosophical Society was started to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, and its trend is towards this ideal. May we not justifiably suppose that we are witnessing to-day in this movement the birth of a new race corresponding to the divine Initiators of the Third; a race which shall in its inner life be truly a "Wondrous Being." I think we will perform our truest service to the Society by regarding it in this way as an actual entity whose baby years and mystical childhood we should foster. There are many people who know that it is possible by certain methods to participate in the soul-life of a co-worker, and if it is possible to do this even momentarily with one comrade, it is possible so to participate in the vaster life of great movements. There will come a time to all who have devoted themselves to this ideal, as H. P. Blavatsky and some others have done, when they will enter into the inner life of this great Being, and share the hopes, the aspirations, the heroism, and the failures which must be brought about when so many men and women are working together. To achieve this we should continually keep in mind this sense of unity; striving also to rise in meditation until we sense in the vastness the beating of these innumerable hearts glowing with heroic purpose: we should try to humanize our mysticism; "We can only reach the Universal Mind through the minds of humanity," and we can penetrate into their minds by continual concentration, endeavouring to realise their thoughts and feelings, until we carry always about with us in imagination, as Walt Whitman, "those delicious burdens, men and women."

G. W. R.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. W. B. YEATS.

A FEW evenings ago I called on my friend, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and found him alone, seated in his arm-chair, smoking his cigarette, with a volume of Homer before him. The whole room indicated the style and taste peculiar to its presiding genius. Upon the walls hung various designs by Blake and other less well-known symbolic artists; everywhere books and papers, in apparently endless profusion.

In his usual genial way he invited me to have a cup of tea with him. During this pleasant ceremony little was said, but sufficient to impress me more than ever with the fact that my host was supremely an artist, much in love with his art. With a passion deep and entrancing he adores his art: "his bread is from her lips; his exhilaration from the taste of her." The Muse finds in him a tongue to respond to her most subtle beauties. In song was handed down the great Solar Religions that advanced the people of antiquity; in song those of a later day received that which caused them to emerge from their cold isolation and kiss "the warm lips of Helios"; and in these days, too, we look to the poets for that inspiration which will

"Overflow mankind with true desires,
And guide new Ages on by flights of living lyres."

Tea over, I disclosed the object of my visit. "Mr. Yeats," I said, "I understand that you saw a great deal of Madame Blavatsky in the earlier days of the Theosophical movement in England, and so I thought you might have something to say regarding her, which would interest the readers of the IRISH THEOSOPHIST."

"Yes," replied Mr. Yeats, "I had the privilege of seeing Madame Blavatsky frequently at that time, and so many interesting little incidents crowd in upon me, that I find some difficulty in selecting what might be most interesting to your readers."

"Well," I replied, "suppose you begin by giving your personal impressions."

"Madame Blavatsky," said Mr. Yeats, "struck me as being a very strong character. In her ordinary moods, rather combative, and inclined to rub people's prejudices the other way. When depressed, she dropped her combativeness, and, thrown back on herself, as it were, became most interesting, and talked about her own life. A clever American, who was not a Theosophist, said to me once: 'Madame Blavatsky has become the most famous woman in the whole world, by sitting in her arm-chair, and getting people to talk to her.'"

"I have heard it stated," said I, "in connection with the Coloumb incidents, that Madame Blavatsky showed great lack of insight into character."

"For so powerful a personality," replied Mr. Yeats, "she did seem to lack something in that respect. I remember, for instance, on one occasion she introduced me to a French occultist, whom she spoke of very highly, and even urged me to read his books. Within a short time he was expelled from the Society for what appeared excellent reasons. 'I have had to expel him,' said Madame Blavatsky to me; 'he sold a love elixir for two francs; had it been forty francs I might have overlooked the fact.' On another occasion she told me, quite seriously, that I would have a severe illness within six months, and I am waiting for that illness still. Attempts are made by people very often,"

continued Mr. Yeats, "to wash humanity out of their leaders. Madame Blavatsky made mistakes; she was human, and to me that fact makes her, if possible, the more interesting. Another peculiarity was her evident lack of proportion. An attack on the Theosophical movement (she did not seem to mind personal attacks) in some obscure little paper, was to her of as much importance as if it appeared in the *Times*."

In reply to another question, Mr. Yeats remarked that she had met Demuss t a few times, and Balzac once. She had worked a little at occultism with George Sands, but, to use her own words, both were "mere dabblers" at the time.

"What did you think of Madame Blavatsky as a talker?" I asked.

"It has been said of Dr. Johnson," replied Mr. Yeats, "that the effeminate reader is repelled by him; and the same might be said of Madame Blavatsky as a talker. She had that kind of faculty which repelled the weak, and attracted those of a stronger temperament. She hated paradox, and yet she gave utterance to the most magnificent paradox I ever heard."

"As you heard her talk a good deal, perhaps you will kindly relate to me any interesting sayings that occur to you," said I.

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Yeats, lighting another cigarette. "I called on Madame Blavatsky one day, with a friend—a T. C. D. man. She was trying to explain to us the nature of the Akas, and was entering into an exceedingly subtle metaphysical analysis of the difference between fore-knowledge and predestination—a problem which has interested theologians of ancient, as well as modern times—showing the way in which the whole question was mixed up with the question of the Akas, when suddenly she broke off—my friend not following, and said, turning round, and pointing to one of her followers who was present: 'You with your spectacles and your impudence, you will be sitting there in the Akas to all eternity—no not to all eternity, for a day will come when even the Akas will pass away, and then there shall be nothing but God—Chaos—that which every man is seeking in his heart.'"

"At another time, when I called, she seemed rather depressed. 'Ah!' she said, 'there is no solidarity among the good; there is only solidarity among the evil. There was a time when I used to blame and pity the people who sold their souls to the devil, now I only pity them; I know why they do it; they do it to have somebody on their side.' 'As for me I write, write, write, as the Wandering Jew walks, walks, walks.'"

"On one occasion, too," said Mr. Yeats, continuing, "she referred to the Greek Church as the church of her childhood, saying: 'The Greek Church, like all true religions, was a triangle, but it spread out and became a bramble bush, and that is the Church of Rome; then they came and lopped off the branches, and turned it into a broomstick, and that is Protestantism.'"

In reply to a question, Mr. Yeats said, quoting her own words, with reference to Col. Olcott: "Ah! *he* is an honest man; *I* am an old Russian savage"; and, referring to Mr. Old, she said, with a hearty enthusiasm that, in certain respects, he was above all those about her at that time.

"Can you remember anything in the nature of a prophecy, Mr. Yeats, made by Madame Blavatsky, that might be of interest to record, notwithstanding the fact that you are yet awaiting your prophesied illness?" I asked.

"The only thing of that nature," replied Mr. Yeats, "was a reference to England." "The Master told me," said she, "that the power of England would not outlive the century, and the Master never deceived me."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Yeats," said I, "for the kind manner in which you have responded to my enquiries regarding Madame Blavatsky ; perhaps you will pardon me if I ask you one or two questions about your own work now. Do you intend, at any time, publishing a book on 'Mysticism'?"

"Yes ; at no very distant date I hope to publish a work dealing with mystics I have seen, and stories I have heard, but it will be as an artist, not as a controversialist."

"And what about your present work?" I asked.

"*'Celtic Twilight,'* a work dealing with ghosts, goblins, and faeries, will be out shortly ; also a small selection of *'Blake's Poems,'*" he replied. "Then, I am getting ready for publication, next spring, a book of poems, which I intend calling, *'The Wind among the Reeds'* ; and, as soon afterwards as possible, a collection of essays, and lectures dealing with Irish nationality and literature, which will probably appear under the title of the *'Watch Fire.'*"

After due apologies for my intrusion, I bade my host good evening, and withdrew feeling more than satisfied with the result of my interview.

Mr. Yeats has often been spoken of as a dreamer, and many strange stories are afloat which go a long way to bear out such a statement. But, in my opinion, he combines the man of thought with the man of action ; he is "whole of heart and sound of head," and Ireland may, indeed, be proud of one who promises to rank among her most worthy sons.

D. N. D.

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THEOSOPHY AND COMMERCE.

THERE is a disposition in certain quarters to look upon the Esoteric Philosophy as something altogether outside the sphere of the average man of business ; and, to an extent, Theosophists are themselves responsible for this. When asked an innocent question upon some ethical subject, or invited to explain our position upon such a problem of universal interest, say as evolution, we are apt to overwhelm the questioner with an elaborate disquisition, full of Sanskrit words, which are utterly meaningless to him, and he goes away with the idea that Theosophy is an Oriental jumble, unsuitable for sensible matter-of-fact Britons. On the other hand, there are many students who look upon Commerce as a sort of necessary evil to be barely tolerated, and those engaged in it as the inheritors of unfortunate Karma, whose daily life unfits them for deep spiritual experiences, and from whom it is useless to expect a real application of the high morality necessary to occult development.

As a business man, fully alive to the enormous amount of human thought now necessarily devoted to commercial matters in our "nation of shopkeepers," I venture to think it may be a useful enquiry to consider—first, what we may take to be the relation of Theosophy to Commerce ; and secondly, what are its advantages over other systems of thought, likely to attract men of business who possess some desire to satisfy the demands of their intellectual and spiritual nature ?

Competent critics have declared that the secret of England's greatness is the intense selfishness and energy of her merchants. It is undoubtedly true that the growth of the British Empire is largely due to these and similar characteristics, which will assuredly dominate the great Anglo-Saxon race for many years to come. One of the most striking facts noticed by every serious student of history is that where races or nations have developed particular features of character, which differentiates them from other ethnical groups of humanity, it has invariably been at the expense of other qualities equally important in forming the perfect man. Ancient Mexico and Peru, and the long chapters of Chinese history, are conspicuous examples of an advanced civilisation progressing side by side with the grossest superstition, and an utter disregard of the sanctity of human life. In England, on the other hand, may be traced a remarkable colonising and industrial spirit, but a general neglect of those vast problems of life which lie beyond the domain of materialistic science. The Western world is just discovering how little it knows of psychology and cognate subjects, which to the Eastern mind has been the most attractive field for study during long ages. It is the especial mission of Theosophy to demonstrate the supreme importance of these subjects in order to secure a rational and philosophical basis for conduct, and the next century will probably immortalise many Western devotees of the sciences connected with mind and spirit, as deservedly as the nineteenth has placed the names of Darwin and Huxley in a permanent niche of fame.

In England—and the same would be true of America—our existence is centred around the industrial and commercial energy of the people—and the great majority of men pass their lives amid a competitive system of the most exacting nature. It is in the constant efforts to provide new markets for the output of our great seats of production that Western habits are primarily carried into distant lands. It must be confessed that the existing war of tariffs, and the severe international competition in the markets of the world, do not favour the early realisation of that universal Brotherhood among men and nations, which is the first object of the Theosophical Society, cosmopolitan societies and congresses notwithstanding. We did something by throwing open English markets to the world fifty years ago; but the entire system of international exchange must be largely modified, and business men must learn to recognise the rights of their fellows, without distinction, before we may hope to see a real Brotherhood of Humanity become an accomplished fact. I believe the gradual abolition of monopolies and restrictive tariffs will do much in this direction; but this is a matter for the economist and statesman.

The fact that what are regarded as necessities of life are found distributed over so many lands points to the wisdom of unrestricted interchange of commodities among nations, and to the occult truth that we are all a part of the One Life, affected not merely by our own small environment, and the life of our community, but actually related on all planes with men of every race, creed and colour. Nature supplies us with a better code of morals than the churches in this, as in other matters.

Unfortunately, competition is not confined to nations, but at home we have the same internicine war—London fighting Manchester; Leeds opposed to Bradford; and Southampton pitted against Liverpool—while the struggle between

Newcastle, Belfast and Glasgow, shows what a really United Kingdom we are! The same applies to smaller areas, where large capitalists and co-operative societies are making the small tradesman a mere fly on the wheel. How like vipers in a barrel—seeing who can get his head uppermost! The awful *waste* in such a system must be apparent to everyone—not merely a material waste, but including the very health and character of the people.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MEDITATION OF PARVATI.

PARVATI rose up from his seat under the banyan tree. He passed his hand unsteadily over his brow. Throughout the day the young ascetic had been plunged in profound meditation, and now, returning from heaven to earth, he was dazed like one who awakens in darkness and knows not where he is. All day long before his inner eye burned the light of the Lokas, until he was wearied and exhausted with their splendours: space glowed like a diamond with intolerable lustre, and there was no end to the dazzling processions of figures. He had seen the fiery dreams of the dead in Swargam. He had been tormented by the sweet singing of the Gandharvas, whose choral song reflected in its ripples the rhythmic pulse of Being. He saw how the orbs, which held them, were set within luminous orbs of still wider circuit, and vaster and vaster grew the vistas, and smaller seemed the soul at gaze, until at last, a mere speck of life, he bore the burden of innumerable worlds. Seeking for Brahma, he found only the great illusion as infinite as Brahma's being.

If these things were shadows, the earth and the forests he returned to, viewed at evening, seemed still more unreal, the mere dusky flutter of a moth's wings in space. Filmy and evanescent, if he had sunk down as through a transparency into the void, it would not have been wonderful. Parvati turned homeward, still half in trance: as he threaded the dim alleys he noticed not the flaming eyes that regarded him from the gloom; the serpents rustling amid the undergrowths; the lizards, fire-flies, insects, the innumerable lives of which the Indian forest was rumourous; they also were but shadows. He paused half unconsciously at the village, hearing the sound of human voices, of children at play. He felt a throb of pity for these tiny beings who struggled and shouted, rolling over each other in ecstasies of joy; the great illusion had indeed devoured them before whom the Devas once were worshippers. Then close beside him he heard a voice; its low tones, its reverence soothed him: there was something akin to his own nature in it; it awakened him fully. A little crowd of five or six people were listening silently to an old man who read from a palm-leaf manuscript. Parvati knew his order by the orange-coloured robes he wore; a Bhikshu of the new faith. What was his delusion?

The old man lifted his head for a moment as the ascetic came closer, and then he continued as before. He was reading the "Legend of the Great King of Glory." Parvati listened to it, comprehending with the swift intuition and subtlety of a mystic the inner meaning of the Wonderful Wheel, the Elephant Treasure, the Lake and Palace of Righteousness. He followed the speaker,

understanding all until he came to the meditation of the King : then he heard with vibrating heart, how "the Great King of Glory entered the golden chamber, and set himself down on the silver couch. And he let his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love ; and so the second quarter, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, did he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure." When the old Bhikshu had ended, Parvati rose up, and went back again into the forest. He had found the secret of the True—to leave behind the vistas, and enter into the Being. Another legend rose up in his mind, a fairy legend of righteousness, expanding and filling the universe, a vision beautiful and full of old enchantment ; his heart sang within him. He seated himself again under the banyan tree ; he rose up in soul ; he saw before him images, long-forgotten, of those who suffer in the sorrowful old earth : he saw the desolation and loneliness of old age, the insults to the captive, the misery of the leper and outcast, the chill horror and darkness of life in a dungeon. He drank in all their sorrow. From his heart he went out to them. Love, a fierce and tender flame arose ; pity, a breath from the vast ; sympathy, born of unity. This triple fire sent forth its rays ; they surrounded those dark souls ; they pervaded them ; they beat down oppression.

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While Parvati, with spiritual magic, sent forth the healing powers, far away at that moment, in his hall, a king sat enthroned. A captive was bound before him ; bound, but proud, defiant, unconquerable of soul. There was silence in the hall until the king spake the doom, the torture, for this ancient enemy. The king spake : "I had thought to do some fierce thing to thee, and so end thy days, my enemy. But, I remember with sorrow, the great wrongs we have done to each other, and the hearts made sore by our hatred. I shall do no more wrong to thee. Thou art free to depart. Do what thou wilt. I will make restitution to thee as far as may be for thy ruined state." Then the soul no might could conquer was conquered, and the knees were bowed ; his pride was overcome. "My brother !" he said, and could say no more.

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To watch for years a little narrow slit high up in the dark cell, so high that he could not reach up and look out ; and there to see daily a little change from blue to dark in the sky had withered that prisoner's soul. The bitter tears came no more ; hardly even sorrow ; only a dull, dead feeling. But that day a great groan burst from him : he heard outside the laugh of a child who was playing and gathering flowers under the high, grey walls : then it all came over him, the divine things missed, the light, the glory, and the beauty that the earth puts forth for her children. The narrow slit was darkened : half of a little bronze face appeared.

"Who are you down there in the darkness who sigh so ? Are you all alone there ? For so many years ! Ah, poor man ! I would come down to you if I could, but I will sit here and talk to you for a while. Here are flowers for you," and a little arm showered them in handfuls ; the room was full of the intoxicating fragrance of summer. Day after day the child came, and the dull heart entered into human love once more.

* * * * *

At twilight, by a deep and wide river, sat an old woman alone, dreamy, and full of memories. The lights of the swift passing boats, and the lights of the stars, were just as in childhood and the old love-time. Old, feeble, it was time for her to hurry away from the place which changed not with her sorrow.

"Do you see our old neighbour there?" said Ayesha to her lover. "They say she once was as beautiful as you would make me think I am now. How lonely she must be! Let us come near and speak to her"; and the lover went gladly. Though they spoke to each other rather than to her, yet something of the past—which never dies when love, the immortal, has pervaded it—rose up again as she heard their voices. She smiled, thinking of years of burning beauty.

* * * * *

A teacher, accompanied by his chelas, was passing by the wayside where a leper was sitting. The teacher said, "Here is our brother whom we may not touch. But he need not be shut out from truth. We may sit down where he can listen." He sat down on the wayside beside the leper, and his chelas stood around him. He spoke words full of love, kindness, and pity, the eternal truths which make the soul grow full of sweetness and youth. A small old spot began to glow in the heart of the leper, and the tears ran down his withered cheeks.

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All these were the deeds of Parvati, the ascetic; and the Watcher who was over him from all eternity made a great stride towards that soul.

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TO A POET.

Oh, be not led away,
Lured by the colour of the sun-rich day.
The gay romance of song
Unto the spirit-life doth not belong.
Though far-between the hours
In which the Master of Angelic Powers
Lightens the dusk within
The Holy of Holies; be it thine to win
Rare vistas of white light,
Half-parted lips, through which the Infinite
Murmurs her ancient story;
Harkening to whom the wandering planets hoary
Waken primeval fires,
With deeper rapture in celestial choirs
Breathe, and with fleeter motion
Wheel in their orbits through the surgeless ocean.
So, hearken thou like these,
Intent on her, mounting by slow degrees,
Until thy song's elation
Echoes her multitudinous meditation.

G. W. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "IRISH THEOSOPHIST."

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I am inclined to think that your correspondent, 'Not ashamed of my Conviction,' who writes in your October number, is perhaps under a misunderstanding, though, as he does not specify any particular instance of supposed dogmatism, I cannot be sure of this. None the less, I imagine the position of affairs to be somewhat as follows:—Many members of the T.S. are convinced of the existence of Masters of Wisdom, and expressly state their conviction, in which they are quite right, of course; but if pressed for the grounds of their belief, they decline to give them. On the other hand, many other members are equally convinced of Masters' existence; they also expressly declare that conviction, and are prepared to state the grounds upon which they hold such belief. They may be unjust in saying that the other members are dogmatic, though certainly the first of the above-named positions certainly would bear that construction, especially in the eyes of beginners in the study of Theosophy. Now my object in writing, Mr. Editor, is to suggest that there are many valid reasons for believing in the existence of Masters; and that these reasons are such as to be easily and simply stated, and I hope that those who feel impelled to proclaim the existence of Masters will bear in mind that a mere assertion of conviction, unsupported by any grounds of belief, is likely to repel many enquirers, who would be quite willing and able to appreciate the reasons for the belief. I will give what I consider ample reasons for my conviction, which I insist upon, whenever opportunity arises, both in public and private.

First, then, everybody believes in evolution in some shape or other, and must readily admit that he himself is not its highest product; further, he will as readily admit that he knows no one who would comply with his own requirements as the highest possible present product of evolution. Then he must admit that the possibility of Masters' existence is to be conceded? Yes.

Secondly, comes the marshalling of the evidence that they do exist, and this naturally falls under the heads of (a) evidence that appeals to us directly, and (b) evidence consisting of the testimony of others. Under (a) we have the Esoteric Philosophy as a whole as presented most completely in the 'Secret Doctrine.' If Madame Blavatsky's claim is true, and I believe it is, that the Philosophy there expounded, though admittedly only a fragment, dealing with more of the subjects with which philosophical minds are occupied than any other system of philosophy (and this fact, be it noted, is entirely independent of anyone's agreement or disagreement with the conclusions therein promulgated) was taught to her by Masters. Now if her claim be true, Masters exist; if it be not true, she invented it, and was therefore herself a Master, as she has admittedly promulgated the most comprehensive system of Philosophy known; a performance far transcending the powers of any previous philosopher's intellect. Under (b) comes the testimony of Madame Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and many others, who testify, among other things, to having met in the flesh men whom they had known by sight previously, through the medium of appearances in other than physical bodies, and who, in both states, satisfied our witnesses as to their identity by teaching portions of the Esoteric Philosophy.

In conclusion, let me appeal to all who are earnestly striving to spread Theosophical teachings, to give, when possible, some ground for the assertions they feel called upon to make. Assertion, by itself, is often insufficient as an appeal to many intelligent minds; backed up by reasons for the faith that is in us, it is more likely to be of benefit to the Cause, to enquirers, and to ourselves.

Again, having these firm convictions, will it not be well for us to assert them, to do the work they prompt us to do with all our might and main, so as to leave as little time as may be for the criticism of others' methods?"—Yours fraternally,

O. FIRTH.

Hawthorne House, Baildon, near Shipley.

REVIEWS.

*Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and the Secret Doctrine.** By Countess Wachtmeister and others. As, one after another, stories of H. P. Blavatsky are related by those who were associated with her in her life-work, we begin to form some slight conception of her mystic personality. Her story, in its romantic interest merely, is unsurpassed by any in history or fiction. This little book will deepen the interest already felt. Students of occult science will find in the account of how the "Secret Doctrine" was written many a hint on occult practice. Here is H. P. B.'s own description of her method: "I make what I can only describe as a sort of vacuum in the air before me, and fix my sight and my will upon it, and soon scene after scene passes before me like the successive pictures of a diorama; or, if I need a reference or information from some book, I fix my mind intently, and the astral counterpart of the book appears, and from it I take what I need." Here is another quotation which shows how the deepest insight justifies and necessitates the highest Ethics. Let those listen who criticise her action with regard to her enemies; being worldly-wise let them hear diviner wisdom, and deeper charity. It was a matter for scoffing that H. P. B., the clairvoyant, could not tell her friends from her foes. "Who am I," she said, "that I should deny a chance to one in whom I see a spark still glimmering of recognition of the cause I serve, that might yet be fanned into a flame of devotion? What matter the consequences that fall on me personally when such an one fails, succumbing to the forces of evil within him: though in his fall he cover me with misrepresentation, obloquy, and scorn? What right have I to refuse to anyone the chance of profiting by the truths I can teach him, and thereby entering upon the path? I tell you I have no choice. I am pledged by the laws of occultism to a renunciation of selfish considerations, and how can I dare to assume the existence of faults in a candidate, and act upon my assumption even though a cloudy forbidding aura may fill me with misgivings?" Everyone should read the chapter headed, "A Private Letter," in which one of her students reveals something of his experiences with this occult preceptor. "On waking in the morning from a sleep so profound that the attitude of the previous night was still retained, I would vividly remember that I had gone, as it were, to H. P. B. I had been received in rooms which I could and did describe to those who lived with her. . . . She would receive me in varying fashion, showing me pictures which passed like panoramas across the walls of the room. There are but few that I could verbally describe, containing, as they do, methods of motion, of vibration, of the formation of a world from the first nucleolus, of "spirit-moulding matter" into form, of motion that was consciousness, and that was precipitated into my brain as a picture of a fact or a truth." We hear of many mystics who have awakened full of strange memories: perhaps this may give them a clue. The extracts here quoted will give some idea of the nature of the contents of this book. No student should be without it. As we read of this heroic soul with indomitable will working in a worn-out and diseased body, we arise full of reverence and gratitude. It was to her we owe what we can repay only in service to the cause—the re-awakening in our hearts of the antique ideals held by the Rishis of divine primeval truth, and the knowledge of the way to such attainment.

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LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

THE nature of all things near and dear to us, O King, is such that we must leave them, divide ourselves from them, separate ourselves from them. Pass not away, O King, with longing in thy heart. Sad is the death of him who longs, unworthy is the death of him who longs.—*Maha Sudassana Sutta.*

It is better to do one's own duty, even though devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

As the spider moving upward by his thread gains free space, thus also he who meditates, moving upward by the known word Om, gains independence.—*Upanishad.*

O man, thou thinkest thou art alone, and actest as thou likest. Thou dost not perceive the Eternal Love that dwells within thy heart. Whatever is done by thee, It sees and notes it all. The Soul is Its own witness, and is Its own refuge. It is the Supreme Eternal witness of man. Do not offend it.—*Mahabharata and Manu.*

The Wise guard the home of nature's order; they assume excellent forms in secret.—*Rig. Veda.*

Seek for one who has attained rest in the spirit, like the flame which has attained rest

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when the fuel is consumed, and one whose kindness is not actuated by personal considerations and who is anxious to befriend those who seek for help.

The Great and Peaceful Ones live regenerating the world like the coming of spring, and having crossed the ocean of embodied existence they help those who journey on the same path. Their desire is spontaneous; it is the natural tendency of great souls to remove the suffering of others.—*Viveka Chudamani*.

He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of love—far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure.

Verily, this is the way to a state of union with Brahma.—*Tevigga Sutta*.

If a Bhikkhu should desire, Brethren, to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of men, sounds both human and celestial, whether far or near, let him then fulfil all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him see through things, let him be much alone.—*Akankheyya Sutta*.

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HOME-SICKNESS.

When the hot wind of the summer day
Blew the dust of earth in my face,
As I walked along the desolate way,
I dreamed upon that other place.

When the bells in the lonely midnight towers
Struck and rolled on the long, long chime;
Again and again for the old earth's hours,
I dreamed upon that other time.

—:O:—

C. W.

DUBLIN LODGE,—3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The discussions to the end of the present month are:—

| | | | | |
|-----------|---|--------------------------------------|---|----------------|
| Nov. 15th | - | "The Three Qualities," | - | G. W. Russell. |
| " 22nd | - | "The Ethics of Theosophy," | - | A. Varian. |
| " 29th | - | "The Esoteric Side of Christianity," | - | J. J. Nolan. |

The departure of Bro. Harrison to America leaves a blank in the working staff which will be hard to fill. It was largely due to his quiet and unwearying industry that the IRISH THEOSOPHIST appeared so punctually up to time from the first. We hope the climate of America will agree better with him, and may wider areas of service come to him!

FRED J. DICK, *Secretary*.

All literary contributions to be addressed to the EDITOR, and business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

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NOTICE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

OURSELVES.

The proposal, made in our last issue, to increase the size of the *I.T.* by four pages, and raise the price to 3d., has been favourably received by the majority of subscribers, who have communicated with me on the subject. These alterations, as will be observed, begin with this number. At the same time, I take the opportunity of returning thanks for the very felicitous terms in which most of the letters were written. Those responsible for the outlay connected with the *I.T.* were weak enough to look for some results in justification of the somewhat heavy expense. Nor have they looked in vain. One correspondent writes:—"I always read your paper with the greatest interest, and I know that what you say, and the way you say it, is both attractive and helpful to others." So, with your help, dear readers, "we go right on."

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NEW FEATURES.

With four more pages to fill, I have naturally been thinking over the best way to utilize them. I thought of the children, and felt there was a growing need to devote some of our attention to them. Some unexpected correspondence with Mrs. Cooper Oakley, who has lately been interesting herself particularly in this branch of activity, confirmed my opinion. A beginning, therefore, has been made in this number. Needless to say, such a feature cannot be successfully carried on without the co-operation and support of parents. I ask their kind attention and consideration to what has been said on the matter on another page. Then there are those who are children in quite a different sense, *i.e.*, as regards membership in the T.S. It occurred to me that a service might be done for them also. There exists a store-house of "good things" they have not had access to, so far, at least. For instance, in old numbers of *The Path*,

and elsewhere, there are many articles by H. P. B. and others, on very varied subjects, full of useful and practical teaching, which probably most of them have never seen at all. An effort will be made to gather together the best of what has been written, from time to time, on these different subjects, and in the hurry of modern life, I have no doubt this feature will be found helpful to all. Those who have time and opportunity can aid greatly in this work by sending me what they consider the most interesting extracts on the subject on hand for each month. The subject for next month will be s' "Elementals."

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THEOSOPHY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. The report of proceedings and documents, in connection with the Theosophical Congress, at the Parliament of Religions, held at the World's Fair, is now before me. Glancing over its pages, I am

not surprised that some of the Chicago newspapers spoke of the T. S. Congress as a competitor of the whole parliament. Speech follows speech in orderly sequence, covering the whole field of Theosophy. It is a record worthy of a great occasion.

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THE RESULT. The Rev. H. R. Haweis, writing to the *Daily Chronicle* on the Parliament of Religions, says:

"The experiment, endorsed by the Pope, discountenanced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, embraced by the Heathen Chinese, welcomed by Hindu, Parsee, Cingalese, and the chiefs of almost every acknowledged religion of the world, has resulted in a demonstration the like of which has perhaps not been seen since the days of Constantine, Arius, and Athanasius." And again: "On the whole, the message to the world from the World's Parliament of Religions has been peace to all that are near, and all that are afar off. It is time to proclaim the essential unity of all religions—they conflict only in their accidents. The "broken lights" bear witness to the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world—nay, are parts of that Light as much as the colours in the prism are parts of the sunlight. Henceforth to accept Christ the rejection of all the teachers that went before Him is not necessary, and to receive Christianity need not carry with it the dogma that all other religions are in all parts false."

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The following extract from the same article is not A HINDU ON CHRISTIANITY, without its significance from such a source:—

"Vivekananda, the popular Hindu monk, whose physiognomy bore the most striking resemblance to the classic face of the Buddha, denounced our commercial prosperity, our bloody wars, and our religious intolerance, declaring that at such a price the 'mild Hindu' would have none of our vaunted civilisation. 'You come,' he cried, 'with the Bible in one hand and the conqueror's sword in the other—you, with your religion of yesterday, to us who were taught thousands of years ago by our Rishis, precepts as noble and lives as holy as your Christ's. You trample on us and treat us like the dust beneath your feet. You destroy precious life in animals. You are *carnevorous*. You degrade our people with drink. You insult our women,

You scorn our religion—in many points like yours, only better, because more humane. And then you wonder why Christianity makes such slow progress in India. I tell you it is because you are not like your Christ, whom we could honour and reverence. Do you think, if you came to our doors like Him, meek and lowly, with a message of love, living and working and suffering for others as He did, we should turn a deaf ear? Oh, no! We should receive Him and listen to Him, just as we have done our own inspired Rishis' (teachers)."

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Here comes a strange contrast. *The Irish Church Weekly*, of 25th ult., in a leader on "Spiritualism" complains of the manner in which newspapers chronicle the vagaries of "Spiritualists, Mesmerists, Theosophists, Swedenborgians, Mormons, Amateur Buddhists, and the like." "The ordination," it continues, "of a number of pious men to be Christ's servants, and to pursue the holiest of callings, is described in the same style as that in which the silly utterances of a Theosophist are narrated—thus giving the same authority to true and false."

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A REPLY.

In reply, we cannot do better than cull the following paragraph from *The Northern Theosophist*: "To quote MaxMuller, 'It should be known, once for all, that one may call oneself a Theosophist without being suspected of believing in spirit rappings, table turnings, or any other occult sciences and black arts.' A Theosophist's time is not devoted to 'taking afternoon tea on the table lands of Tibet,' nor to promiscuous journeyings 'on the Astral plane.' He believes in human brotherhood, not as a beautiful ideal, but as an actual fact; and to him ethics are demonstrable laws of being. Repudiating the supernatural he recognises the metaphysical; and by scientific methods, as exact as those supposed to be the peculiar possession of physics, he reaches a knowledge of spiritual things of greater potency in the determination of conduct than is possible under any 'belief' founded only upon authoritative teaching."

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON OCCULTISM.

Mention of Mr. Haweis reminds me of an interesting character sketch, of Oliver Wendell Holmes, appearing over his name, in the current number of *The Young Man*. Relating how the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Samuel Smiles, and himself, formed a little social party one afternoon, at a London Club, he writes: "The talk wandered freely over all sorts of fields—literary, and scientific, and social—until it got entangled inevitably in 'occultism'—ghosts, double psychic phenomena—on all which questions the Bishop keeps a singularly fair and open mind. Talking of brain waves, Oliver Wendell Holmes went off in his best style. 'I think we are all unconsciously conscious of each other's brain-waves at times; the fact is, words and even signs are a very poor sort of language compared with the direct telegraphy between souls. The mistake we make is to suppose that the soul is circumscribed and imprisoned by the body. Now the truth is, I believe, I extend a good way outside my body; well, I should say at least three or four feet all round, and so do you, and it is our extensions

that meet. Before words pass or we shake hands, our souls have exchanged impressions, and they never lie."

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I have to herald the appearance of a new Theosophical *The Northern Theosophist*. Monthly. It hails from the Middlesboro' Lodge; is entitled *The Northern Theosophist*, and sold at the popular Penny. The contents are interesting, chatty, and varied, and it promises to be an excellent propagandist. I extend the hand of fellowship, and hope the *Northern Theosophist* will meet with the success it certainly deserves. Subscription—1s. 6d. per annum, post free, which should be sent to 10 West Terrace, North Ormesby, Middlesborough.

D. N. D.

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THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

XII. WHAT IS KARMA?

THERE is, perhaps, no term in the whole of our Theosophical vocabulary which calls up such a host of complex and far-reaching associations as that oft-used and much-discussed word, *Karma*. The idea itself, for which the word stands, is one of those elemental conceptions like *life*, or *mind*, or *will*, or *consciousness*, which we use constantly and freely without stopping much to reflect how little we actually know about the real meaning and essence of any one of them. It is easy to say that Karma is the "law of ethical causation," the law of Justice which secures that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Or we can define it as that tendency or trend in nature that is the cause of all evolution, growth, or progress. Karma is all this, and more, for in the last analysis it is Action itself, the principle of Cause and Effect that prevails throughout the entire universe, and, in fact, makes it a Uni-verse at all—a Cosmos and not a Chaos. But in the end, in any attempt to really explain and account for our belief in that principle of harmony and adjustment which we call Karma, we find ourselves at last falling back upon one of those primary perceptions or intuitions of the mind, out of which all philosophy takes its rise, and beyond which our thought cannot reach—upon the simple idea of law itself. Nobody can tell exactly what law is; or rather no two persons can be relied upon to give you quite the same account of what they mean by the "laws of nature." All are agreed that these laws exist. Disagreements arise when we try to interpret them, to trace back their origin, to ascribe to one set of causes or another the various facts and phenomena by which we are surrounded.

Now, one great characteristic of what is called occultism, or occult philosophy, is that it asserts the influence upon human life of forces and laws which are not recognised at present by normal perception, though their effects are felt by all. In the East especially, where men have always cultivated a habit of steady attention and analysis directed, not as here to the external phenomena of nature, so much as to the internal, unseen world of mind and consciousness—there has ever been taught the existence of certain hidden agencies affecting the destiny and development of human souls—forces which are as constant and as resistless upon their own plane as are the laws of gravity or electricity or chemistry upon this; and as capable of verification by proper methods. So great, indeed, has been the influence, in the East, of this subtle

occult view of life, that whole nations of men no more think of doubting, for instance, the certainty of the law which rewards each man "according to his deeds," and apportion to us joy or sorrow according to our conduct in former lives, than we would think of doubting the existence of gravitation. True, these people are believing in something which they have not discovered, or always verified, for themselves. But did *we* discover for ourselves even what seems so obvious when pointed out—that attractive force which acts on things and makes them "fall"? Should we in fact have ever thought of asking for a reason *why* things fall, content with knowing that they *do* fall, had it not been for the intuitive genius of Sir Isaac Newton? That great man had a habit of observing and reflecting upon what he saw—even if it were such a common and familiar occurrence as the falling of an apple. He saw with the *mind* what other men saw only with their *eyes*. By a precisely similar habit of observation and reflection, directed inward to the problem of life, consciousness, being itself, the Eastern mind arrived at the cognition of that evolutionary law, that principle of infallible justice or desert controlling human destiny which is known as Karma. And just as the difference between Newton and other men of his time, consisted in the fact that he demanded a *reason* for what they took as a matter of course, so it is with Eastern and Western thought when dealing with the familiar facts of everyday life and experience.

For example, we talk constantly of things "happening" to us, and whatever our state of mind, whether contented with our lot or the reverse, we are always attributing the cause to something outside of ourselves. Of course, the "personal factor" is recognised to count for something. We all know that the same event will affect no two people in quite the same way. This is commonly explained by saying, that so-and-so has a "morbid temperament," while such another is "naturally cheerful"; but how few go further than this, and ask, *why* these differences of character and disposition exist which all exhibit from very infancy. Simply to say with a shrug, "Oh! people are *born* that way" does not explain matters, for, unless we reject the idea of soul altogether (and with that position we cannot here turn aside to argue) the question must arise, *why* they were "born that way." To this question neither our Western theology nor our philosophy vouchsafe any reply. In the East the difficulty is faced and logically answered by the doctrine of pre-existence, and pre-existence leads us to the ideas of re-birth and of Karma. The former of these has been dealt with in earlier chapters of this series. To a more detailed examination of the Doctrine of Karma itself we shall devote our next article.

To be continued).

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GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

. All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged, and appear under this heading.

Subject for January—"Elementals."

HINTS FOR OCCULT STUDENTS.

HERE is the key so much desired by enterprising—indeed all—students. It is by means of these correlations of colour, sound, form, number and substance that the trained will of the initiate rules and uses the denizens of the elemental world. Many Theosophists have had slight conscious relations with elementals, but always without their will acting, and, upon trying to make elementals see, hear, or act for them, a total indifference on the part of the

nature spirit is all they have got in return. These failures are due to the fact that the elemental cannot understand the thought of the person: it can only be reached when the exact scale of being to which it belongs is vibrated, whether it be that of colour, form, sound, or whatever else.—H.P.B. "*Path*," May, 1888.

Countless myriads of forms are in that ideal sphere, and matter exists in the astral light, or even in the atmosphere, that has passed through all forms possible for us to conceive of. All that the adept has to do is to select the "abstract form" desired, then to hold it before him with a force and intensity unknown to the men of this hurried age, while he draws into its boundaries the matter required to make it visible. How easy this is to state, how difficult to believe; yet quite true, as many a Theosophist well knows. The oftener this is done with any one form, the easier it becomes. And so it is with nature: her ease of production grows like a habit.—H.P.B. "*Path*," May, 1888.

The thinking of *oneself* as this, that, or the other, is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena.—*Secret Doctrine*, ii., 59.

If I fix my thought on the fault of another, an electric stream flows between that diseased moral part and myself, and draws elementals along it to torment me into a similar plague. . . . May we confine our thoughts to universals, our loves and hates to principals.—*Julius*. "*Path*," May, 1887.

Do not take any man at his surface valuation or yours, but look to the spirit within his words. This discernment of spirits is a great power; it can be cultivated. Close your eyes, summon up the man before your thought, and try to feel his *total effect* as it impresses itself upon your passive mind.—*Jasper Niemand*. "*Path*," June, 1887.

The symbol of the *living fire* is the sun, *certain of whose rays develop the fire of life in a diseased body, impart the knowledge of the future to the sluggish mind, and stimulate to active function a certain psychic and generally dormant faculty in man*.—"Glossary." Page 119. *Fire*.

The popular prevailing idea is that the theurgists, as well as the magicians, worked wonders, such as evoking the souls or shadows of the heroes or gods, and other thaumaturgic works, by *supernatural* powers. But this was never the fact. They did it simply by the liberation of their own astral body, which, taking the form of a god or hero, served as a *medium* or vehicle through which the special current preserving the ideas and knowledge of that hero or god could be reached and manifested.—"Glossary." Page 330. *Theurgist*.

For such states (dual consciousness) a far more plausible theory than that of the modern physiologist, is offered by occultism. When our astral man leaves the body, whether consciously or unconsciously, it may become the home of an elementary with a strong desire for a return to earth life, especially if our principles are loosely put together, and we have incautiously left the body of our own will.—*Julius*. "*Path*," June, 1887.

Take the case of one who determines to leave the body merely to go to another who is admired by him, or whom he desires to see. This other, however, is protected by high motives and great purity. The first is mixed in motive in waking life, which, as soon as the disengaged state comes on, is changed into a mere will or curiosity to see the second, combined perhaps with more or less selfish purpose, or perhaps a sensuous feeling or worldly intent.

The elementals and other guardians of the second protect that soul, and hurl vague horrors at the first, who, if he is not a skilled black magician, is—

(a) Either merely pushed back into the body, or :

(b) Is assailed with fears that prevent him from finding or entering his body, and that may be occupied by an elementary, good, bad, or indifferent, and his friends say he waked up suddenly insane.

Quoted by Julius. "Path," June, 1887.

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THEOSOPHY AND COMMERCE.

(Concluded).

THE disputes between capital and labour, which now occur with such painful frequency, is a result of our modern industrial system scarcely within the scope of my paper. They constitute one of the most striking pieces of evidence that we are on the verge—aye in the very throes—of great social changes. The practical Theosophist will do well to note carefully the trend of modern ideas, and the certain effect of economic law. King Demos has come, and with the balance of political power passing into the hands of the sons of toil—men of many needs, but little knowledge how to best supply them—there will be plenty of work for the man of calm judgment, keen human sympathies, and a determination to secure the rights and liberties of the individual, even in a state recognising the benefits of collectivism in every department of social life. But I must not wander into the interesting region of politics and sociology now, although it is closely related to what I consider the aim and scope of Theosophical Ethics.

It is scarcely necessary for me to particularise any of the numerous shams connected with modern trading, as they are familiar to everyone. The whole system is of necessity honeycombed with deception under the régime which obtains in the commercial world to-day—from the Stock Exchange down to the humblest distributor. It would, however, be unfair to assume that business life is on a lower moral plane than any other part of our present civilisation—we all know that our whole social system is excessively artificial from root to branch. Nor would it be just to assume that because the outcome of centuries of selfish trading is demoralising, every business man is necessarily a rogue. The present complex state of things must have been evolved, under Karmic Law, from a previous civilisation far from simple or altruistic, and a return to higher ideals can not be accomplished all at once, even by the most drastic methods. What we require is that the fundamental principles of exchange may be altered in the direction of gradually putting the interests of the community and humanity before those of individual gain and expediency. I am rather disposed to the opinion that on the whole, the middle class is the most moral in this country, although the reason may be that it is the least independent. Just now it certainly exhibits a desire for obtaining the luxuries of life scarcely in accord with the depression of trade which undoubtedly exists. It is a class which has given the world many of the noblest men who have illumined the records of human progress—and with the spread of culture, elimination of class distinctions, and a sounder knowledge of man's destiny, in place of the very vague belief in a future state of reward or punishment which most men now believe—there is the right material from which to expect a consideration for others which the present code renders almost impossible.

What, then, is the message of Theosophy, and its relation to the trading world of to-day—is it a gospel of peace and hope for the distracted man of business, or merely one more “idiom” thrust upon an age already weary of the strife of contending dogmas and creeds?

Now it is not claimed for Theosophy that it is a religion at all, for it is rather a philosophy which synthesises and unites Religion with Science. Nor are its concepts “new,” for they are the base of all the great religious systems of the world, and have been felt and expressed by many of the greatest poets, seers, and thinkers of all time—from Guatama Buddha to Tennyson. It directs attention to aspects of life too long neglected by the materialistic West, and claims that man is a spiritual being, with infinite capacity for self-development. We are invited to look *within* to solve the mysteries of life, and recognise each in our Higher Self that which makes for righteousness. “*The Kingdom of Heaven is within you*” is the Master’s truism of nineteen hundred years ago which must be resurrected from the weeds grown around his many golden words by modern priestcraft and ecclesiasticism. The knowledge of a past as well as a future immortality must supplant the conventional shibboleths and vague sentimentalities taught regarding the soul.

Widespread teaching of Karma and Reincarnation will be invaluable towards lifting the whole tone of our commercial system. I will go so far as to say, that a real faith in the Great Law will do more than anything else to check its most serious evils. Some such basis for conduct is our most urgent need: for

“ virtue in distress and vice in triumph
Make Atheists of mankind.”

It might be trusted to strengthen the good influences which should follow our association with other races, who so readily imitate the white man’s vices, while ignoring his self-reliant qualities. Reincarnation is the key to explain how artificial is the barrier raised by society between man and man, and points to Brotherhood as an essential factor in human progress. The problems of wealth and poverty, genius and ignorance, happiness and misery, love and hate, here find a reasonable solution congenial to a shrewd, business intellect. Where is a system of thought providing a more complete rest and peace from the daily worries of life—or which provides so clearly for design and order amid all the riddles of existence so puzzling to every thoughtful mind? Popular religion generally exalts a particular profession to a position of spiritual authority which ultimately includes other social influence. The average business man is quite willing to allow the priest considerable prestige so long as he confines himself to purely church matters; but clerical interference in commercial affairs is usually resented, and their want of mundane knowledge is a common subject of ridicule. With the growing opportunities for culture, and it is to be hoped greater independence of thought among the middle class, it is reasonable to expect that a philosophy so free from cant as Theosophy will be eagerly welcomed if only because it fills up the gaps which are so objectionable in current theology.

Evidence of Karmic Law will be met by the business man in his ordinary transactions, and be more congenial to his trained shrewdness than such a doctrine as vicarious atonement—once he has grasped the elementary proposition. It will appeal to those instincts of the inner man which his experience has specially developed, and tend to soften the often harshly expressed criticism of competitors and dependents. The doctrine of Reincarnation will attract him as the only possible theory to account for the inequalities thrust upon his notice in every relation of life. It will also raise the tone of his thoughts and conduct by pointing to the desirability of completing the Ego’s trading experience in this

life by acting honourably in that capacity now, and by encouraging ideals of a wider influence in future lives through the effect of causes set in motion by service to others in the present one.

The practice of meditation, and efforts to evolve the spiritual nature, so far from proving incompatible with business duties, will serve as the starting point and stimulant to the daily routine, and ultimately will be appreciated as the most precious moments in life. There is nothing irreconcilable between the study of the Secret Doctrine and a busy life. The latter furnishes the facts upon which the former throws a brilliant light, giving an insight into the real soul of things which cannot be found elsewhere in English literature. In fact, Theosophy, rightly considered, so far from enticing us from the ordinary duties of citizenship, exercises a great humanising influence upon the individual, drawing him even nearer his fellows in the bonds of true Brotherhood.

I hope enough has been said to justify my conviction that Theosophical teaching and practice, added to the energetic self-reliant traits of the Western commercial mind, are calculated to evolve a type of man worthy of that heritage of wisdom we are so slow to claim—and also to produce principles of exchange and distribution, giving that confidence between nations and men which will make the commercial life of the future an occupation equal in dignity to those professions now esteemed in the greatest honour.

C. J. WHITTING.

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A TALK BY THE EUPHRATES.

PRIEST MERODACH walked with me at evening along the banks of the great river.

"You feel despondent now," he said, "but this was inevitable. You looked for a result equal to your inspiration. You must learn to be content with that alone. Finally an inspiration will come for every moment, and in every action a divine fire reveal itself."

"I feel hopeless now. Why is this? Wish and will are not less strong than before."

"Because you looked for a result beyond yourself, and, attached to external things, your mind drew to itself subtle essences of earth which clouded it. But there is more in it than that. Nature has a rhythm, and that part of us which is compounded of her elements shares in it. You were taught that nature is for ever becoming: the first emanation in the great deep is wisdom: wisdom changes into desire, and an unutterable yearning to go outward darkens the primeval beauty. Lastly, the elements arise, blind, dark, troubled. Nature in them imagines herself into forgetfulness. This rhythm repeats itself in man: a moment of inspiration—wise and clear, we determine; then we are seized with a great desire which impels us to action; the hero, the poet, the lover, all alike listen to the music of life, and then endeavour to express its meaning in word or deed; coming in contact with nature, its lethal influence drowns them; so baffled and forgetful, they wonder where the God is. To these in some moment the old inspiration returns, the universe is as magical and sweet as ever, a new impulse is given, and so they revolve, perverting and using, each one in his own way, the cosmic rhythm."

"Merodach, what you say seems truth, and leaving aside the cosmic rhythm, which I do not comprehend, define again for me the three states."

"You cannot really understand the little apart from the great; but,

applying this to your own case, you remember you had a strange experience, a God seemed to awaken within you. This passed away; you halted a little while, full of strange longing, eager for the great; yet you looked without on the hither side of that first moment, and in this second period, which is interchange and transition, your longing drew to you those subtle material essences I spoke of, which, like vapour surrounding, dull and bewilder the mind with strange phantasies of form and sensation. Every time we think with longing of any object, these essences flow to us out of the invisible spheres and steep us with the dew of matter: then we forget the great, we sleep, we are dead or despondent as you are despondent."

I sighed as I listened. A watchfulness over momentary desires was the first step: I had thought of the tasks of the hero as leading upwards to the Gods, but this sleepless intensity of will working within itself demanded a still greater endurance. I neared my destination: I paused and looked round: a sudden temptation assailed me; the world was fair enough to live in. Why should I toil after the far-off glory? Babylon seemed full of mystery, its temples and palaces steeped in the jewel glow and gloom of evening. In far-up heights of misty magnificence the plates of gold on the temples rayed back the dying light: in the deepening vault a starry sparkle began: an immense hum arose from leagues of populous streets: the scents of many gardens by the river came over me: I was lulled by the splash of fountains. Closer I heard voices and a voice I loved: I listened as a song came

"Tell me, youthful lover, whether
Love is joy or woe?
Are they gay or sad together
On that way who go?"

A voice answered back

"Radiant as a sunlit feather,
Pure and proud they go;
With the lion look together
Glad their faces show."

My sadness departed: I would be among them shortly, and would walk and whisper amid those rich gardens where beautiful idleness was always dreaming. Merodach looked at me.

"You will find these thoughts will hinder you much," he said.

"You mean——" I hesitated, half-bewildered, half-amazed. "I say that a thought such as that which flamed about you just now, driving your sadness away, will recur again when next you are despondent, and so you will accustom yourself to find relief on the great quest by returning to an old habit of the heart, renewing what should be laid aside. This desire of men and women for each other is the strongest tie among the many which bind us: it is the most difficult of all to overcome. The great ones of the earth have passed that way themselves with tears."

"But surely, Merodach, you cannot condemn what I may say is so much a part of our nature—of all nature."

"I did not condemn it, when I said it is the strongest tie that binds us here: it is sin only for those who seek for freedom."

"Merodach, must we then give up love?"

"There are two kinds of love men know of. There is one which begins with a sudden sharp delight—it dies away into infinite tones of sorrow. There is a love which wakes up amid dead things: it is chill at first, but it takes root, it warms, it expands, it lays hold of universal joys. So the man loves: so the God loves. Those who know this divine love are wise indeed. They love not

one or another : they are love itself. Think well over this : power alone is not the attribute of the Gods ; there are no such fearful spectres in that great companionship. And now, farewell, we shall meet again."

I watched his departing figure, and then I went on my own way. I longed for that wisdom, which they only acquire who toil, and strive, and suffer ; but I was full of a rich life which longed for excitement and fulfilment, and in that great Babylon sin did not declare itself in its true nature, but was still clouded over by the mantle of primeval beauty.

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THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN.

AS the Theosophical Society grows day by day in numbers, the necessity of providing Theosophical Education for children becomes more and more evident. Complaint cannot be made of a lack of literature ; but the question arises, have the "little ones" had their fair share of our attention? In America this question had to be met some time ago, and "Lotus Circles" for children were started, and have been carried on, we understand, with signal success. Lately, a step has also been taken in this direction in London, by the foundation of a Sunday class, conducted by Miss Stabler, who has had experience of such work in America.

A circular on the matter has come into our hands, from which we give the following extract :

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The pressing question then for Theosophists is this : Shall we leave the children to these vague foreshadowings of truth, until the pressure of material life has dimmed the prophecy of pure youth and eradicated the finer impulse? Or, where the psychic nature is strong, shall we leave them balanced between dread of these sights unseen by others about them, and the keener dread of their own sanity and health? Shall we leave them tossing there, or shall we put a rudder in their hands? The budding form, the starry gaze, the blossom-tinted cheek are so dear: are the hearts, the minds less precious to us? Do we say that these truths are too grand for them? They are not truths if they are not of a pristine simplicity. The limpid purity of the child reflects the True better than our troubled soul can do, and 'heaven is near us in our infancy.' Springtime is seed time the world over. While the parents are reaching out for Truth, shall the children go on imbibing error? Let us give them the bread of life, not the stone of materiality: let us give them the teachings of universal Justice, of Love. Let us show them how all things move by Law; the rebound of good and evil; the magnificent reaches of Life from world to world, from form to form. When we trace out Karma and Reincarnation to them, first in natural and afterward in ethical symbol, we shall endear the universe to them as they find it welded in links of harmony and love. This joy we owe them, and it is owed higher still; it is a debt to the Supreme.

"There should be Sunday Schools for the children of Theosophists who believe and practise what they profess. Each branch could start one. We seem to be irresolute for want of a practical method. Catechisms could be compounded. . . . Interesting dialogues and tales might be written by those versed in the labyrinths of these young minds: we all hold a clue to them; this clue is love. Let us pay our debt to the children."—*The Path*, iii. 222.

This "plea" is a forcible one, and it is hardly necessary for us to say

more. We have decided to devote a page or two, every month, to this department of Theosophic work. It is practically a new departure in our magazine literature, and therefore quite in the nature of an experiment. Without the entire co-operation of parents themselves, much will have to be left undone.

We invite our readers, especially those who are parents, to express their views on the following proposals :—

1. A page, or more of *I. T.* to be devoted to articles on Theosophical Education for Children, and for parents to exchange their views and opinions.
2. To form a "Lotus Circle" for Children in connection with this paper, somewhat on the following lines :—
 - (a) Membership for boys and girls, either of whose parents are members of the T.S., or who are in sympathy with its objects.
 - (b) Members to do work at home for the benefit of the Crèche, Bow Club, or any other needful institution that may be selected.
 - (c) Members to send in little contributions on whatever subject may be chosen from time to time.
 - (d) Members to have their letters answered on subjects connected with Theosophy upon which they desire information.
3. A page or more of *I. T.* to be devoted to articles based on Theosophic teaching, and written in a form suitable for children.

Those who avail themselves of our invitation (and we hope they will be numerous) should state their opinions as regards offering prizes, and the most suitable class book to begin—Wonder Light? Golden Stars? or what?

In conclusion, we would ask our friends everywhere, to draw attention to this new departure in the proper quarters, and so help us in carrying out what we think will be a work of much usefulness. We may mention, also, that we hope to arrange with Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, for special colonial matter every quarter.

D. N. D.

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THE PLACE OF REST.

"The soul is its own witness and its own refuge."

Unto the deep the deep heart goes.

It lays its sadness nigh the breast :

Only the mighty mother knows

The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still,

It folds itself around with peace,

Where all its thoughts of good or ill,

In quietness unfostered, cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast

For comfort for its hopes and fears :

The mighty mother bows at last,

She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there—

The fire of beauty smites through pain,

A glory moves amid despair,

The mother takes her child again.

G. W. R.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE.

OPENING WORDS.

WITH the New Year, dear children, we are going to set aside a whole page for you, which is to be all your very, very own; and in the children's hour, which comes just before the lamps are lighted, some one who loves you all will think of you, and try to tell you every month what will help you.

For you tiny, toddling mites; you babies, whose heads do not even reach the top of the study table, we shall send messages, which mother will tell you, and you will understand. You little ones who look around with wide, round eyes, and ask *why* so many wonderful things happen, and sometimes think the grown-ups are so silly because they don't understand what you mean; you must look out in this page for answers to it all. We will try to understand you, because so many of you whisper to us strange wonderful thoughts. And you growing girls, there is much you want to know about the wonderland from whence you came, about your present life, and about nature; and when you "fink and fink big finks," as sweet baby says, and cannot understand, write and ask all about it. You boys, merry, restless, inquisitive; you shall have your place, too, in our thoughts. We want to hear what you do in your play-time, in your country walks, and in your long holidays by sea or mountain. This page is for you all, small and large. We shall talk about what nature teaches; about the animal kingdom; and about many other things. We will also tell you, if we can, quaint tales about fairyland; those tales you so often ask for when the boys sit upon the hearth-rug before the fire, and the small girls, tired with play, nestle with their dear, soft faces close together, and coax for "just one story more, only just one."

Now, dear ones, if we could give you the gifts of fairy-godmothers, we would give you wisdom; and had we the wishing-cap, we would wish *one* wish for you all; just one only—that, be your years few or many, you might always keep the child-heart. The best gift we could wish you, would be the most precious of all precious gifts—the inheritance that Prince Rahula claimed, and about which we shall tell you some other time.

—:O:—

THE Gnostics.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is said that the period of Devachanic rest, between two incarnations of the same Ego, normally lasts from fifteen hundred to two thousand years. Accordingly we should expect to see reproduced in every age, the phases of thought, and life, that characterized the time somewhat less than two thousand years previously. In our own times we should look for a reproduction of the movements, and thoughts, that were peculiar to the first century or two of the Christian era; for the wheel has made one more turn, and the Egos now incarnate, informed the men that then lived, and through them impressed upon their age its characteristics. Many correspondences between present states of affairs, and affairs then, will suggest themselves to the reader. I shall content myself with briefly noticing the movement, that corresponded at that time, to the present movement of Theosophy.

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

NO. II. WHAT IS THEOSOPHY? — FIRST PRINCIPLES. (*contd.*)

Now this one Omnipresent Energy of which, as science tells us, "matter" is a partial manifestation, is to the Theosophist, itself but an external phase or aspect of the *living Breath* which flows from the One Source of all life, consciousness and intelligence. When we look around us at the objects of the material universe—stars and planets, winds, waters, rocks, trees—we are looking upon mere appearances in which, to our imperfect physical perception, the One Spirit has clothed itself.

Remember, it is not maintained that these objects are *unreal*. That is a false mysticism from which no satisfying philosophy of life, no true system of ethics can be derived. What Theosophy teaches is, that the *appearances* of things, which give us the notion of motionless, inert, lifeless substance, are illusory.

Underneath these misleading appearances, thrills ceaselessly One Universal Life, the same in essence that vibrates in the consciousness of each of us, men and women. And so we reach a conception of that which is the corner-stone of Theosophy—the doctrine of the living unity of nature, of the inseparable kinship with all the myriad lives—human, sub-human and super-human, which throng the Universe. On this truth, for the Theosophist, hang "all the law and the prophets."

NO. III. UNIVERSAL MIND.

Having reached the conception of a Universal Ocean of life welling forth in countless visible and invisible forms throughout all nature, we are met by the great difficulty which the infinite complexity of all this cosmic life presents, in any effort to comprehend and realize its presence everywhere around us. To the astronomer, the milky way, which the unaided eye discerns as a continuous cloud of luminous haze, reveals itself under the telescope as a wondrous congeries of innumerable distinct stars. In like manner, to the student of occult nature, the sea of life around him resolves itself into numberless elemental lives or entities, each pursuing an evolution of its own. At first sight then, a variety so endless a complexity so baffling, so inscrutable, might seem to argue against, rather than in favour of, the inner unity of life of which we have spoken.

But reflect one moment on the other side of the picture, or rather, leaving aside for the present the analytical view of Proteus-like Nature, consider this same Nature as a whole; let us contemplate rather than dissect. What do we find?

What does the very conception *Uni-verse* imply? What mean the *laws* of nature?

How came the affinities and groupings of elements, atoms, molecules, planets, suns, systems? Atheism talks of "chance." Agnosticism says with a shrug "we do not know." Exoteric Theism speaks confidently of an inconceivable Deity, self-contradictory in his attributes. Theosophy whispers "Universal Mind." It is by reason of the *mind* in Nature, mirrored more or less fully and consciously in each of Nature's living units, according to their degree of evolution, that man is able first to perceive, then to realize, lastly to enter consciously and actively into the eternal harmony of things. By observing and following the laws of his own inner being, he is able to discern the larger sweep of the same laws in the world about

This is one of the most important principles of Theosophy and of Occultism. It affords the *rationale* of the magical powers and spiritual knowledge and insight of the Initiates on whose teachings we claim that modern Theosophy is founded.

XC. IV THE SEVEN "PLANES" AND "PRINCIPLES."

Most of us, no doubt—whether Theosophists or not, have been struck by the curious and persistent influence of the number seven, not alone in the mythology and ritual of every ancient religion, but in phenomena of nature around us, as in the color-spectrum, the musical scale, the weights and properties of chemical elements, or the periodic phases of organic life familiar to the physiologist. Have we not felt instinctively that some mysterious unifying principle of number must relate together effects that are otherwise so diverse? And has not the importance so unanimously accorded to the "perfect number" by antiquity, sometimes caused us to be haunted, even in spite of ourselves, with an impression of some deep wisdom, some hidden meaning in these myths and observances, of which we in modern times have lost the key?

Such questionings and surmises must have arisen in the minds of many who are unacquainted with the Theosophic philosophy, which alone offers a really adequate explanation of these strange coincidences. Here it is taught that the inner senses, once recognized and used by seers and initiates all over the world, but now become latent or dormant except in a comparatively few highly-endowed and highly-trained men of our race—have access to the subtler and finer realms of nature which permeate and ensoul the gross physical vesture of things; that when these inner senses are awakened, the various organic laws, forms and life-processes of which one limited set of faculties gives us cognizance, are then perceived as but partial, prismatic aspects of realities whose one Essence manifests itself in seven distinct manners. Thus man himself, the microcosm, is said to be composed of seven "principles"—related respectively to the seven "planes" of nature, the macrocosm. And as in the case of colour, the seven rays of the spectrum are found to consist of three primary, and four derivative rays, so in the Esoteric Philosophy, cosmos and man are regarded each as an essential trinity, manifested in four transitory aspects. We shall return further on, to the consideration of the sevenfold constitution of man. Meanwhile there is an important conception involved, as to the relation of different orders of being to one another in the evolutionary scale, which it will be well to try to make clear at this point.

The primal entities or lives, the first offshoots of separated being that awaken to conscious existence in the Cosmos, may be likened to drops of quicksilver which reflect in miniature the vast plan and pattern of starry heavens around them. By this comparison it is meant, that in every *monad* or elemental life that starts into existence, all the seven planes or principles are contained, as it were, in germ. Now as this germ unfolds, as consciousness expands, the entity is successively attracted within the sphere of other entities more advanced, that is, more e-volved or developed, and from these it derives the stimulus, or inner life-impulse, which impels it to further evolution. We have not far to look for an illustration of this law. Are not our bodies built up and cemented together by myriads of microscopic lives? On the inner planes of thought and feeling, again, we are equally surrounded and interpenetrated by other living entities known as "elementals." We ourselves, as we shall see later, are dependent for the stimulus to inner evolution, upon super-human beings, lofty intelligences that through ages and milleniums of the past have attained to the stature of the Divine, and whom men have worshipped as gods.



THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

AND HOW TO JOIN IT.

The objects of the Theosophical Society are :—

1. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.
2. To promote the study of Aryan, and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies and sciences, and to demonstrate its importance.
3. To investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the psychic powers latent in man.

Anyone who accepts the first object of the Society, without reservation, can become a member. The rules of the Society, and all information, can be obtained by writing to the General Secretary, Theosophical Society, 17 and 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W., or to any of the Secretaries of Lodges or Centres.

— 10: —

DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The discussions to the end of January are :—

| | | | | |
|-----------|---|------------------------------|---|----------------|
| Dec. 20th | - | "Unity." | - | D. N. Dunlop. |
| Jan. 3rd | - | "The Buddhist Suttas." | - | P. E. Jordan. |
| " 10th | - | What is Mysticism?" | - | H. M. Magee. |
| " 17th | - | "Karma." | - | J. Varian. |
| " 24th | - | "Self Analysis." | - | G. W. Russell. |
| " 31st | - | "Theosophy and Common Life." | - | J. Duncan. |

The group for the study of *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky, continues to meet on Monday evenings from 8.30 to 9.30. The strength and activity of the Lodge would be greatly increased by united study; and as this group, which meets but once a week, is the only opportunity of the kind, it deserves better support.

A pleasant social reunion took place on the 30th ult. at the headquarters.

FRED. J. DICK, *Secretary*.

All literary contributions to be addressed to the EDITOR, and business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin,

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NOTICE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

At such a season I will readily be pardoned for indulging in a few reflections. As I write, the old year, like a dying ember, fades slowly out. In the dim light, the past, like a slumbering phantom, rises up, as if to rehearse of its dreams. I listen for a while to the strange, sad story. One by one, different scenes unroll, and quickly pass away. I think of the progress in the field of material science, since its definite birth, in the general acceptance of the law of evolution. What upheaval! All things set adrift! Bibles, creeds, dogmas, etc., etc., floating like so much wreckage on the stream. I turn to the social realm. Here, also, everything is giving way. It seems as if the governing class can only maintain their stronghold of power by "trimming to the wind." Mind cure invades the domain of the apothecary; the old familiar face of miracle peers out now through natural law.

"The mask and fardels of the perished year
Pass to the rag-picker."

—:O:—

SOME FACTS.

My thoughts take a different turn. I think of the Theosophical Society. 1875 saw its birth. It enters 1894 with about 330 branches scattered throughout every part of the world, and literature in almost every language. And against what odds! The first tendency was to scoff and ridicule. Still it added steadily to its numbers. Those who considered themselves wiser, took the matter seriously. Among the latter were the Psychical Research Society, including Mr. Hodgson, of course. Then came the famous report, and who thought the Theosophical Society would live after that? "A bubble on the

stream," they said. The old maxim, "Never prophesy before you know," was lost sight of, or, at least, entirely disregarded, and so of prophesies there were no dearth. Those who *knew*, prophesied also, and theirs was a true prophesy. Now, Theosophy is the "stream," and Mr. Hodgson's report is the "bubble." Since the day Mrs. Besant laid aside Mr. Hodgson's report, to go and join the Theosophical Society, she has devoted almost every moment of her life to its service, with the result that "Theosophy" might almost now be termed "a household word."

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THE NEED.

It is well to reflect, if only for a few moments, even on facts so simple. To me, they are very eloquent. What valour! What self-denial! What patience! What immeasurable strength of purpose and devotion, on the part of one woman, aided by a few faithful comrades, with hearts beating true. They indicate very clearly, also, that the only limit to the possibilities of the future lies in ourselves. To realise the "terrible swift momentum" peculiar to this age, which enables us to do more, in the time, than any other, should bring home to each member of the T. S. a keener sense of responsibility. Things seem almost at a fever heat. The cry is for light! Never did men generally seem more anxious to lay aside the sinews of war; never such a desire for unity, for brotherhood. The Parliament of Religions focussed this desire for unity in the religious world. Does not the first object of our Society indicate that its founders anticipated this awakening? Has not the awakening, in great measure, been brought about by the Theosophical movement? It cannot be questioned that much of the pioneer work has been done by the T. S. But it is well to guard against réactionary tendencies. We have yet to pass through the heat of the day. Let us look, then, to "the rank and file." Let every Theosophist be interested in some kind of work for the cause. Apathy is the worst enemy we have to fear; it is the great enthraller. "So many people like Theosophy, and yet they at once wish to make it select and of high tone. It is for all men. It is for the common people who are ever with us. Others, again, come in and wait like young birds for food to be put into them: they *will not think*."

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I direct my thoughts to all members of the "HUMANISE THEOSOPHY." Theosophical Society who are seeking to restore to life its ancient heritage of wisdom. I hope, during the year, we will realise more strongly than ever that "just in proportion as we destroy separateness, do we begin to bear the one *Karma*, and share that one *Karma* of humanity." While the year is yet young: in the cold, clear whiteness of its early morn, let our hearts go out to humanity, so long nursed by sorrow, and for whom time is but a catalogue of hopes that die. Let us "humanise Theosophy." A better watchword for 1894, I think, would be difficult to find.

—————:O:—————

H. Dharmapala, addressing the Congress at the A BUDDHIST ON THE T. S. World's Fair, said: "I am here as a Buddhist. I come to attend the Religions' Congress as such; but I am here to-day to express my deepest sympathy, my deepest allegiance to the

Theosophical cause, simply because it made me respect my own religion. I was in school, and read the name of the Theosophical Society, and when the founders arrived we welcomed them to Ceylon. They came there with a message of peace and love. They said: 'Study your own religion; abuse not the religion of others, and try to find out the truth: but lead a pure life.' That was the message they brought to Ceylon; I accepted it, and here I am to-day as evidence of that fact."

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Professor Chakravaiti said, also addressing the
A BRAHMAN ON THE T. S. Congress: "I come from a land hoary with antiquity.

I belong to a race bent with age. I profess a religion, the dawn of which is, according to our mythology, simultaneous with the dawn of creation, and the greatest research has not been able to prove to the contrary. The religion I belong to was once gigantic in its strength. It was like the mighty oak, round whose trunk crept the various ivies, with all the moral, political, and social institutions and organisations of my mother country. But even an Indian sky is not without its cloud. Time came when this oak lost its sap. It seemed that all the institutions would wither away, with the passing away of the life of the oak, round which all of them clustered. It seemed that the mighty edifice, with all its grand architecture, was tottering, and once we were about to exclaim: 'Shrine of the Mighty, is this all that remains of thee?' At the moment of this crisis, help was bound to come, because India's death-note had not yet struck. It had yet its mission to perform in the history of the world. It had yet to help the coming tide of evolution; it had yet to send its ideas across oceans, to lift the million souls; therefore help came. But not from its learned priests and Brahmins, who were the traditional teachers. To that woman, H. P. Blavatsky, was given the proud privilege. And now I can see the withered and gaunt hands of the spirit of my motherland, land of mysteries, land of occultism, land of sanctity, stretching out across oceans and continents, shedding its blessings of peace and of love."

D.N.D.

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A CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHIST.

JACOB BOEHME was a shoe-maker, who lived at Görlitz, in Silesia, upper Germany, at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. He was a man entirely devoid of all advantages of birth, education, or even of much intellectual talent or literary faculty. Nevertheless, he wrote books concerning the vastest and most subtle problems that can occupy the human mind; and these books have formed the study and delight of some of the deepest modern thinkers—men like Hegel, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Emerson, and Sir Isaac Newton.

From early boyhood, when he herded cattle near his native village, and in manhood, when in the midst of his daily work of making and mending shoes, he was subject to strange mystic experiences and visions. From the first, too, he gave evidence of unusual seriousness, and, as he grew to manhood, was wont to spend much time in prayer and the study of the Bible. Travelling as a journeyman from place to place, he was much struck and deeply depressed by the prevalence of sorrow, pain, and religious discord among his fellows. One day, after a long period of doubt and mental distress, he became suddenly illuminated

by a wonderful inner light, a vivid and glorious exaltation of consciousness. The mysteries which had been weighing upon him seemed to open up and clear away. He knew and saw himself simultaneously present in "all three worlds, namely, the divine, angelical, and paradisiacal world, and then the dark world, being the original of Nature; . . . and then, thirdly, the external or visible world, being a pro-creation or extern birth, or as a substance expressed or spoken forth from both the internal and spiritual worlds." The source and nature of good and evil revealed themselves to his inner vision, and, in fact, he seemed to gain a glimpse into the workings of the universe "as in a *chaos*, wherein all things are couched and wrapt up; but it was impossible . . . to explicate and unfold the same."

This condition of ecstasy continued for seven days, during which Boehme went about the ordinary business of his vocation. Outwardly there was nothing specially noticeable about him, "but the triumph that was then in my soul, I can neither tell nor describe. I can only liken it to a resurrection from the dead."

The mystic vision passed away, but again opened itself within him from time to time, "as in a young plant," in ever-increasing clearness and coherence. At last what had formerly appeared to him chaotically, in isolated fragments, revealed itself as a harmonious unity, a distinct whole. He felt a "powerful driving and instigation" to write it down, and so in the morning before work time, and in the evening after a hard day's toil, he would take up his pen, and "as a sudden shower, which hitteth whatsoever it lighteth upon, just so it happened to me: whatever I could apprehend and bring into the external principle of my mind, the same I wrote down."

The result was the book known as "*Aurora, or the Morning Redness*." It was intended by its author to serve merely as a "memorial" to himself; for he found he was liable to forget much of what he had seen in ecstasy. However, the manuscript was picked up by a nobleman in the shoemaker's shop, and so much impressed was he by its contents that he had it published, with the result of bringing to Boehme great fame and some considerable persecution and annoyance from a certain bigoted ecclesiastic, who professed to find in Boehme's writings nothing but blasphemy and the odour of bees-wax. On the other hand, many learned and cultured laymen eagerly sought his acquaintance, and considered it a privilege to correspond with him. The persecution came to a head when Boehme was cited to appear before the Elector of Saxony and a number of eminent theologians, including two professors of mathematics. The result of the examination for heresy was that Boehme quite captivated all his judges, who put him many knotty questions connected with their own special subjects, and who, while professing themselves unable always to follow him, bore witness to his "marvellously high mental gifts," as well as to his simple, noble, and modest bearing. "I would not take the whole world," said one of the most learned among them, "and condemn such a man." After this Boehme was left in comparative peace by his enemies, who contented themselves after his death by defacing his tomb.

His writings, subsequent to the "*Aurora*," were very numerous. In the later ones a great improvement in style and clearness is observable. This is due, not only to the fact that the visionary power from which he drew his inspiration, became more clear and apprehensible to his own intellect, but also to the effect of intercourse with those men of thought and learning who were his friends. They taught him the use of certain Latin words and philosophic terms which occur in his later works.

Boehme remained always a sincere adherent of the Lutheran church. He

died peacefully in 1624, after partaking of the Sacrament, and with the words on his lips, "Now go I hence into Paradise." He was married, and had four sons, for all of whom he was careful to provide.

The system of Theosophy set forth in Boehme's writings is remarkably similar in all essential points to that put forward by the Eastern adepts. "The book in which all mysteries lie," he says, "is man himself; he himself is the book of the Being of all beings, seeing he is the likeness or similitude of God"—words which contain the rationale of all mysticism, Eastern and Western, and show its universal, catholic, and authentic basis. Again, "In God all beings are but one being, viz., an eternal One or unity, the eternal only *good*, which eternal one without severalty were not manifest to itself. Therefore, the same hath breathed forth itself out of itself, that a plurality or distinct variety might arise, which variety or severalty hath induced itself into a peculiar *will* and properties, the properties into desires, and the desires into beings. . . . The centre of each thing is spirit . . . the separation in a thing is a self-peculiar *will* of its own impressure or forming, where each spirit bringeth itself into being, according to its essential desire." Thus we see that for Boehme, as for the modern Theosophist, everything is *alive*. "A hard, rough stone hath no life that is movable, for the elemental vegetable life standeth mute and still therein, . . . there is not anything in this world wherein the elemental as well as the sidereal dominion doth not lie, but in one thing it is more movable, active and working than another."

The original *will*, out of which everything proceeds, thus becomes split up, as it were, and divided among the innumerable lives, elements, and properties of Nature. In the strife and interplay of these, it would lose and stultify itself, but for the fact that the whole of creation is in reality an emanation of Deity desirous of realising, consciously and knowingly, its own fullness of Being, its own infinite perfection and glory. Hence arises perpetually the redeeming impulse in Nature, the current of return—what we would call the *evolutionary* tendency. In Boehme's mystical doctrine of the Trinity, this is the work of the *Son*. The aboriginal, out-breathed, out-going life is from the *Father*; while that which is ever connecting, reconciling, or "making intercession" between the two opposing wills in Nature, is the *Holy Spirit*.

Man has in him these two contrasted tendencies—one, the "self-will" towards material life, egotism, separation; the other, or *Christ-will* towards liberation, unity, spirit. When the two wills are harmonised together, as they were in "Adam" before his "fall" (into matter, and into ignorance and the sexual state), the divine or "paradisical" life exists. Adam "fell" through "inducing his desire, longing, and lust into the outward, astral, elemental and earthly kingdom . . . and thereby he fell into the sleep of the external *magia*. And thus it is also with the *new birth* [whereby man regains his lost Paradise.] Through *imagination*, and an earnest serious desire, we become again impregnated of the Deity, and receive the new body in the old." This is the new Adam of which the New Testament speaks, and which was "brought to light" by Jesus of Nazareth. A mere "historical faith" in the latter is of no use. "The seeming holy flattering comfort with Christ's death availeth nothing, but to enter into Christ's death; and to spring up anew in Him; and to arise in Him and with Him, and become *Christ* in the new man."

This "new man" will not become truly and completely manifest in humanity until the "second coming of Christ," which would seem by Boehme's description to correspond with what modern Theosophists know as the "seventh race." Men, he says, will then have returned to the androgyne, or a-sexual state;

they will have a thorough knowledge and control of Nature and her qualities; and they will be pure, holy and divine as Adam was in Paradise.

One might easily dwell upon Boehme's limitations as a thinker, and point out how even his ethics would gain breadth and strength by the admixture of certain elements which we have gladly borrowed from the East. Such a task, however, would be a thankless one. He remains to us a wonderful example of the greatness and wisdom of the soul, and of its power to triumph over natural hindrances and disabilities, and to pierce through and illuminate the dead letter of a creed. How much might modern "orthodoxy" learn from the inspired shoemaker!

H. M. MAGEE.

—:O:—

LETTER AND SPIRIT.

IT was not a vision, or a dream of the night that came to me with the birth of the New Year: at the most I had fallen into a brown study; but I saw the four narrow walls of the room where I sat thinking, and writing. The lamp burned brightly before me: I heard the regular monotonous ticking of the clock, and the noise of the traffic, that even at that hour, had not ceased in the busy street; my fingers did not relinquish their hold upon the pen; the ink was scarcely dry upon the paper, when I again continued my work.

I had lifted my eyes for an instant, and the firelight shone across the pictured faces of two whom I call friends—men of different temperaments, different creeds, and different minds, yet both striving with heart and hand to make at least some of earth's rough places smoother for the weary feet of their brother-men. As I gazed at their portraits, I wondered what was their past; and then, for a few seconds, I realised that time, and space, are illusions, and that the inner vision is not bounded by matter. The curtain of time was drawn aside; the gulf, that in our ignorance we place between that portion of infinite duration we call past, and that which we name present, was bridged over; once more I saw, as in a magic mirror, an age long gone bye, and moved in the centre of a mighty civilisation in a land hoary with antiquity; and it was given to me to see something of other lives passed in that grander, calmer time.

Two youths sat together upon a grassy slope that overlooked a mighty river; overhead the crescent moon hung low in the clear, blue sky, and shed its silvery light over the fair rose garden, and softly outlined the distant mountains, and the ancient city. At their feet lay the scroll of parchment, over which their heads had bent together before the daylight died. An ancient stranger at the city gate that morning, had spoken words to them that awoke an answering chord in their hearts; brave, strong, true words, promise of treasure greater than that which they had set themselves to win; into their very souls he seemed to look, and bade them, when they left their home as merchants, bound for distant lands, to seek not alone for pearls or precious spices, or the costly fabrics of the Orient, but for the greater treasure—the wisdom of the ages.

Scene after scene passed before me; through many lands, among many races, I saw the two comrades, and marked how often they drew aside from the concourse of merchants, and the bustle of the busy bazaar, and visited shrine, temple and pagoda, questioning saints, and sages, and all from whom words of wisdom fell; sitting humbly at the feet of each, and asking: "Master, what is truth?" And some answered them in unknown tongues, and some said sadly, "We too seek it"; and those who knew the least, spoke in mysterious whispers, hard to understand—and no soul spoke to their souls.

After careful enquiry, and weary search, they determined to part with all their merchandise, and treasure, and spend their lives in finding the one whose voice first spoke to their hearts. Upon the edge of a bleak desert they found him, and tarried awhile beneath the humble shelter that served him for protection; and kept silence until he chose to speak. They tarried many days alone with the sage, and the stars, until he answered their unspoken questions, and said: "My sons, what can I tell you? I, myself, know not the truth, and if I knew, how could I express the infinite? for a spirit still imprisoned in matter, the highest truth is unattainable, and words are powerless to express the unexpressible; men seek truth under many forms; they weave for her fantastic garments from the woof and warp of their own many-tinged thoughts; they view her with distorted visions; under different names they worship her; each, and all, see but one aspect of truth, but truth is one and eternal; the mind can never open out or expand towards the true; only by heart-consciousness and heart-light can she be perceived; that alone can illuminate the path; where you perceive it within yourselves you will discern it in others, and know that words, and systems, are nothing—but the truth is all."

And they said: "Master, point out to us the first step towards that light."

And he said: "It lies always close at hand, and straight before you."

And the young men journeyed on, and, where the road branched off, to East, and West, they parted company, and each went their own way.

The scene changed; again I saw the moonlit garden, and the mighty river. Two old men sat together there, and each looking into the other's eyes, saw the heart-light reflected; and one, as his hand sought and clasped his comrade's, said with a voice thin with age: "After I left you, I travelled far, and grew old, and weary, and despairing, for in my heart was a perpetual longing; and I passed the shrines of Benares, and reached a spot beneath the Himalayan snows, where, in old times, Lord Buddha taught his own. I found there a holy ascetic with the yellow robe, and he received me graciously, and for years I followed him, carrying the beggar's bowl, until I found the way of peace, and then my thoughts turned to you, and I came to seek you, that you too might enter, and learn the love and pity, and Brotherhood, that the Master taught."

"I, too, have found it," said his comrade. "Beside a misty lake, in the early morning, I heard a calm, weary voice uttering the words of wisdom, and I drew near and listened, and followed him; love and compassion, and Brotherhood, my Master taught in Galilee."

"What drew you back here?"

"Ask me not my brother: men's hatred and blindness are not pleasant subjects: the sun was darkened, and darkness also fell upon my life when the Master crowned his teachings with his death, and ever in my ears unceasingly I hear a woman's wailing cry, until earth's melodies are drowned by it."

Two re-incarnating egos entered earth-life together at the close of the nineteenth century; but, at the gates of birth, they missed each other, and, grown to manhood, they sought the truth, as they had done once before, under different teachers; and the one found and recognised the same teaching unchanged in aught; it fell from a woman's lips, who was a servant of the same Masters as the teacher had been, who, long before, had worn the yellow robe, and carried the beggar's bowl by Benares. But the other searcher after truth, failed to find the teaching that haunted him; a dim, uncertain memory of a voice by the misty lake; but the lessons were not forgotten; the wail of the great

orphan humanity awakened that love and compassion that lay dormant within him, a heritage from his past.

The New Year bells ring out across christian England, a land of cant, and shams, and bibles, and slums; instead of a paean of joy, the chimes seemed to one heart, at least, to be an inharmonious accompaniment to the unuttered "*Miserère*," which is the only psalm of life of the poor; and mingled with the carols, came the sound that had silenced earth's melodies for him once before—the echo of a woman's wailing borne adown the ages: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The figure of a dead prophet, fitting emblem of a lifeless creed, hangs upon the rood above the altars where the West kneels to pray, whilst the heavens above them are as brass, and over the portals of cathedral, church, and chapel, the one word, "*Ichabod*," is written; the spirit which animated and inspired the founder of Christianity, dwells not where the many-coloured windows shed their iridescent light in an aureole around the heads of kneeling worshippers: his teaching is not heard where the majestic organ peals: his message is seldom voiced from the pulpits of to-day; yet the same spirit that was in him lives wherever men give themselves for others in uttermost self-sacrifice, or in small daily acts of kindness; it breathes in the slums where the poor man is the poor man's friend; where the famished work-girl shares her last dry crust. The truth has not failed; the Christianity taught in Galilee has not failed; *humanity has*.

The bells ring out their message of peace, and good-will, and are answered by earth's discords; yet some are striving to restore the ancient harmony again, and it matters not by what name they call themselves, or under what shibboleths they veil their beliefs, if they strive towards the true; he who calls himself Theosophist stands beside a girl whom the laws of supply and demand have killed, in a damp, mildewed, narrow room, with rotten flooring, and broken roof; where the lamp flickers fitfully in the fever-burdened air, and the fire has died out upon the hearth; the sounds that make night hideous in many quarters of the city come in through the unglazed window, the drunkard's curses, and the children's cries; but as he stands there beside the dead (whose last hours were perhaps her best), he knows that with all humanity it shall at last be well.

And to the other, across the midnight air, a message flashed from the true, into a receptive heart, with the carols of the bells: it whispered the old secret, the teaching of the Wisdom-religion, and of the Christianity of long ago; sweeter than sweetest music, pure as the moonlight that flooded a prison cell, it whispered the secret of that spiritual alchemy, which alone is powerful to transmute the animal into the divine, the old secret of becoming—"be a Christ." And many who heard the message, said of him, as of his Master, "he blasphemes"; what matter? words do not overthrow a truth the soul perceives; to be a Christ, to be a Theosophist, is the same thing; and both are but mortal forms through which the light shines, for "ye are the light of the world"; "the kingdom of heaven is within you"; "to whatever place one would go, that place one's own self becomes"; "the ancient gods and poets knew it"; "they became it, and were immortal."

K. B. L.

GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

. All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged, and appear under this heading.

Subject for February—"Dreams."

ELEMENTALS.

ELEMENTALS are the creatures evolved in the four kingdoms of earth, air, fire, and water, and called by the Kabbalists gnomes, sylphs, salaman-

ders, and undines. They may be termed the forces of nature, and will either operate effects as the servile agents of general law, or may be employed by the disembodied spirits—whether pure or impure—and by living adepts of magic and sorcery, to produce desired phenomenal results. Such beings never become men.—H.P.B. *Isis Unveiled*.

Elementals proper are what Tertullian called the “princes of the powers of the air.” This class is believed to possess but one of the three attributes of man. They have neither immortal spirits nor tangible bodies; only astral bodies, which partake, in a distinguished degree, of the element to which they belong and also of the ether. They are a combination of sublimated matter and a rudimental mind. Some are changeless, but still have no separate individuality, acting collectively, so to say.—*Ibid.* Page 311, Vol. I.

Elementals are living forces, and they may be perceived by him who has acquired the power to look within his own soul. Each of these forces corresponds to some animal desire, and if it is permitted to grow, is symbolised by the form of the animal which corresponds to its nature. At first they are thin and shadowy, but as the desire which corresponds to them is indulged in, they become more and more dense, and gain strength as our desires grow into a passion. These Elementals may live in the soul realm of man as long as he lives, and grow strong, for they live on his life principle, and are fed by the substance of his thoughts. They may even become objective to him, if during a paroxysm of fear, or in consequence of some disease they are enabled to step out of their sphere. They are only destroyed by the power of the *spiritual will* of man which annihilates them as the light annihilates darkness—F. Hartman. *Magic.* Page 36.

“When you succeed in seeing a distant friend, that is not knowledge: that is the fact of *being* in the condition or vibration, that *is* that friend at the time. The translation of it into a mental reckoning or explanation, is what is called knowledge. To see an Elemental on the astral plane, is for the time to be, in some part of our nature, in that state or condition.—Quoted by Julius. “*Path.*” January, 1888.

An Elemental is a centre of force, without intelligence, without moral character or tendencies, but capable of being directed in its movements by human thoughts, which may consciously or not, give it any form, and to a certain extent intelligence. The class which has most to do with us answers to the above description.—“*Path.*” May, 1888. *Conversations on Occultism*.

As it (the Elemental world) is automatic and like a photographic plate, all atoms continually arriving at and departing from the “human system” are constantly assuming the impression conveyed by the acts and thoughts of that person, and, therefore, if he sets up a strong current of thought, he attracts Elementals in greater numbers, and they all take on one prevailing tendency or colour, so that all new arrivals find a homogeneous colour or image which they instantly assume.—*Ibid.*

Ceremonial magic involves at almost every step the use of a sword. After the invocator has used the ceremonial for some time, he at last creates within his aura, a duplicate of what he previously used and pictured on the floor or walls. In this he is no longer master, for, it being placed on that part of his nature of which he is ignorant, the sword of metal becomes an astral sword, with the handle held by the demons or influences he unwisely raised. They then attack him where no defence can be interposed—on the astral and mental planes, and just as surely as the wise man’s words were uttered, he at last perishes by the weapon he himself used.—William Brehon. “*Path.*” June, 1888.

The production of phenomena is not possible without either the aid or disturbance of Elementals. Each phenomenon entails the expenditure of great force, and also brings on a correspondingly great disturbance in the Elemental world, which disturbance is beyond the limit natural to ordinary human life. It then follows that, as soon as the phenomenon is completed, the disturbance occasioned begins to be compensated for. The Elementals are in greatly excited motion, and precipitate themselves in various directions. They are able to enter into the sphere of unprotected persons, and especially those persons who are engaged in the study of occultism. And then they become agents in concentrating the Karma of those persons, producing troubles and disasters often, or other difficulties which otherwise might have been so spread over a period of time. This will go to explain the meaning of the statement that an adept will not do any phenomenon unless he sees the desire in the mind of another adept; for then there is a sympathetic relation established, and also a tacit acceptance of the consequences which may ensue.—*Conversations on Occultism. "Path." June, 1888.*

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SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

THE education of children is certainly a matter for grave consideration by Theosophists. In spite of the many modern improvements in methods of teaching, in schools, books, maps, and other up-to-date appliances, there still remains two great obstacles in the road to real development of the whole man, *i.e.*, the examination system, and the interference or, worse still, the indifference of parents. If an enlightened teacher determines to avoid the first, and to endeavour to train pupils in the way of learning for its own sake, virtue for its own sake, certain parents step in and say:—"I don't want new experiments tried on my children; if I do not find them up to the mark of others I must send them elsewhere. I cannot afford to let them fail in the race of life, and it would not be fair to them." Thus the system of competition invades the schoolroom; the Kindergarten even, where two or three little ones are gathered together, there is the prize and the punishment.

Now, how is this to be avoided? So long as parents are imbued with the spirit of false ambition for their children, they cannot be persuaded that any other system than that of marks or prize giving will avail to advance them in life; they want to see *results*. And so they will, undoubtedly, but not of the best kind. The indifferent parents are more easily dealt with at first. But some day a clever friend will tell them that their children must pass examinations in order to "get on" in life, and then, if they fail, the want of success will be visited on the unfortunate schoolmaster with a fury proportionate to the parents' former indifference.

Quis custodiat custodes? Who shall examine the examiners; who shall educate the parents? Unless Theosophists are prepared to deprive their children of the advantages, and these are many and not to be despised, of public school life, I see no help for the present state of things, except the constant inculcation, during the home life, of principles in direct contradiction to those obtaining at school. They must show their children that they do not care for the marks and prizes, that the only things they value are an increase in habits of truthfulness, industry, moral courage, brotherliness, and all kinds of usefulness. And they, themselves, must set the example, and not expect their children to practice every kind of virtue, while they, themselves, walk in the broad paths of selfish pleasure.

After all, it is the home training that forms the character, so far as it is dependent on training, and that training begins in the nursery, in the very cradle itself. Wise nurses and mothers will take care to enforce such rules as are necessary for right living and order, and so teach the little ones wholesome lessons of obedience, and the relation of cause to effect, before they come to the sterner lessons they have afterwards to learn, at school and in the world. But they must be taught in the spirit of love, for love is the best teacher. Children must be made to feel unmistakably that they are restrained by a loving hand, and not by a mere iron rule. No one should undertake the office of teacher who has not a genuine love of the young, the power of sympathising in their joys and sorrows, who is not as much interested in making them happy as in making them good. Obedience must be enforced, but the *art* of enforcing it is a lifelong study.

A great help in training to prompt obedience is drill—if possible, musical drill. There is something catching in the feeling of all moving together; obeying the word of command in a body is easier than an isolated act of obedience. It is the *esprit-de-corps* which alone can move sluggish natures. Drill is also the best corrective of the “fidgets,” and should, therefore, be introduced as a break between mental studies.

An excellent means of mental training is the study of some science for which children can make their own collections; shells, seaweeds, birds' eggs, provided there is no cruelty shown, and here is an opportunity for teaching kindness to animals—all these are good, but the one open to the fewest objections is that of botany. For this it is not necessary to live in the country, now that our parks and gardens are so well stocked, and wild flowers can be so easily bought, even in London. Botany trains the observing powers, gives an interest to every new walk and each new place visited; and the arranging and classifying of plants is good scientific training, and may prove a life-long pleasure. The child who has been carefully taught botany may take up any science in after life, without feeling the least bothered by nomenclature or other difficulties; the method of one science is the method of all.

As regards moral teaching, it should be infused into every study and every act of life. Nevertheless, it may be well to give occasional direct instruction in ethics. Dr. Felix Adler has written an admirable work on this subject, called, “On the Teaching of Ethics,” which I heartily commend to the notice of parents and teachers. He recommends a gradual series of moral lessons, by means of fairy tales, fables, stories from the Bible, wisely chosen and told in the teacher's own words, at the same time inviting familiar conversation on the subject in hand.

And here I would like to say a few words on what is called, and certainly is, the religious difficulty. I think Theosophists will be wrong if they shirk imparting a knowledge of, at all events, certain parts of the Bible to their children. Every one should know the Shāstras of his own country before he studies those of other lands. I have known one or two examples of those so anxious to put all Scriptures on an equality, that they have remained in total ignorance of their own English Bible. They have, consequently, not known how to meet Christians in controversy, except by denial or abuse. Breadth often means shallowness, and a roaming disposition may be an excuse for want of sympathy nearer home. It is quite possible to teach the religion of your own land without prejudicing the mind against that of other countries and peoples, and an occasional lesson may, of course, be given from other sacred books, using such a collection as Conway's *Anthology*; but to teach exclusively from Indian sources is a practice I should, personally, think unwise.

Lastly, I would recommend Theosophists to consider a subject on which I have once before written in the pages of *Lucifer*, that is, the co-education of the sexes to a greater extent than is common at present. Men and women have to live and work together through life; why then should they be deemed unfit companions during the few years which separate their early home life from manhood and womanhood? Boys become brutalised by being herded together, learn to despise their mothers and sisters, to think home rule is "rot," and this is called making men of them. It is a denaturalising process. Girls get silly and simpering, lose in breadth and moral strength, and when again thrown together with young men, are shy and unnatural, prone to flirtation and fond of flattery. In fact, all faults in either case become accentuated, instead of getting mutually corrected.

These few hints are not merely theoretical. They are the result of long experience in the management of children. Their companionship has now become to me almost a necessity, so far more interesting and sympathetic are they than men and women whose characters are hardened. I have often felt the truth of Longfellow's lines:—

As the leaves are to the forest,
For light and air and food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood;
Such to the world is children,
Through them it feels the glow,
Of a brighter and happier climate,
Than reaches the trunks below.

If I may express an opinion as to the course most desirable for Theosophists to pursue, I should not advocate the entire separation of their children from all those not like-minded with themselves. Rather I should teach them to live in the world without being too much of it, and thus to cultivate independence of character and opinion. We do not want them to become sectarian, narrow-minded, and uncharitable, which they are sure to be if they are taught that every one is wrong but themselves, and those of their own particular sect. Plant the truth, and seeds of error will not easily spring up. But plant it in love, for love is the fulfilling of the law.

E. KISLINGBURY, F.T.S.

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OUR LOTUS CIRCLE.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN—You love animals, I know. All children love to watch their pretty ways, and stroke their soft, warm coats, and look into their kind, trustful eyes. Did you ever fancy that the eyes of your four-footed brothers have a dumb, silent appeal in them, as if they asked your help and pity, and prayed you take care of them, and use your strength to protect their weakness?

I have seen this in the eyes of many a beast. Look next time that a cow comes up and puts his nose over the gate, and says "Good morning" to you, and you will see he asks your help and pity for his suffering kindred.

But I am so young, and weak, and powerless, you will say.

Do not say it. Do not think it. Never let such an idea enter your head while there is a creature in the whole world that needs your help. You, child though you are, are armed if you desire it, with all the strength of the strongest man. You can draw upon love—upon the universal love—upon love that is stronger than death—for all the power you need. And than love there is nothing stronger in heaven or earth.

I want you very much to understand about this wonderful power of love, because I am going to ask you to use it to help and protect all that suffers; so you must be patient while I try and make you realise what it is, and where it comes from.

The Old Book that your forefathers, the Puritans, studied more than any other, taught that God is love, and that God is everywhere, and that without God—that is love—was not anything made. Now you will remember that the Puritans were very strong men, and that they got their nickname because they tried to live pure lives. These Puritans were not perfect, or they would have been gods, and not men; but they were a great deal stronger than the other men of their time, because they tried to obey their consciences. They in spite of their faults—taught us one thing. They showed us that a strong faith in God being around us, and *in* us, will enable each man and child to draw strength to himself from the universal strength that wraps him round. Yet this feeling that Love, or the great Unknown Power that men call God, is everywhere; that the world, earth, air, sea, and sky, the countless stars of heaven, the glittering dew-drop on the grass, are forms of Life and Love. Each form obeys the law of its being, each acts in a certain way, guided by a knowledge, or instinct, or conscience, that is one with its life. To illustrate this, I will tell you that sound is heard and obeyed by particles of sand. When certain sounds are made, the particles move themselves in a given direction. A lady, Mrs. Watts-Hughes, who noticed this law, has lately made experiments of the effects of musical notes on movement in sand, and on producing certain sounds she has seen the semi-fluid paste arrange itself into leaves and flower-forms and various beautiful designs. This shows us that even grains of sand are not the dead, unconscious atoms some have supposed, but that they are living and acting forces, obeying the law of harmony. Now I want you to get used to the idea that all things are full of Life and Love, and all things are responsive to Law. Also, that in living out their lives, they are actively engaged in carrying out the Law.

I have already told you that the source of all things is Love. Now you know Love produces harmony. When you love a little friend you wish to show your love by serving him. This love and service bring harmony between you. Service, then, is obedience to the Law of Love, and produces harmony. Harmony, as we have seen with the sand, sets in motion certain movements of the air, called vibrations. These vibrations produce regular and beautiful forms and figures. And so all goes on in regular and perfect action. Now to get everything, and everybody, to live out a life of *service*, that is, of obedience to the Law of Love, which is Harmony, is the lesson we are here to learn on earth. Until we have learned this lesson we must come again and again to school, and for us no lasting happiness is possible. You are old enough to know that at present we have not learned obedience to Law. Even children can, and do, break in upon harmony, and produce discord. When they are playing together, it sometimes happens that instead of each desiring to serve and make others happy, some one among the playmates forgets the wishes of his companions, and cares, for the minute, only for himself. Now, in this minute of disobedience, what has the child done? He has stopped the flow of harmony that was rolling through the spheres, and he has awakened discord. It is as though, in a lovely melody, a clumsy hand crashed upon a wrong chord, and set all ears tingling. See how powerful is a little child. Its self-love can check the current of Love, the Source of Life, in its flow. But remember, as each is powerful for evil, so is each powerful for good; and bear in mind that the initiate St. Paul taught

men that they were "heirs of the kingdom," "workers together with him" (the Christ). But what I want you particularly to notice is that as each atom responds to the law of harmony, so each is affected by the discord. Each is turned from its onward, happiness-producing course, and turned back upon itself. Each is, as we say, "put out." Notice what happens in your own mind when some ugly passion awakens in you, and makes you blind to all besides yourself, when the wants and wishes of others are hidden by a "I want this," "I will have that." You are a little mirror of the universe. What you see in yourself is to be seen in the movements of the sand, that will not flow forth into lovely forms while discord sounds. When anger or self-will lets the "I" shut out "the other" is there not a rush of blackness that clouds the mind and makes miserable the heart? Where, now, is the sunshine that lighted up your little interior world an hour ago? Look in the glass when you are "good," and then look again when "selfishness" has you in its ugly clutches, and see how the atoms that compose your body have changed their work. Now they are busy producing pain and ill health, and the face tells the tale. It is the punishment for disobedience to the Law of Harmony that they are working out. They cannot help it—poor little atoms. They, too, are under the law. You, their king, have let in upon them the enemy, discord, and stopped the flow of kindly Love, and thrown them into confusion and disorder, from which they will struggle by-and-by, giving you pain all the time, while they form their ranks anew. Now I am going to tell you what is happening every day to poor dumb animals that have been given into the keeping of man, and that look at you so pitifully, and ask you so plainly, with their beautiful beseeching eyes, to be kind to their brother and sister beasts who serve you faithfully, and deserve your protection. Far away over the sea, thousands of cattle are packed into ships that they may be brought to England for a beef-loving nation to eat. How are they packed? With nice clean straw to lie down in, and plenty of clean fresh water to drink, when the motion of the steamer makes them feel sick and ill? This is what the *Standard* newspaper tells us the other day: "A floating cattle-shed is packed from end to end with as many beasts as can be crammed into it; almost like herrings in a barrel. The beasts are packed tightly together, with no room to move, to change their position, or even to lie down. During the whole voyage, lasting perhaps fourteen days or three weeks, the wretched brutes have to remain on their legs, stacked against each other, and tossed from side to side by the motion of the vessel. If an animal lies down he does not rise again, for the life is speedily trampled out of him by his companions, and therefore the drovers are employed during the whole of the voyage in goading, bludgeoning, and torturing the wretched animals, in order to keep them on their legs."

There is no love and harmony here, and this is what happens. The atoms that go to build up the bodies of these tortured creatures are thrown into, and kept in, horrible confusion, producing blood-poisoning, disease, and often death. "Instances are on record of fifty, one hundred, two hundred, and even three hundred dead bodies of animals being thrown overboard at a time. One vessel landed only fourteen cattle out of three hundred and sixty." But let us see what happens to the animals that are not tortured to death in the ocean journey, but which can be killed on landing, and taken to market as meat. The molecules of which the flesh of these animals is composed are in disorder; that is to say, in a diseased, disorganised condition, for hate and greed have been at work, and the reign of Love and Order has been displaced. Now people eat this diseased flesh, and the law of retribution—some people call it *Karma*—

begins its work. Disordered atoms are introduced into more or less healthy bodies, and cause at once morbid action—that is, diseased action. Presently we have hospitals and sick rooms, and lunatic asylums full of suffering people. The cruelty inflicted from desire to get money, or the desire to eat that which habit has taught some people to think pleasant to the taste has brought its own punishment, and the suffering of the poor helpless beast is avenged on man who has the choice of living in the law of loving kindness, or in wilful disobedience to that law, but who never, never can escape the fruit of his actions. For the law is unchangeable. “Perfect justice rules the world!” “As ye sow, so shall ye reap”; and every breath of air, every grain of sand, is an active instrument in working out the Law of Love and Harmony, even when this law has to be taught to the children of men through pain and anguish.

A child can understand this, and she can by right thought, right speech, and good-will to all that lives, help to bring that day more quickly when “The will of the Father shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.”—Lovingly yours,
K. E. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In entering the lists as a “parent” in response to your invitation last month, I hope that what I wish to say will not be understood as opposition to the plan of “Lotus Circle,” which has proved so successful a means in America of bringing the truths of Theosophy to children. I might also enter the lists as a teacher, for I have taught a good many children, and in that capacity would beg you earnestly not to offer prizes of any sort or kind for this work. Let there be no competition: it is the bane of our modern education: it is never necessary, and one of the first Theosophical lessons might, in my opinion, be usefully given to explain—how all competition strikes at the root of that feeling of brotherhood which we are trying to stir within our children.

Let the Sunday Schools of Theosophy teach other than this, and it will avoid a serious evil. When we have taught the love of good work for its own sake we shall have done much! But it is as “parent” that my thoughts have been chiefly turned to this subject, and I venture to put a few of them into words.

In the first place, I feel very strongly that in all cases, where it is possible (and I can hardly imagine a case where it is not possible), parents should teach their own children. It is agreed, perhaps, that all parents cannot teach; that it is not a wise thing to attempt with one's own children. In ordinary teaching there is much to be said in favour of this theory, but, to begin with, the genius for *teaching* is not the first essential. It is the genius of sympathy; the intimate knowledge of the character of our children, that provides the qualification; and, to go on with, if the attempt be unwise, there must be, I think, something wrong in the relationship between parent and child, and the sooner that is looked into the better for both.

Let us be quite sure, in handing over our children to the friend—however kind, however interesting—once a week, that we are neither lazy-hearted or minded; or, if we do hand them over once a week, let us see that they learn something from us in the remaining six days.

We are all agreed that our object is so to train our children that they may, in due time, and, by a natural growth, become Theosophists; the means to secure this end are many and varied, and we should not, naturally, all agree

as to the best means. Personally, I cannot feel it a wise thing to give children too much theory, or too much sugared information about the universe. Nothing is more easy than to over-stimulate a child's mind, to make him self-conscious, to give him facts that he is incapable of digesting or judging, and the greatest care is needed in the selection of facts suitable to his understanding and reasoning power: that power should also be carefully gauged and proved.

A child often appears to grasp the largest ideas, and, certainly, enjoys the presentment of them; but it is often marvellous to hear his own statement afterwards, of what he has really taken away with him.

To a child Theosophy should mean, in the main, Ethics; indeed I am one who believes that it should mean Ethics for grown people also.

But I do not mean to say that the basis of Ethics should be wholly withheld, only I think theories should be given most carefully, and, in all cases, as an outcome of practical experience. This, it seems to me, can be conveyed best to a child alone rather than in company. In so far then, as I contend that parents should be responsible for the moral and Theosophical training of children, I inevitably contend that Sunday Schools should not be a necessity. But, so long as parents do not feel this responsibility, it is natural that an attempt should be made to gather together the children to fill the gap: and I would only urge that common-sense should be used in selecting matter, and in the nature of the instruction. I am prompted to say this by the kind and loving, but, in my opinion, unwise, tone of the writer of your opening words. I seem to see a danger there of too much sentiment, too much fancy. It is not wise to let children know that we think their thoughts strange and wonderful, nor to let them think they can know all about everything. No one rates more highly than I do the necessity for keeping the links between those now working and those who must work when we are gone; and there is little doubt that if the bent of our hearts is truly and earnestly Theosophical, that fitting language will be found in which to translate to our children some dim notion of the value of life and its lessons. We burn to save Humanity. Humanity is represented in every human being: how much, then, should we burn to save those whose Karma has knitted them so closely to us, and has led them to us for help—and whom we have the best opportunity to save—our own children.

CAROLINE MARSHALL, F.T.S.

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DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE:

The subjects for discussion to the end of February are as follows:—

| | | | | |
|-----------|---|--|---|----------------------|
| Jan. 17th | - | "Karma," | - | Opened by J. Varian. |
| " 24th | - | "Self-Analysis," | " | G. W. Russell. |
| " 31st | - | "Theosophy and Common Life," | " | J. Duncan. |
| Feb. 7th | - | "Nature Spirits," | " | A. W. Dwyer. |
| " 14th | - | "The Responsibility of Thought," | " | A. Varian. |
| " 21st | - | "Why do we not remember our Past Lives?" | " | F. J. Dick. |
| " 28th | - | "Post-Mortem Existence," | " | ————— |

The annual business meeting will be held on Monday evening, the 22nd January, at 7.30., to receive Treasurer's report, and elect Council for current year. The further development of the Lodge activities will come up for consideration, and a full attendance of members is earnestly requested.

FRED. J. DICK, *Secretary*.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

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NOTICE.

The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

DUBLIN LODGE.

On Monday evening, 22nd January, the Dublin Lodge held its annual meeting. Brother Dick, as secretary and treasurer, submitted his report of the year's work, which was formally adopted. Then came the election of council and officers for 1894. This presented little difficulty, as everyone seemed anxious to manifest their confidence in the trusted and tried members who, during past years, have carried on the work of the Lodge so untiringly, by re-electing them as speedily as possible. The I.T. was the next subject for consideration, and its past shortcomings were treated very gently. I was reminded of Jasper Niemand's words, "To say with the whole heart, 'In his place I might do worse,' is truly to love the neighbour." On the whole, it was a satisfactory meeting. It was not "for tiresome or bureaucratic legislation," but "for mutual help and suggestion for the work of another year" that all gathered together.

—:O:—

THE NORTHERN FEDERATION.

The Federation of the North of England Lodges is a pleasing and healthy sign. The different activities to which attention has been given, are sufficiently varied, and if carried out in the spirit in which they have been started, ought to bear good results in due season. In consolidated movements of this nature lie the elements of true progress in the T.S. "Long live" the N.F. in the love of doing *enduring* good to others.

—:O:—

NEW CORRESPONDENCE SCHEME.

I notice from current *Vahan* that the new correspondence scheme, proposed to be carried out on the lines adopted successfully by the American Section, has been abandoned, because "scarcely a dozen members" replied to the announcement made by the General Secretary in a previous *Vahan*. This leads me to think that Lodges are apt sometimes to

become engrossed in purely local matters to the disadvantage of the Section at large. Such a state of affairs could easily be obviated by one member of each Lodge being delegated to look after proposals from headquarters, obtain the view of the members thereon, and report to General Secretary. It seems to me this would be more satisfactory than relying on each individual member to respond. We have to sink personal or local aims into "one great sea of devotion to the cause we have taken up." It is no easy task, but we can "try"!

—:O:—

INDIAN THEOLOGY.

It seems difficult indeed for Christian writers to exclude prejudice from their minds when dealing with any system of religion outside of Christianity. Here is a fitting example:—"The great Vishnavite apostle, however, was Chaftanya, born in 1485. He died at about the age of forty at Puri in Orissa, after a most remarkable life of labour, devotion, and faith. Contemplation he taught was one of the chief means of salvation. Obedience to the guru, or religious guide, is still one of the leading features of his sect. Caste was quite a secondary consideration, by him, indeed, it was all but ignored, all men alike were capable of faith. His teaching has led up to the assertion among his followers, of the spiritual independence of women. The great end of his system, however, was the liberation of the soul, that is to say, its deliverance from the stains, and frailties, and sinful desires of earth. Alas that he prescribed such inadequate means. For assuredly neither by contemplation, nor by obedience, nor by the assertion of equality, does this come. But in the Blood of Christ we find the power which cleanseth from all sin." It is about time that we had some definition of the phrase "Blood of Christ." It has become an expression utterly meaningless, used by those who disregard entirely any attempt to apply a spiritual interpretation to what is otherwise mere sectarian jargon.

—:O:—

Near the great Ferris Wheel you might have
HE WAS NOT A CHRISTIAN. chanced upon a Brahmin who was busy turning
very pleasing effects, upon little cards, with his
thumb nail. He had bright eyes and a plentiful flow of wit. He was usually
surrounded by admiring ladies.

"Only one nickel, lady; will you buy?"

The lady had been studying him intently for some minutes.

"No, I believe not. But I would like to know if you are a Christian?"

"A Christian? No, indeed! Why should I be a Christian? I am a Brahmin. As well ask, 'are you a Brahmin?' But I know you could not be. No more could you be a Christian if you were born in Turkey. You would be a Mohammedan, sure; and for Bible you would read the Koran."

"That is not my opinion."

"Opinion! It is not opinion; it is fact. We are all born to our religion. But it is all the same, Mohammedan or Christian. Have a flower, lady?"

Another lady interposing: "I would like one with your autograph."

"Oh, sure! 'Tis but a moment to write it." As he writes: "This is not my profession. I wished to come to the Fair. My people say 'no.' But the vessel come, the vessel go; and I was gone too. So I make my thumb nail—I learned it when a boy—serve me. I earn some money; I see the Fair; I go home. As for my religion, I am nobody here. Here, the Christian on top, I am under; at home I am on top, the Christian under. But we should not be so

unkind. Apple pie you like ; lemon pie I like ; but it is pie all the same. So with religion ; different, but the same."

"But, have you no fear of going to hell?" persisted the lady, intent on his soul.

"To hell? Oh, no! I fear to go nowhere ; so hell is not in me, I am everywhere safe."—*Unity*.

—:O:—

MRS. BESANT'S INDIAN
TOUR.

As it is likely a considerable number of *I.T.* readers do not see the larger Theosophical monthlies, it will not be out of place to give a few short extracts from January *Lucifer*, regarding Mrs. Besant's Tour in India.

"Every mail brings news of the enthusiastic reception given to Annie Besant, both in Ceylon and Southern India, and of the splendid work that is being done by her. Space would fail us to give all the interesting details of the ubiquitous 'triumphal arches,' unceasing 'garlanding and incessant rose-water besprinkling that our travellers have had at every opportunity.' . . . On November 16th Annie Besant first set foot on Indian soil, where she and her companions were enthusiastically received, and again wreathed with flowers. Trimovelly was the first stop. A procession, as usual, conducted them to the bungalow, with tom-toms and other native music. The subject of the first lecture was *Life after Death*. The Countess writes enthusiastically as follows:—"The hall and corridors were packed. Annie Besant spoke as I have never heard her speak before. Those who really wish to hear her at her best must come and listen to her in the East. She spoke with a force and depth of feeling which seizes hold of one like a whirlwind. . . . All the Hindûs were surprised to find what knowledge she possessed of their own scriptures." . . . In Madura they found themselves installed in the Mahârâjah's palace, and the High Priest of the world-famous temple came in state to greet them. . . . At Kumbakonam Annie Besant was interviewed by a "palmist." She says, "they gave a very accurate sketch of my life with one or two details never printed—and then went on to the future, with reasons for future taken from events in past births." He said that she was to be a great religious teacher, besides other nice things. . . . Our latest news is from Bellary. Annie Besant writes:—"Bungalow from which I last wrote, developed into a fever of excitement. The Government gave us a big place to meet in, closed the public offices early that everyone might go to the last lecture ; the Prime Minister came from Mysore, and we had some 3,000 people. Next morning the Minister came with some of the high Indian officials, and discussed the method of education in the Government schools, and especially the best methods for the girls' schools ; we discussed also other questions, and the way of initiating reforms." So far Mrs. Besant's tour has been a complete success.

—:O:—

RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR
AND
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

At a recent meeting of the Psychical Society, of which he is President, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour said—"Each age has its own problems, and during the past century all the sciences outside the restricted sphere at present under discussion have been reconstructed from top to bottom. The laws relating to light and heat, the conservation of energy, geology, biology, the whole theory of evolution have all changed since the time of Mesmer. . . . But the time to study the more occult phenomena had now come. There are certain well attested facts that do

not naturally fit into the framework of the sciences. These facts await explanation and investigation, and it is the duty of science to aid us in investigating them. . . . We seem to come across facts which, if they be well established—and they appear to be well established—can by no amount of squeezing or manipulation be made to fit into any of the interstices of the physical world. We seem on the threshold of a whole set of the laws of nature which do not appear to harmonise, are not in drawing, do not fit in, so to speak, with the ideas of scientific men as regards the laws of the universe."

—:O:—

"SPIRITUAL ENERGY."

Mrs. Besant, in one of her speeches at Chicago, contrasting the different methods of social reformers said—"I who have spent so many years of life in dealing with these problems on the material plane, I who have given so much of time and of thought to the effort to bring some remedy to the social ills of man, I take it to be my duty at the outset of this brief statement, to bear witness founded upon knowledge, that the employment of one hour in spiritual energy for the good of man works a hundred-fold more good than years of labour employed on the material plane." To many, the phrase "spiritual energy" suggests something nebulous and intangible—a want of energy, contrasted with physical effort. No sluggard can employ spiritual energy; the whole moral, intellectual and spiritual nature must be quickened, and the aim wide and lofty; only then can such means be employed in service for the good of man. When we hear complaint of how little one can do to help on the cause of righteousness, let us not forget the testimony of one who has used material and spiritual energy alike.

D. N. D.

—:O:—

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

XIII. KARMA. (*Continued.*)

WE have already seen that Theosophy rejects altogether the "wild and absurd delusion"—as Schopenhauer justly terms it—that the birth of a man is his absolute beginning, and that there is a newly-created "immortal soul" implanted in every new-born infant. A sense of justice alone should be enough to show how irreconcilable is such a notion with any belief in the moral ordering of the universe. The hard lot experienced, whether from sickness of body or from bad surroundings, by vast numbers of our fellow-beings from their very birth, when contrasted with the luxury or the happy moral conditions amid which others pass almost unscathed through the manifold evils and temptations of life—this is the spectacle which, to believers in Providence, has always been an "inscrutable mystery," and to Atheists a striking example of the rule of chance and blind fate in human affairs. Viewed, however, in the light of pre-existence; of evolution through repeated re-births upon earth, and of Karma, the law which "adjusts effects to causes" and renders to us just those opportunities or hindrances which we have won for ourselves in former lives—the problem of human destiny appears in a new and hopeful aspect.

My brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrow and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

Such is the essence of the Theosophic idea of Karma. Its justice and reasonableness commend it at once to our sense of right, and remove from the

laws of existence a standing Reproach. The mere statement of its possibility has taken a weight of oppression from many a doubting heart. And yet there is no tenet of Theosophy, as H. P. Blavatsky herself has said, which presents more difficulty in its deeper aspects; none more liable to misunderstanding or faulty statement.

One mistake which we are prone to fall into is to make a sort of fetish of Karma, to speak of it as a kind of external power or principle in the universe which mechanically renders good for good, evil for evil, with a kind of clock-work regularity as of some great automatic machine. This error is commoner than it should be, and cannot be sufficiently guarded against.

Now, Karma is said to be "the continuance of the act" (the word itself signifies "action"). Just as the rebound of an elastic ball from the wall against which we throw it may be said to be involved in the original discharge of the ball from the hand—in the same way it may be seen that Karma is but a convenient way of naming the after-effects of any action, separated from the first inception of that action in time, but not in fact. What has to be first looked at, therefore, is the nature of action itself, and of the agent or actor man who brings upon himself that reaction or response of Nature, whether agreeable or the reverse, which we call Karma.

Action, then, if we use the word in any real, and not merely conventional sense, is clearly the result of thought or intelligence. What is done without thought, unconsciously or mechanically, cannot properly be termed action, though we often apply the word thus incorrectly for convenience sake. Behind thought again stands desire, for it is obvious that no one sets his mind in motion without an object or motive of some kind in view. In every case, whether recognised or not, the wish is in some sense "father to the thought." Desire is thus the foundation of all human action. Indeed, if we take the word in its widest and deepest sense, desire may be said to be *the* moving or active principle of the universe itself, which is the outcome, or out-breathing, or *action*, the Highest Self, God. It is everywhere the disturber of Nature's equilibrium, the enemy of the existing order or *status quo*.

The effort of Nature to restore that equilibrium and harmony disturbed by Desire, is Karma. Such is the broader aspect of this law of laws—its cosmic aspect, we may say. But how are we to understand its actual method of operation as a moral agent, influencing men's individual lives and fortunes?

A full answer to this question would demand the wisdom of the highest adept or seer. Certain principles and teachings of the occult philosophy, however, will be found fruitful of suggestion, and a study of the known factors in the great problem will show us at least in what direction we must look for its final solution.

We have traced action to desire and thought conjoined, and defined Karma as the tendency towards equilibrium or harmony in Nature. This tendency must act in the long run against the original source of disturbance—in the present case man, viewed as a creature of emotion, thought, desire, passion, will—a *variable quantity*, in fact, not something fixed, constant, or simple in its nature. Men are always changing in some way, whether for better or worse; and were the physical exterior of even the most impassive and sluggish of men to change with each varying mood, we should no doubt be often at a loss to recognise our acquaintances! But what are these moods and desires which we harbour within us, and which take possession of us and work their will with us as though endowed with separate life and consciousness? Theosophy says that they *are* so endowed, and that the ego or "I" of each of us is a veritable colony of such lives, just as our bodies are composed of myriads

of living cells. They derive vitality and energy from the human will, and during our life as well as after that temporary withdrawal from physical existence—which we call death—carry far and wide through nature the reverberation of the desires and thoughts which gave them birth. These are the “elementals” said by occultists to exert so powerful an influence on the lives of nations, families, and individuals, and it is only by some knowledge of these living forces of nature that we may understand how Karma may be deferred from one lifetime to another, and how the good or bad deed is traced back by that law of recompense and retribution to its true author. The “creatures of our mind,” however far they may roam from us in space or time, remain bound to us by organic *rapport*, by natural affinity. They are the “*skandhas*” which are said to await, “at the threshold of Devachan,” the return of the ego to earth-life. They act as the “good” and “bad angels” of our destiny all through life, and would seem in fact to be the agents *par excellence* of Karma in all its mysterious workings.

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

THE CAVE OF LILITH.

OUT of her cave came the ancient Lilith, Lilith the wise, Lilith the enchantress. There ran a little path outside her dwelling; it wound away among the mountains and glittering peaks, and before the door, one of the Wise Ones walked to and fro. Out of her cave came Lilith, scornful of his solitude, exultant in her wisdom, flaunting her shining and magical beauty.

“Still alone, star-gazer. Is thy wisdom of no avail? Thou hast yet to learn that I am more powerful knowing the ways of error than you who know the way of truth.”

The Wise One heeded her not, but walked to and fro. His eyes were turned to the distant peaks, the abode of his brothers. The starlight fell about him: a sweet air came down the mountain-path fluttering his white robe: he did not cease from his steady musing. Like a mist rising between rocks wavered Lilith in her cave. Violet with silvery gleams her raiment; her face was dim; over her head rayed a shadowy diadem, the something a man imagines over the head of his beloved—looking closer in her face he would have seen that this was the crown he reached out to, that the eyes burned with his own longing, that the lips were parted to yield to the secret wishes of his heart.

“Tell me, for I would know, why do you wait so long? I here in my cave between the valley and the height blind the eyes of all who would pass. Those who by chance go forth to you come back to me again, and but one in ten thousand passes on. My delusions are sweeter to them than truth. I offer every soul its own shadow; I pay them their own price. I have grown rich, though the simple shepherds of old gave me birth. Men have made me: the mortals have made me immortal. I rose up like a vapour from their first dreams, and every sigh since then and every laugh remains with me. I am made up of hopes and fears. The subtle princes lay out their plans of conquest in my cave, and there the hero dreams, and there the lovers of all time write in flame their history. I am wise, holding all experience, to tempt, to blind, to terrify. None shall pass by. Why, therefore, dost thou wait?”

The Wise One looked at her and she shrank back a little, and a little her silver and violet faded, but out of her cave her voice still sounded.

“The stars and the starry crown are not yours alone to offer, and every promise you make, I make also. I offer the good and the bad indifferently. The

* Devachan: lit, “place of the gods.” The intermediate state of the soul between two incarnations.

lover, the poet, the mystic, and all who would drink of the first Fountain I delude with my mirage. I was the Beatrice who led Dante upward; the gloom was in me and the glory was mine also, and he went not out of my cave. The stars and the shining of heaven were delusions of the infinite I wove about him. I captured his soul with the shadow of space, a nutshell would have contained the film. I smote on the dim heart-chorde the manifold music of being. God is sweeter in the human than the human in God: therefore he rested in me."

She paused a little, then went on.

"There is that fantastic fellow who slipped by me—could your wisdom not keep him? He returned to me full of anguish, and I wound my arms round him like a fair melancholy, and now his sadness is as sweet to him as hope was before his fall. Listen to his song." She paused again. A voice came up from the depths chanting a sad knowledge—

"What of all the will to do?

It has vanished long ago,
For a dream shaft pierced it through
From the unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think?

Some one offered it a cup
Filled with a diviner drink,
And the flame has burned it up.

What of all the hope to climb?

Only in the self we grope
To the misty end of time;
Truth has put an end to hope.

What of all the heart to love?

Sadder than for will or soul,
No light lured it on above;
Love has found itself the whole."

"Is it not pitiful? I pity only those who pity themselves. Yet he is mine more surely than ever. This is the end of human wisdom. How shall he now escape? What shall draw him up?"

"His will shall awaken," said the Wise One. "I do not sorrow over him, for long is the darkness before the spirit is born. He learns in your caves not to see, not to hear, not to think, for very anguish flying your delusions."

"Sorrow is a great bond," Lilith said.

"It is a bond to the object of sorrow. He weeps what you can never give him, a life never breathed in thee. He shall come forth, and you shall not see him at the time of passing. When desire dies, will awakens, the swift, the invisible. He shall go forth, and one by one the dwellers in your caves will awaken and pass onwards; this small old path will be trodden by generation after generation. "You, too, oh, shining Lilith, will follow, not as mistress, but as hand-maiden."

"I shall weave spells," Lilith cried. "They shall never pass me. With the sweetest poison I will drug them. They will rest drowsily and content as of old. Were they not giants long ago, mighty men, heroes? I overcame them with young enchantment. Shall they pass by feeble and longing for bygone joys, for the sins of their proud exultant youth, while I have grown into a myriad wisdom?"

The Wise One walked to and fro as before, and there was silence, and I thought I saw that with steady will he pierced the tumultuous gloom of the cave, and a heart was touched here and there in its blindness. - And I thought I saw that Sad Singer become filled with a new longing to be, and the delusions of good

and evil fell from him, and he came at last to the knees of the Wise One to learn the supreme truth. In the misty midnight I heard these three voices, the Sad Singer, the enchantress Lilith, and the Wise One. From the Sad Singer I learned that thought of itself leads nowhere, but blows the perfume from every flower, and cuts the flower from every tree, and hews down every tree from the valley, and at the end goes to and fro in waste places gnawing itself in a last hunger. I learned from Lilith that we weave our own enchantment, and bind ourselves with our own imagination: to think of the true as beyond us, or to love the symbol of being, is to darken the path to wisdom, and to debar us from eternal beauty. From the Wise One I learned that the truest wisdom is to wait, to work, and to will in secret: those who are voiceless to-day, to-morrow shall be eloquent, and the earth shall hear them, and her children salute them. Of these three truths the hardest to learn is the silent will. Let us seek for the highest truth.

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GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

* All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged, and appear under this heading.

Subject for March—"Dreaming and Deep Sleep" (continued.)

DREAMING AND DEEP SLEEP.

WE may roughly divide dreams into seven classes, and sub-divide these in turn. Thus, we would divide them into:—

1. Prophetic dreams. These are impressed on our memory by the Higher Self, and are generally plain and clear: either a voice heard, or the coming event foreseen.
2. Allegorical dreams, or hazy glimpses of realities caught by the brain, and distorted by our fancy. These are generally only half true.
3. Dreams sent by adepts, good or bad, by mesmerisers, or by the thoughts of very powerful minds bent on making us do their will.
4. Retrospective; dreams of events belonging to past incarnations.
5. Warning dreams for others who are unable to be impressed themselves.
6. Confused dreams.
7. Dreams which are mere fancies and chaotic pictures, owing to digestion, some mental trouble, or such-like external cause.

H. P. B. *Transactions of Blavatsky Lodge.*

The "principles" active during ordinary dreams—which ought to be distinguished from real dreams, and called idle visions—are *Kama*, the seat of the personal Ego, and of desire awakened into chaotic activity by the slumbering reminiscences of the Lower Manas.—H. P. B. *Ibid.*

The Higher Ego lives its own separate life within its prison of clay whenever it becomes free from the trammels of matter, *i.e.*, during the sleep of the physical man. This Ego it is which is the actor, the real man, the true human self. * * * * It acts independently during the sleep of the body: but it is doubtful if any of us—unless thoroughly acquainted with the physiology of occultism—could understand the nature of its action.—H. P. B. *Ibid.*

The ordinary non-concentrated man, by reason of the want of focus due to multitudinous and confused thought, has put his Swapna (dream) field or state into confusion, and in passing through it the useful and elevating experiences of Sushupti (deep sleep) become mixed up and distorted, not resulting in the benefit to him as a waking person which is his right as well as his duty to have.

Eusebio Urban. "Path." August, 1888.

By an increase of concentration upon high thoughts, upon noble purposes * * * a centre of attraction is set up in him while yet awake, and to that all his energies flow, so that it may be figured to ourselves as a focus in the waking man. To that focal point—looking at it from that plane—converge the rays from the whole waking man toward Swapna, carrying him into the dream-state with greater clearness. By re-action this creates another focus in swapna through which he can emerge into Sushupti in a collected condition. Returning he goes by means of these points through Swapna, and there, the confusion being lessened, he enters into his usual waking state the possessor, to some extent at least, of the benefits and knowledge of Sushupti.—*Ibid.*

Our consciousness is *one* and not many, nor different from other consciousness. It is not *waking consciousness*, or *sleeping consciousness*, or any other but *consciousness itself*. The one consciousness pierces up and down through all the states or planes of Being, and serves to uphold the memory—whether complete or incomplete—of each state's experiences. Thus, in waking life, *Sat* (Being) experiences fully and knows. In dream state, *Sat* again knows and sees what goes on there, while there may not be in the brain a complete memory of the waking state just quitted. In Sushupti beyond dream and yet on indefinitely, *Sat* still knows all that is done, or heard, or seen."

Quoted by William Brehon. "Path." September, 1888.

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

COMFORT.

Dark head by the fireside brooding,
Sad upon your ears
Whirlwinds of the earth intruding
Sound in wrath and tears.

Tender-hearted in your lonely
Sorrow I would fain
Comfort you, and say that only
Gods could feel such pain.

Only spirits know such longing
For the far away.
And the fiery fancies thronging
Rise not out of clay.

Keep the secret sense celestial
Of the starry birth;
Though about you call the bestial
Voices of the earth.

If a thousand ages since
Hurled us from the throne:
Then a thousand ages wins
Back again our own.

Sad one, dry away your tears:
Sceptred you shall rise,
Equal mid the crystal spheres
With seraphs kingly wise.

G. W. R.

A THEOSOPHIC VIEW OF LIFE AND DEATH.

FEW men know why they exist, and some have been found who ask themselves the question, "is life worth living"? Such men are beings absolutely blind as to their own destiny, and the reason of their existence. Their eyes are shut, and their minds so choked either by ignorance, by religious dogma, by the learning and science taught in worldly schools, or oppressed by poverty and work, that they are not capable of realising that there is any existence higher than the present. Yet they are dissatisfied with themselves and their life. Whatever they have, there is still something more to be reached, which is always beyond their grasp. No man can be found who is altogether satisfied with his earth-life, and the reason is found in the fact, that man was never intended to live for mere animal or even intellectual enjoyment, for he possesses a mind and will to aspire to higher things, and nothing less will satisfy his cravings. The divine instinct is so strong, that even those who possess all that earth-life can give of health, comfort, position, fame or power, still fail of satisfaction, because their nature requires other food—food that will nourish their spiritual nature. And man is thus starved, because he is utterly ignorant as to the cause of his existence, the truth as to his being. One day is like another to him. He lives but to eat, drink, sleep, and take his share of pleasure or work, as they present themselves: as to the future life, it is a blank. He avoids the subject: he knows nothing; and fears death above all things. Such a man may follow a religious life, and have the "praise of men," but if he takes the trouble to use his mind, and to bring the light of reason to his aid, he will very soon find that he is very far off from any answer to the burning questions, what is my life? and why do I exist?

It requires some courage to think apart from the multitude, to be able to face ridicule and contempt, and more than this, the sorrow of well-meaning friends; but those who do so will find that there is a solution to these questions; that there is knowledge to be had, which is life and light to those who can receive it, and an answer to many difficulties. This knowledge comes to us in the teachings of Theosophy—the "Wisdom Religion," the oldest truth—for this truth is no new thing, and though men had hidden it away in their ignorance, it has ever tried to enlighten their minds. This knowledge has never been lost, for there have always existed on this earth some "Sons of God" to preserve it in its purity, and who await the time when men will ask for instruction. That there are now hearts longing for the truth is shown by the fact that this truth *has* been put before us, and the key given which will open some part of the mystery of life and death. It cannot again be so entirely hidden, for the time has come when men's minds are opening to receive it. This is evident to all who will enquire into the great work Theosophy is doing, and each century will now bring birth to men in a higher stage of evolution, whose minds will grasp the realities of being, till, by degrees, all will come into this purer atmosphere.

The object of Theosophy is the enlightenment of men, teaching them to escape the fetters with which they are loaded, and to find their own divine nature. This enlightenment will come to them through the knowledge of their relation with "God" and with the "Universe." The great First Cause is an unapproachable mystery, for ever hidden from the comprehension of man. Yet this mystery is ever present with us in our Life—Life being one aspect of the manifestation of Deity. It is the vitality and consciousness produced by the presence of the "One Eternal Principle," and there is no being separated from it. It is the same, whether in mineral, plant, animal, or man; for the Universe

is *alive*, and every atom in motion, bathed in a great electric ocean of Life. When an object is spoken of as *alive*, it means that it contains a manifestation of this unknown Presence, this concealed Force. It is hidden away, as the spark is hidden in a stone—*yet we know that it is there*. And this spark, this vital principle, this life, is an aspect of what is called "God." We feel its presence, and we live in this great mystery.

The life that each person holds is not separate from the One Life; yet for the time it is his own, and every moment may be of incalculable value if used rightly. These earth-lives are short, but they are momentous, and we cannot over-estimate the value of a life time; for notwithstanding the fact that man never loses his conscious being, he is only able to *work*, when he is in a body. This is his opportunity in which he has the power to make his own future—for good or evil.

Theosophy teaches, that in this manifested universe, the heavenly orbs, man, animals and plants, all obey a great law, called the "Law of Periodicity." The working of this Law is one of the fundamental teachings in Theosophic philosophy, and is also well known in all departments of nature. It shows that the universe is not constant; that it has its periods of "ebb and flow," of "flux and reflux," and that, as there is day and night, so has this whole universe its days and nights. Our lives also follow this law—we sleep—again we are awake; we are born, and we die—we die but to live again. Night follows day, and day night, in endless succession; the awakening always comes, for nothing is *dead*. We lay down our lives only to come again and again, for the experience of our life-time is but a fraction of what has to be gathered in our ceaseless effort to reach the eternal.

Fear of death comes only with ignorance, and is more to be found amongst western nations than any other. The state of death appears to them as an unknown and dreaded region, and even those who speak of departed friends as having gone to "glory," seem to lament them as though they had gone to "misery." And this because they have no knowledge of the Truth as to the cause of man's existence or of the doctrine of Reincarnation—that doctrine which shows how the Law of Justice (Karma) will bring every spirit back to manifested life over and over again, until it is in harmony with the one Great Principle.

The love of life is inherent in our nature; all creatures cling to it. Life is the one thing they are conscious of, and it is the apprehension of the Divine Essence which pervades them that causes them to dread separation from it. They hold on to it, they cannot bear to part from it; and because dissolution seems to produce this fatal separateness, men fear above all things to be disconnected with life and consciousness, and until this ignorance is put away, and they learn that they cannot be parted from the One Life, they will have this fear, for it is a natural horror that they cannot overcome.

But to those willing to receive Theosophic teaching comes the knowledge that the terrors of death are imaginary; that there is no place of punishment beyond this earth; that it is but a change of *state*, and that in this state we have a conscious existence free from the physical body, and a period of rest from earthly toil. Here we live according to our highest wishes, until the time when we are again called to earth-life; for death is but as a sleep from which we arise, *alive*, refreshed, and ready for our daily work.

In this life outside the body, there is a greater nearness to the "Light," an existence nearer to the "Great Soul," and, therefore, when the hour strikes for us to return to our task, such nearness must each time have made us stronger

and more fitted for work in earth-life. Our rest cannot have been in vain, and we return, refreshed as it were, by our flight on to a higher plane, bringing back something from its calmness which will help us on our upward way. Thus we come to know that in life and in death lives that which is incorruptible—that part of the Divine Essence called *our soul*—life and death are but different phases of our being, and each earth-life a sort of landmark from which we take a new departure. Our earthly bodies we part with for ever, but the soul exists evermore alive, and has other garments in which to clothe itself; and where we look for death we find Life, for this death is a valley of Light and not of darkness.

E. W.

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THE Gnostics.—II.

THE spirit of religious unrest, which so markedly characterises our own times, was also a prominent feature of the period we are considering. During the years preceding the establishment of Christianity the religions of the ancient world (Greece and Rome) were rapidly disintegrating. The paraphernalia of worship were maintained, and all the outward pomp of ceremony still observed; but from social and political considerations only. The multitude was rapidly sinking into a blind and selfish materialism, into which mere empty observance dragged them further; the cultured classes professedly disbelieved in the gods: the playwright and satirist openly caricatured them; and the philosophers argued against the current conceptions of them. Among the Jews, changes as great were to be noted. The letter of the law began to be thought capable of more than one interpretation; and Pharisee, Sadducee, and Kabbalist, each gave his rendering. In the general body of the teachings, also, many changes and additions appeared. During the captivity of Babylon, numbers of the Persian and Babylonian conceptions crept into the Sacred Books, and many more into the common life and thought of the people. Besides, the Jews, after the release from captivity, ceased in a great measure to be the exclusive race they had theretofore been. Numbers of them settled in and around the cities of Asia Minor, where, mixing in the daily life of the inhabitants, they could not fail to influence the life and thought of the people around them, and be influenced in turn.

I have but mentioned a few of the circumstances that could lead to only one result: a reaction. It was necessary that men should again turn to the old teachings of the mysteries, and seek for the spirit within them. The mixture of Greek, Roman, Jewish, Persian, and Babylonian systems gave new light to the truth-seekers, and material for a new presentment of the mystic philosophy. Those mystic searchers after truth, adopting Christianity as the outward expression of the goal they sought, are known to us as Gnostics. In the nature of their knowledge, and in their mode of cognition, they were Oriental Theosophists, moving amid symbols and notions, to the Western minds but abstract ideas, but to them living objective truths. They explained the outer world from the promptings of their own intuitions, which they said could not be doubted, and which should be men for all the test of truth.

In the writings of Philo Judaeus we find a convenient point at which to begin a sketch of the Gnostic doctrines. He was not a Gnostic, but a Hellenic Jew, one of those that lived out of Judea after the captivity; his date is generally given as about twenty years before the Christian era. He taught that God is the only Reality—the final cause of all things which emanate ceaselessly from Him. He is Absolute, Unknowable, and Unthinkable; and can only be named

in terms of His unnameableness. He is without qualities, or they are negative. An immediate influence of this Absolute Being upon the world cannot be imagined; hence, an intermediate class of beings must be created. These latter, infinite in number and degrees, are not merely ideals, but personal powers. Eternity is the motionless duration of the Absolute Being, and Time is but the illusion caused by the ever-shifting phenomena of life. Man is the middle point of creation: he is the microcosm of the macrocosm, and contains within himself the potentiality of all that has been, or that is to be. He is immortal by his heavenly nature, but there are degrees to his immortality corresponding to the degrees of spiritual development arrived at. Paradise is a Becoming-oneness with God: the human soul is a direct emanation of the Deity, subject meanwhile to the sense-bondage, and the object of development is to rise above sensuousness; for the souls that have so risen enjoy the direct vision of God. Matter is an eternal but purely passive principle; and the origin of evil and imperfection is not in the opposition of matter to spirit, but in that of the evanescent and impermanent to the eternal and permanent.

J. E. PARDON.

(To be continued.)

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MRS. BESANT ON EDUCATION.

EDUCATION can do no more than legislation, for legislation is only dealing with the plane of action, whereas education goes farther inward and deals with the plane of mind. But what mind? The lower mind alone. And even then, not the lower mind at its best, but the lower mind as it may be most easily turned into an instrument for struggle and the gaining of advantage over one's neighbour. For the whole of the educational system is founded on the idea that the child is to be trained into a successful man, and success on our modern lips does not mean success in service. It means success in self-aggrandizement, so that if you take one of the favourite books given as a prize in our English schools, you will find it a book called "Self-Help," and if you read the book "Self-Help" you will find that it is full of the stories of self-made men, so that the rather caustic remark arises in the mind when looking at the self-made man—proud, pompous, and self-opinionated—well, at least it is some consolation to find that he has made himself, because he would not be a credit to anyone else.

If education is to be real, you must change your system; you must put a stop to competition in the school; you must no longer set child against child in the struggle; you must give up the system of making the prize the symbol of victory over others, and the pride of the successful student that so many of his comrades are behind him and not in front. The whole thing is false, fitted only for a society which takes the law of the survival of the fittest which belongs to the beasts in the jungle instead of that law of self-abnegation by which only the soul of man can rise. So, when the child comes into your hands with its outer envelope ductile, with its nervous system plastic, the soul of the child has scarce yet got grip on its outer envelopment, and the contact is not yet complete between the thinker and its vehicle, what do you do with your modern education? You distort the outer vehicle that the soul is to use. You plant upon that fertile soil the evil seeds of competition, of desire for triumph, of wish to succeed at the cost of others; so that every child in your class is glad when the pupil above him stumbles, because it brings him nearer to the top of the class, and to stand

as the successful child when the examiner shall come round. Rather teach your children that the child who learns most quickly should be the helper of the child who learns most slowly. That every power of brain and body is to be given for the helping of others, and not for dominance. That is the duty to the souls that come into the hands of the teachers, and they ill perform their sublime mission who try to dwarf and stunt the habitation that the soul has to dwell in.

—:O:—

"LOTUS CIRCLE" FOR CHILDREN.

THE "League of Theosophical Workers" has opened a Sunday class for children, in order to supply a want that has long been felt by parents who are members of the Society, and wish to have their children educated on unsectarian lines.

"Lotus Circles" for children were started in America some time ago, and have been a great success. Miss Stabler, one of the well-known workers in New York (now staying at Headquarters in London), and who has had much experience in starting the "Lotus Circles" in America, has kindly consented to take charge of the class.

The parents and friends of the children are cordially invited to attend and aid in giving the little ones a right conception of true Brotherhood.

The class will be held every Sunday at 2.30 p.m., in the Conservatory, 17 Avenue Road.

All Members of the Society who are in sympathy with the undertaking are invited to co-operate by sending any suggestions to the Secretary of the League, (MRS.) ISABEL COOPER OAKLEY, F.T.S., Hon. Sec. L.T.W., 17 and 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

THE "LOTUS CIRCLE."

17 Avenue Road, London, N.W.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The opening words of "Our Children's Page," in your January number, are so full of love for young people that the children of the "Lotus Circle" here think that all their papers and questions may be forwarded to you. They are sent just as they came in.

Last October the "League of Theosophical Workers" issued the enclosed leaflet, and Miss Stabler, from the New York Headquarters, put all the energy of her bright personality into the work, so that our "Lotus Circle," when once started, might prove a success. The young ones immediately responded to her sunny influence, and when she told them that all children should be sweet, like flowers, and send out kindly thoughts as perfume to all around, they were delighted at the idea. Each child at once took his or her name, and we have Forget-me-not, Hyacinth, Red Rose, Daffodil, Lily-of-the-Valley, Pansy, Violet, Primrose, White Rose, Carnation, Chrysanthemum, Marguerite, Sweetbriar, Sunflower, Loy, Wallflower, and Jasmine—altogether forming a sweet nosegay in our "Lotus Circle."

We meet on Sunday afternoon, from 2.30 to 3.30, in the Conservatory here. We sing the "Lotus Circle" songs, set to the pretty tunes in use amongst the children in America and Australia; broad Theosophical ideas are given to the children in simple language, and stories are told and their meaning discussed.

The flowers drooped their heads when Miss Stabler went back to New York, and many little hearts beat lovingly at her remembrance; but she has

promised to write and tell us about the "Lotus Circles" in America; and the promised assistance of Miss Kislingbury, Miss Haregrove, Mrs. Whyte, Miss Bright, Miss Stanley, Mr. Faulding, Mr. Price, and other kind friends, makes us certain of success. The parents and other "grown-ups" come to help or listen, and the wish underlying all that is done is to realise, as far as may be, H.P.B.'s ideas on the education of children, as given by her in the *Key to Theosophy*.

ANNIE. F. WILLSON (Sec. "Lotus Circle").

—————:O:—————

QUESTIONS FROM MEMBERS.

- I. Do our "thinkers" ever grow old?
- II. Do our "thinkers" ever die?
- III. If God did not make us, who did?
- IV. Do our physical bodies ever return to this world again?
- V. Has anyone ever known what is above the sky?
- VI. Could we ever see what is called "God"?
- VII. What is Reincarnation?
- VIII. What is the white colour caused by?

The Editor will be much obliged if all "grown-ups," who have the interest of the "Lotus Circle" at heart, will forward brief answers to above questions in a form suitable for children.

—————:O:—————

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

UNIVERSAL Brotherhood is the first great principle of Theosophy. It has been taught by most religions, Christianity included, but it has been practised by few. In other words, the theory has been admitted, but the practise has never been pressed. This may be accounted for by the difficulties which attend it. Universal Brotherhood has been neglected for so long that it is almost a new teaching or, at least, a revival of a long disregarded principle. Class distinction is, and always has been, the great enemy of Universal Brotherhood. At the present day, in India, we see the effect of caste in preventing communication between those of the same race. But the Jews also had their Scribes and Pharisees, and the thing, if not the name, is not unknown among ourselves. This class-distinction has less foothold in America than elsewhere. But even there the evil has been evaded and not overcome. No one can pride himself on his honesty unless he has overcome the temptation to be dishonest; but what *are* the means which have been employed to get rid of these distinctions? The American Constitution admits of everyone reaching a high position in the State, and the Americans make this their boast. In this way a great race for material power has been entered upon which, as history shows us, is always the first step to decay. There always will be certain differences among us. For example, we are not the same as the Mahatmas or Adepts, but

the difference is not of kind, but of degree. All these things show that the only way to combat the evil is by example.

So it becomes the bounden duty of every Theosophist to carry out in practice this teaching of Universal Brotherhood, without which, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are but empty names.

G. H. WHYTE (age 14).

The Editor thanks all the "flowers" for their interesting little contributions, and he will try and do justice to all, as space and time permits.

—:O:—

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND HOW TO JOIN IT.

The objects of the Theosophical Society are:—

1. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour.
2. To promote the study of Aryan, and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies and sciences, and to demonstrate its importance.
3. To investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the psychic powers latent in man.

Anyone who accepts the first object of the Society, without reservation, can become a member. The rules of the Society, and all information, can be obtained by writing to the General Secretary, Theosophical Society, 17 and 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W., or to any of the Secretaries of Lodges or Centres.

—:O:—

DUBLIN LODGE, 3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Subjects for discussion to end of February:—

Feb. 21st - "Why do we not remember our Past Lives?" - F. J. Dick.
 „ 28th - "Post-mortem Existence." - - - - -

The officers for the current year were duly appointed at the annual business meeting on 22nd January, and the following Balance Sheet for the year 1893 was submitted by the Hon. Treasurer:—

| DR. | £ | s. | d. | CR. | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------|----|----|--------|-----------------------------|---|----|---------|
| To Dues | - | - | 17 5 6 | By Deficit from 1892 | - | - | 14 7 11 |
| „ Entrance Fees | - | - | 1 5 0 | „ Entrance Fees to European | - | - | 7 5 0 |
| „ Donations | - | - | 26 0 0 | Section | - | - | 1 5 0 |
| | | | | „ Dues to ditto | - | - | 7 5 0 |
| | | | | „ Rent of Meeting Rooms | - | - | 20 0 0 |
| | | | | „ Balance in hand | - | - | 1 12 7 |
| | 44 | 10 | 6 | | | | 44 10 6 |

Examined and found correct,

G. W. RUSSELL,
D. N. DUNLOP.

It was unanimously decided to take up the study of "Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms" on Monday evenings.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Secretary.*

All literary contributions to be addressed to the EDITOR, and business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin,

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

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VOL. II.

NOTICE.

The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

All Literary contributions should be addressed to the EDITOR, and Business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

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Those who have subscribed at the old rate, and who intend to continue subscribers, will much oblige by remitting as early as possible the extra 3s.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A WORD ON SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

The question of all-absorbing attention at present is the political situation. The party game is one of "tactics," pure and simple, and the most successful in pandering to popular ruling religious, racial, or class prejudice wins the day.

"The Name of Earth's crowned city is Contention;
The Name of its Religion is Dissension."

Everywhere the struggle intensifies; bombs burst, developing public uneasiness, which bespeaks fear of some unlooked-for change. It seems as if we were nearing the close of one more act in the great world-drama. Below the thin veil of custom thrills and quivers the social passion of humanity. Every new impetus encounters corresponding resistance, and this in turn generates fresh heat. Every true Theosophist is endeavouring to spread light commensurate with this heat, so that when the gathering force shall burst asunder the shell in which mankind has incubated, the highest moral and religious truth shall be the ruling and active principle. As Mrs. Besant puts it, "the whole evolution of a race will change in its direction according as man is regarded as a soul, or only one of the highest of animals that live upon the earth."

—:O:—

TWO POLICIES.

There are two policies, the Ethical and the Material. Mr. Gronlund says, in his "Co-operative Commonwealth," "I am more and more convinced that Karl Marx's doctrine, that the bread and butter question is the motive force of progress is not tenable." The new social movement must rally round a common

good, not a common greed. It will be the outcome of a larger hope, of wider sympathy, unfolding in harmonious proportions. The central truth of its system shall be the unity of all being, the disregarding of which will involve injurious consequences, just as surely as any law of health. Count Tolstoi says, "The time will come—it is already coming—when the Christian principles of equality and fraternity, community of property, non-resistance of evil by force, will appear just as natural and simple as the principles of family or social life seem to us now." Utopia! Sweet dream! is the general exclamation. Yet there are a few who know "the dream is not a dream." The Ideal, ever-precedes the Real, and "the most solid and enduring organisations" first float before the world's thought as pictured imaginations.

—————:O:—————

CHINESE POETRY.

According to an article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the Chinese word for poet is a "wind-man." Not that they are long-winded, for we are told that Chinese poems are "never very long," the limit at public examinations, for example, being twelve lines of five words each. Some of the translations given are really excellent:

Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hands can nigh the stars enclose;
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose.

—————:O:—————

HINDU MAGIC.

The *Christian Commonwealth* a few weeks ago offered £1,000 for the production of a Mahatma who could perform the wonders usually attributed to such beings. Of course, the object of such an offer is obvious enough, and it probably would not suit C.C. purposes to despatch a special correspondent to India to investigate such matters on the spot. Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt has contributed an article to December *Arena*, relating wonders, of which he was eye witness, and which are surely sufficiently startling, even for the *Christian Commonwealth*. The "miracles" performed "by the average Yoghi" equal those recorded in the New Testament, he says. The Mango feat he saw many times, and once in a Kashmir valley he saw it done by a certain Ram Surash, a Rishi from Thibet. "The mango tree which this Rishi produced did not vanish in proportion as I approached it, but retained its full realism, and I not only touched it, but actually climbed several feet up its stem."

—————:O:—————

The *Secret Doctrine* Correspondence Class, proposed "‘SECRET DOCTRINE’ in current *Vahan*, is, in my opinion, an excellent CORRESPONDENCE CLASS."

A SUGGESTION.

idea, and there can be little doubt that it will be readily responded to. All who desire to take up the study properly must have copies of the *Secret Doctrine*, and as many members do not possess copies, and cannot afford to purchase them right out, it would be well if the T.P.S. could devise some simple

method for supplying copies on the instalment system. Of course, there may be difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme; but it seems to me that it could be worked satisfactorily through Branch Presidents or Secretaries, who would, I think, be ready and willing to undertake the necessary responsibility.

—————:O:—————

VISITS TO LODGES.

At the Conference of the North of England Federation, Bro. Mead "pointed out the great desirability of communication between Lodges." I often think we are more than "25 minutes behind" in Dublin, so few visitors from other Lodges come our way. In the absence of a fund for such purposes, this can be hardly otherwise, but once in Liverpool vicinity, the distance is not very great, and I am sure members of the Dublin Lodge will extend a very hearty welcome, to Bro. Keightly or Bro. Mead, if either can see their way to pay us a short visit.

—————:O:—————

In an article on Shelley, in the *Weekly Irish Times* of 24th ult., the writer concludes by stating that, "if Shelley were alive to-day, I feel sure that he would lean enthusiastically towards Theosophy."

—————:O:—————

A NON-SECTARIAN CLUB.

I have been requested to state that a non-sectarian club has been opened at 1 Kenilworth Lane, Harold's Cross Road, during this winter, with the aim of supplying instruction and wholesome entertainment to working boys and girls. Up to the present time it has only been possible to give the club a school-like nature, owing to the lack of helpers and the scarcity of funds. The promoters of the Kenilworth Club hope, with the increase of volunteer workers, to open the club-room several evenings each week for the comfort of readers. Games, magic lantern, and other entertainments are also prospected. Twenty boys, ten girls, and fifteen smaller children have attended the various classes. Many of them are anxious to attend oftener, but with the present small staff of teachers it is only possible to hold a boys' class on Wednesday evenings from 9 to 10 p.m. Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and carpentry being the subjects already taught. The girls' classes are on Monday, from 5 to 6 p.m.; Wednesday, 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. Hints on health and drilling taking the place of spelling and carpentry. The children meet from 4 to 5 on Wednesday for poetry, drilling and kindergarten. Visitors are invited. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. Fred Shackleton, 20 Rathmines Terrace, by anyone interested in the scheme.

—————:O:—————

EDITORIAL.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following which will appear in due course :—

"Is the Illusion of Devachan necessary."—E.M.C.W.

"Pessimism from an Optimist standpoint."—Psy.

"Conventionality."—T.E.T.

"The Mission of the Christ."—W.K.

"The Divine in Man."—LEON LAUDSBERG.

"Thoughtfulness."—M.E.G.

I have also to thank an anonymous friend for a donation of 10s. to *I.T.* fund, which is very welcome indeed.

—:O:—

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

XIV. KARMA. (*Continued.*)

DESIRE, then—the heart's-desire of many past existences, is the moving cause which determines the Karma or destiny of human souls. It is desire, too, which to-day enables that destiny to accomplish itself, by providing the field or basis through which it may operate. This aspect of Karma distinguishes it from any iron law of fate or necessity, and enables us to see in what way Karma may be changed or weakened or neutralized in its action.

The whole of this subject has been so well treated in an article which appeared anonymously in the *Path* magazine for September, 1886, that we cannot do better than quote from it the following passage in full:—

"A very important question is here presented: Can an individual affect his own Karma, and if so, to what degree and in what manner?

"It has been said that Karma is the continuance of the act, and for any particular line of Karma to exert itself it is necessary that there should be the basis of the act engendering that Karma in which it can inhere and operate. But action has many planes in which it can inhere. There is the physical plane, the body with its senses and organs; then there is the intellectual plane, memory, which binds the impressions of the senses into a consecutive whole. . . . Beyond the plane of intellect there is the plane of emotion, the plane of preference for one object rather than another. These three, physical, intellectual, and emotional, deal entirely with objects of sense-perception, and may be called the great battle-field of Karma. There is also the plane of Ethics, the plane of discrimination of the 'I ought to do this, I ought not to do that.' This plane harmonises the intellect and the emotions. All these are the planes of Karma or action what to do, and what not to do. It is the mind as the basis of desire that initiates action on the various planes, and it is only through the mind that the effects of rest and action can be received.

"An entity enters incarnation with Karmic energy from past existences, that is to say, the action of past lives awaiting its development as effect. This Karmic energy presses into manifestation in harmony with the basic nature of the act. Physical Karma will manifest in the physical tendencies bringing enjoyment and suffering. The intellectual and the Ethical planes are also in the same manner the result of the past Karmic tendencies, and the man as he is, with his moral and intellectual faculties, is in unbroken continuity with the past.

"The entity at birth has therefore a definite amount of Karmic energy. After incarnation this awaits the period in life at which fresh Karma begins. Up to the time of responsibility it is the initial Karma only that manifests. From that time the personality becomes the ruler of his own destiny. It is a great mistake to suppose that an individual is the mere puppet of the past, the helpless victim of fate. The law of Karma is not fatalism, and a little consideration will show that it is possible for an individual to affect his own Karma. If the

greater amount of energy be taken up on one plane than on another, this will cause the past Karma to unfold itself on that plane. For instance, one who lives entirely on the plane of sense-gratification will, from the plane beyond, draw the energy required for the fulfilment of his desires. Let us illustrate by dividing man into upper and lower nature. By directing the mind and aspirations to the lower plane, a 'fire,' or centre of attraction, is set up there, and in order to feed and fatten it, the energies of the whole upper plane are drawn down and exhausted in supplying the need of energy which exists below, due to the indulgence of sense-gratification. On the other hand, the centre of attraction may be fixed in the upper portion, and then all the needed energy goes there to result in increase of spirituality. It must be remembered that nature is all-bountiful, and withholds not her hand. The demand is made, and the supply will come. But at what cost? The energy which should have strengthened the moral nature and fulfilled the aspirations after good, is drawn to the lower desires. By degrees the higher planes are exhausted of vitality, and the good or bad Karma of an entity will be absorbed on the physical plane. If, on the other hand, the interest is detached from the plane of sense-gratification; if there is a constant effort to fix the mind on the attainment of highest ideal, the result will be that the past Karma will find no basis in which to inhere on the physical plane. Karma will, therefore, be manifested only in harmony with the plane of desire. The sense-energy of the physical plane will exhaust itself on a higher plane, and thus become transmuted in its effects.

"What the means are through which the effects of Karma can thus be changed is also clear. A person can have no attachment for a thing he does not think about, and, therefore the first step must be to fix the thought on the highest ideal. In this connection one remark may be made on the subject of repentance. Repentance is a form of thought in which the mind is constantly recurring to a sin. It is therefore to be avoided if one would set the mind free from sin and its Karmic results. All sin has its origin in the mind. The more the mind dwells on any course of conduct, whether with pleasure or pain, the less chance is there for it to become detached from such action. The *manas* (mind) is the knot of the heart. When that is untied from any object, there will no longer be a link between the Karma connected with that object and the individual.

"It is the attitude of the mind which draws the Karmic cords tightly round the soul. It imprisons the aspirations and binds them with chains of difficulty and obstruction. It is desire that causes the past Karma to take form and shape, and so build the house of clay. It must be through non-attachment that the soul will burst through the walls of pain. It will be only through a change of mind that the Karmic burden will be lifted.

"It will appear, therefore, that although absolutely true that action brings its own results, 'there is no destruction here of actions, good or not good.' Coming to one body after another they become ripened in their respective ways.'—Yet this ripening is the act of the individual. Free will of man asserts itself and he becomes his own saviour. To the worldly man Karma is a stern Nemesis; to the spiritual man Karma unfolds itself in harmony with his highest aspirations. He will look with tranquility alike on past and future, neither dwelling with remorse on past sin nor living in expectation of reward for present action."

A STRANGE AWAKENING.

By Æ.

CHAPTER I.

THAT we are living in the Dark Age we all know, yet we do not realise half its darkness. We endure physical and moral suffering; but, fortunately or unfortunately, we are oblivious of the sorrow of all sorrows—the Spiritual Tragedy. Such a rust has come over the pure and ancient spirit of life, that the sceptre and the diadem and the starry sway we held are unremembered; and if anyone speaks of these things he is looked at strangely with blank eyes, or with eyes that suspect madness. I do not know whether to call him great, or pity him, who feels such anguish; for although it is the true agony of the crucifixion, it is only gods who are so martyred. With these rare souls memory is not born: life flows on, and they with it go on in dreams: they are lulled by lights, flowers, stars, colours, and sweet odours, and are sheltered awhile from heaven and hell; then in some moment the bubble bursts, and the god awakens and knows himself, and he rises again with giant strength to conquer; or else he succumbs, and the waves of Lethe, perhaps in mercy, blot out his brief knowledge.

I knew such an one many years ago, and I tell of him because I know of no deeper proof of the existence of a diviner nature than that man's story. Arthur Harvey, as I have heard people describe him, in his early years was gentle, shy, and given to much dreaming. He was taken from school early, came up from the country to the city, and was put to business. He possessed the apathy and unresisting nature characteristic of so many spiritual people, and which is found notably among the natives of India; so he took his daily confinement at first as a matter of course, though glad enough when it was over, and the keen sweet air blew about him in spring or summer evenings, and the earth looked visionary, steeped in dew and lovely colour, and his soul grew rich with strange memories and psychic sensations. And so day-by-day he might have gone on with the alternation of work and dream, and the soul in its imaginings might never have known of the labours of the mind, each working by habit in its accustomed hour, but for an incident which took place about two years after his going to business.

One morning his manager said: "Harvey, take this letter; deliver it, and wait for an answer." He started up eagerly, glad for the unwonted freedom from his desk. At the door, as he went out, the whole blinding glory of the sunlight was dashed on him. He looked up. Ah! what spaces illimitable of lustrous blue. How far off! How mighty! He felt suddenly faint, small, mean, and feeble. His limbs trembled under him: he shrank from the notice of men as he went on his way. Vastness, such as this, breaking in upon the eye that had followed the point of the pen, unnerved him: he felt a bitter self-contempt. What place had he amid these huge energies? The city deafened him as with one shout: the tread of the multitude; the mob of vehicles; glitter and shadow; rattle, roar, and dust; the black smoke curled in the air; higher up the snowy and brilliant clouds, which the tall winds bore along; all were but the intricate and wondrous workings of a single monstrous personality; a rival in the universe who had absorbed and wrested from him his own divine dower. Out of him; out of him, the power—the free, the fearless—whirled in play, and drove the suns and stars in their orbits, and sped

the earth through light and shadow. Out of him; out of him; never to be reconquered; never to be regained. The exultant laugh of the day; the flame of summer; the gigantic winds careering over the city; the far-off divine things filled him with unutterable despair. What was he amid it all? A spark decaying in its socket; a little hot dust clinging together.

He found himself in a small square; he sat down on a bench; his brain burning, his eyes unseeing.

"Oh! my, what's he piping over?" jeered a grotesque voice, and a small figure disappeared, turning somersaults among the bushes.

"Poor young man! perhaps he is ill. Are you not well, sir?" asked a sympathetic nurse.

He started up, brought to himself, and muttering something unintelligible, continued his journey through the city. The terrible influence departed, and a new change came over him. The laugh of the urchin rankled in his mind: he hated notice: there must be something absurd or out of the common in his appearance to invoke it. He knew suddenly that there was a gulf between him and the people he lived among. They were vivid, actual, suited to their places. How he envied them! Then the whole superficies of his mind became filled with a desire to conceal this difference. He recalled the various characteristics of those who worked along with him. One knew all topical songs, slang and phrases; another affected a smartness in dress; a third discussed theatres with semi-professional knowledge. Harvey, however, could never have entered the world, or lived in it, if he had first to pass through the portals of such ideas! He delivered his letter; he was wearied out, and as he returned he noticed neither sky nor sunlight, and the hurrying multitudes were indifferent and without character. He passed through them; his mind dull like theirs; a mere machine to guide rapid footsteps.

That evening, a clerk named Whittaker, a little his senior in the office, was struck by Harvey's curious and delicate face.

"I say, Harvey," he said, "how do you spend your evenings?"

Harvey flushed a little at the unwonted interest.

"I take long walks," he said.

"Do you read much?"

"A little."

"Do you go to the theatre?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Whew! what a queer fellow! No clubs, classes, music-halls—anything of that sort, eh?"

"No," said Harvey, a little bitterly, "I know nothing, nobody; I am always alone."

"What an extraordinary life! Why, you are out of the universe completely. I say," he added, "come along with me this evening. I will initiate you a little. You know you must learn your profession as a human being."

His manner was very kindly; still Harvey was so shy that he would have found some excuse, but for that chance expression, "out of the universe." Was not this apartness the very thing he had just been bitterly feeling? While he hesitated and stammered in his awkwardness, the other said:

"There, no excuses! You need not go to your lodgings for tea. Come along with me."

They went off together through the darkening streets. One cheerful and irreverent, brimful of remark or criticism; the other silent, his usual dreaminess was modified, but had not departed, and once, gazing up through the clear, dark blue, where the stars were shining, he had a momentary sense as if he were suspended from them by a fine invisible thread, as a spider hung from her roof; suspended from on high, where the pure and ancient æther flamed around the habitations of eternity; and below and about him, the thoughts of demons, the smoke, darkness, horror and anguish of the pit.

(*To be continued.*)

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WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

(A Paper read to the Dublin Lodge.)

THIS is one of the questions so much easier to ask than to answer. Its enunciation involves half truths, and contradictions, which seem so obvious that it is easier to turn away from the problem than to face it, even intellectually. Yet it is capable of perfectly logical and scientific treatment, granting a sufficiently unbiassed mode of approaching the question, and we must try and shake ourselves out of our ruts and grooves in considering it.

First, who are we? Are we more, or less, than we suspect ourselves to be? Are we really *owners*, so to speak, of a long procession of varied lives amid all imaginable surroundings of power, of service, of brilliancy, and of gloom, the memory of which is merely lost for a time; or are we heirs to some vaster memory *not* our own? Are we merely bundles of mental impressions which flicker and die, never to reawaken; or are we like feeble candles burning outside the flame-temple of our real selves; to be entered sooner or later, or not at all, as we choose?

I love contemporary thought, notwithstanding its beautiful error, tottering metaphysics, and general denial of everything sacred. To what can we advantageously address ourselves if not to, and largely in terms of that thought? Good deeds and thoughts are a mighty power; but if we venture into the region where the men and women of our time are *asking* these questions, we should see whether it is not possible to answer very much in terms of the thought of the time. Be it noted that in order to do so, students may dig more or less deeply in Eastern psychology, but it does not follow that they should invariably offer the spoken *thought-forms*, to say nothing of the *words*, of the East, to those whom they would fain help; especially when we remember how little of really occult thought-forms is translatable by our ill-developed Western *brains*, even though these sometimes reach our *hearts*.

Our past lives! What an astounding conception! It is too astounding, perhaps. There must be a flaw somewhere. It rings true somehow, yet it seems not true; why is this? Who, then, are *we*? That is the point. The answer of Theosophy is, *we are Mind*. Now I venture to think this is not *obviously* true. It takes some time to make this out. We have to reflect a little before we will admit the truth of this. I will go further and say that one has usually to go through a good deal of pretty stiff self-analysis, and perhaps

suffering, before he is at all ready to admit it. As it is, many people would even be prepared to scout the idea. Yet it is most important to firmly grasp this conception, because until it is grasped we can make no progress with our subject. And let me say at once that by Mind we must *not* understand Intellect. *We* are more than intellect. The latter is a semi-automatic affair, a good deal connected with memory, of which we will speak presently. Intellect is not the real Thinker, and, moreover, does not suffer, is not swayed by emotion, does not aspire or despair. But *we* do, that is to say, *Mind* does. It is for want of due discrimination between intellect and mind that the control of the passional nature, etc., seems at first to point to no other result than the production of a purely intellectual, and therefore cold and unfeeling being, whom we perhaps picture as "grieving neither for the living nor the dead." Mind really includes perception and experience of form and material qualities, of sensations of different kinds, of abstract ideas, of tendencies and desires, and of mental powers. These five are we, not separately, but collectively. Now this is also a creative and energising power that works from, and in the centre of our being, the heart. The brain, moon-like, in one aspect merely reflects the life of the heart. "Regard earnestly the life that surrounds you. It is formed by the hearts of men!" And this power selects and works with one or more of the five essential functions, thus creating, and being in turn affected by, its environment, on the one hand, and modifying, and being affected by, its essential organism on the other.

This organism must occupy our attention for a moment.

It is twofold in its essential history and evolution, the elements of form and sensation, etc., resulting from a long past, and prodigious evolution, and the others (really older; but joined to the former at a later date) partaking of the nature of mind, which at a certain period descended into, and ensouled the former elements. It is only necessary to consider one other point in this connection in order to prepare us for the solution, intellectually at least, of the problem which engages us.

This organism is held to be but the external shadow of a variety of subtle organisms, one within the other, in different regions of mind-substance, or on the subjective side of nature, and each of these regions has its atmosphere of mind-stuff, so to speak, on which are recorded the impressions therein produced.

In each region the mind and its five essential functions—its organism—react on each other in a certain manner. In our ordinary waking state the mind uses certain of these functions at present in such manner as (1) to prevent the equal action of the remaining ones in modifying and refining the organism, and (2) so preventing the conscious control, or rather the perfect co-operation of the mind over the whole. In other words, our minds, that is we ourselves, are largely absorbed in perceiving forms, material qualities, and sensations, and further swayed by certain mental tendencies and desires. The sphere of the mind is not rounded out by the partial suppression of these three essential functions with the simultaneous cultivation of the remaining two (which deal with abstract ideas and mental powers), in such manner that the whole action of the person shall be under the sway of mind joined to will, rather than of its vehicle. When this rounding out of the nature occurred, we would be sufficiently steady and purified to receive impressions from the inner and subtle organism hailing from an evolutionary period far exceeding that of the lower vehicle.

From these considerations it will be seen that we are entities using our outer mind-organisms in an imperfect manner, and that as the method of using them becomes more equable and perfect a subtle law connects them with the next higher mind-organism. Now the mental powers form part of our mind-organism, and these include memory. A procession of forms, sensations, abstract ideas, and mental tendencies impress themselves in detail during life, in the *atmosphere* of our ordinary mind-organism, and become reproduced in the brain in four different ways. Firstly, automatically, by the stimulation of form or of sense perceptions, as the odour of a flower recalling instantly a scene. This kind of action is frequent, and is what is ordinarily called *memory*. Secondly, by an idea taken up; as, for instance, we think of kindness and some observed event of that nature immediately recurs to our consciousness. This is also frequent and is called *remembrance*. Thirdly, by the wish to recall details of a certain subject or experience. This is generally accompanied by a more or less severe effort of the will, occasioning thereby a slight paralysis momentarily, of other centres, and thus allowing the pictures that exist in the atmosphere of the mind-organism to again impress the brain. This is less frequent and is called *recollection*. The fourth kind of *memory* of the before-mentioned procession of sensations and ideas which have occurred during present life is the abnormal one active in trance or hypnosis. It is of the same nature as the third, but the action is more perfect owing to the complete paralysis of the other centres of the ordinary mind-organism. Now, I have already referred to the nature of the action taking place in the whole organism during this procession of events. It moulds, and is in turn moulded by these events. In short, the dynamic *experience* of these events, and thoughts, is built into us, so creating continually a fresh sum total of mind-organism. The mind-organism then is built up, not by memory, but by experience. The physical memory is merely the recorder of passing events, and *not* the preserver of experience. "It is but the outer husk of experience." Experience relates to *feeling* and *consciousness*; memory but to time and sensation, and is at best but the record of an illusion. The events recorded in our atmosphere precipitate their essence (so far as it can be assimilated) into the mind-organism. Memory reproduces portion of this record in terms of time and sensation, but in the inner sphere they exist, as we have seen, *all at once*. "Time is but the space between our memories. As soon as we cease to perceive this space time has disappeared. The whole life of an old man may appear to him no longer than an hour, or less; and as soon as time is but a moment to us we have entered upon eternity."

So far, we have up to this spoken of ourselves as identical with our mind-organism, consisting of the five essential functions. This is *more* than the truth for many of us for the time being, but far less than the truth potentially and in actual fact. We have pictured this mind-organism solely in connection with recent experience, but we must remember that it was already a complete organism when this recent experience commenced. Most of the sensations and desires of early childhood have completely disappeared from voluntary recall, yet we were there at the time with our organism, inner as well as outer. Who among us could even trace back from day to day the events of school-life? Nay, could we trace in detail the events from the 31st January back to New Year's Day? If we consider the matter, the wonder is not, why do we not remember? but how can we possibly forget so much! One reason, of course, is that we are not yet masters of the five essential functions of our mind-organism as already stated. Another reason is, and this is the important one in connection with our subject,

that we have been building the experiences into us, while leaving the recording power in abeyance.

Thus it happens that there are many things we say we know, while yet we cannot recall the steps by which we know them. Now this is, so far as we are concerned at present, the essential and distinguishing quality of the fifth kind of memory not yet referred to, *reminiscence*, the memory of the soul, the subtler mind-organism lying immediately behind or above, the one in current use; the Higher Ego in fact. The mind-organism that we have hitherto spoken of, and identified rightly enough with ourselves, is yet not the Higher Ego, but only its illusion-body, the personality. Now, this illusion-body (not the physical body) with its five essential functions modified continually by present life experiences is yet the entity which has been developing upward slowly from mindless animal-man, under the fostering care of the descending Ego, through many lives. They are closely connected, though apart, and the consequence is that our personality is overshadowed by these built up experiences known without the power of recalling details. Most of this usually seems to lie dormant, but is far less so than we often suppose. Everyone is largely guided by intuition. Many successful commercial and professional men have admitted this. It is an intuitional perception apart from the physical brain, or any known concatenation of experience. In its most obvious and easily recognised form it is seen as genius, an ecstasy of inward vision, the essence of many memories, the synthesis of former experiences. Now, there are two points that at once occur. First, this genius is not *memory* of past lives, and second, we have here the fuller entrance of the Ego into its vehicle, the illusion-body of an incarnation. Given the power of genius, why does this memory not accompany it? Here we have a really important re-statement of our question, because so evidently nearer the domain of our higher, though undeveloped nature.

The reason is that the personal mind-organism, though here more fully in touch with the Higher Ego, has not yet mastered the use of that mental power which examines or comes into *rapprochement* with the atmosphere of the higher organism. It cannot, in point of fact, do so without first paralysing all that goes to make up the lower mind-organism, or personality. In short, the Spiritual Ego can act only when the Personal Ego is paralysed. Or, again, the Spiritual Ego is the real Thinker, and the Personal Ego is occupied with the five essential functions, things thought of. Hence the meaning of Patanjali's aphorism. "In concentration, the soul abides in the state of a spectator without a spectacle." Thus only can the divine voice be heard. We see then that the Higher Ego speaks dimly to us in our waking life; not by records of past events, but through the small portion of their synthesised experience that can be reflected into the personality or mind-organism, appearing there as the voice of conscience, premonitions, intuitions, etc. But we also see then that the precipitated results of past experience endure in the subtler mind-organism, and are carried along with the Higher Ego, not as accretions, but as essences, which impress themselves more or less on the new mind-organism that is grown out of it in each new incarnation.

"Reminiscence is to memory, what the spirit is to the physical body."

It is clear then that in order to enter into the being of the Thinker, the Higher Ego, man should learn to gradually free his consciousness from the illusions of sense and time, and it is also clear that we need help and guidance as to the mode in which this is to be accomplished!

We see then, roughly, how it comes to pass that we do not remember our past lives. Firstly, they are the past lives of the emanations of the Higher Ego, not of our present personalities, and secondly, we have not led the life necessary to place our mind-organisms *en rapport* with that Ego. If we did so we should not be long, I think, in gaining some glimpses of the wider life-cycles of which we now but exploit a small corner.

We cannot get at the past by the intellect, but we can so train the memory as to observe the action of the synthesising power of experience. We should cultivate that particular mental power which enables us to recall in orderly sequence events from the present time backwards through our lives, tracing effects to causes in so doing. The steady pursuit of this form of concentration is indeed said ultimately to awaken the higher memory. Yet there is always the other side of this process to keep in view, equally necessary for harmonious progress in self-knowledge. "The Past! What is it? Nothing! Gone! Dismiss it. You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you, as you now exist, lies *all* the past. So follow the Hindu maxim: 'Regret nothing; never be sorry; and cut all doubt with the sword of spiritual knowledge.'"

F. J. DICK.

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BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP.

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vapourous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love,
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep, and deep, and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden Fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

G. W. R.

GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

* * * All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged, and appear under this heading.

Subject for April—"Dreaming and Deep Sleep" (*continued.*)

DREAMING AND DEEP SLEEP.

SUSHUPTI (deep sleep) is the dreamless state in which the mystic's highest consciousness—composed of his highest intellectual and ethical faculties—hunts for and seizes any knowledge he may be in need of. In this state the mystic's lower nature is at rest (paralyzed); only his highest nature roams into the ideal world in quest of food. By *lower nature*, I mean his physical, astral or psychic, lower emotional and intellectual principles. * * * * The fifth principle, which is the one active in Sushupti, develops itself by appropriate exercise. * * * * In this state one might or might not find the object of his earnest search, and as soon as it is found, the moment the desire to bring it back to normal consciousness arises, that moment Sushupti state is at an end for the time being.

Murdhna Joti. "The Path." April, 1886.

The mystic might be interested in analyzing the real nature of the objective world, or in soaring up to the feet of the *Manus*, to the spheres where Manava intellect is busy shaping the mould for a future religion, or had been shaping that of a past religion. But one essential feature of Sushupti is, as far as can now be understood, that the mystic must get at all truths through but one source, or path, viz.: through the divine world pertaining to his own lodge (or teacher), and through this path he might soar as high as he can.—*Ibid.*

The arteries of the heart, called Hita, extend from the heart of the person towards the surrounding body. In these the person is when sleeping, he sees no dream (Sushupti). Then he becomes one with that prana (breath) alone.

Kaushitaki Upanishad.

When the man sleeps here, my dear son, he becomes united with the True—in Sushupti sleep—he is gone to his own self. Therefore they say, he sleeps (Swapita), because he is gone (apita) to his own (sva).

Khandogya Upanishad.

The condition of the Plastic form (astral body) is to sleep with its body, unless projected by some powerful desire generated in the higher Manas. In dreams it plays no active part, but on the contrary is entirely passive, being the involuntarily half-sleepy witness of the experiences through which the higher principles are passing.—H.P.B. *Transactions of Blavatsky Lodge. Part I.*

It frequently happens that we are conscious and know that we are dreaming; this is a very good proof that man is a multiple being on the thought plane; so that not only is the Ego, or thinking man, Proteus, a multiform, ever-changing entity, but he is also, so to speak, capable of separating himself on the mind or dream plane into two or more entities; and on the plane of illusion which follows us to the threshold of Nirvāna, he is like Ain-Soph talking to Ain-Soph, holding a dialogue with himself, and speaking through, about, and to himself.—*Ibid.*

Some of the dream experiences of students are full of instruction, not alone for the dreamer, but also for others. While our lives are aimless, or our motives and desires are numerous and fixed, our dreams partake of these confusing qualities. Once that our aim is determined towards higher things,

we are more and more liable to be instructed in dreams, although we do not always bring back a memory of them. Yet the instruction is registered all the same upon some higher plane of our nature which we as yet but dimly feel or grope after. Other students, again, have complained that they had hitherto slept the deep dreamless slumber which refreshes the soul, steeped then in devachanic experience. But since they had become students of truth, this state had inexplicably changed, and their slumbers were filled with senseless, confused, and idle phantasmagoria. This fact need not disturb them. By their studies they have set up a great agitation and disturbance in the whole life, and the first stir of the inner senses, the first response of the psychic nature, is like the blind, swift movements of the sap in spring. Later its flow will become regulated.—*Julius. "The Path." November, 1888.*

(To be continued.)

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A FEW IDEAS ON THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

THE Kindergarten System should be studied by all who are anxious to help in righting the wrongs that our children, of the present generation, labour under. In that system we find the right principle insisted upon, viz., that what is *in* the child should be carefully drawn out; then the Ego has fair play—so to say—and the accumulated experiences of many lives, a chance of developing, and self-reliance above all things cultivated. Children should be taught the grand lesson that experience bought—and paid for—is so much gain. At the present time we hem them in so, by telling them they must do this, that, and the other—because *we* say so, or it is the custom so to do—not that it is right. We do not give them the chance of using their reasoning faculties, and learning to realise for themselves that they must suffer or enjoy as the result of their own acts; the laws of cause and effect must be kept ever before them as the basic truth to work from. Above all things cramming for exams. should be avoided: as the impression left on the child's mind is a hideous nightmare of words. We, of the T. S., must make a stand against the present miserable farce, called education. It ought to be labelled the "Social Strangulation Scheme," for it is certain death to all the higher parts of the nature. Look at the degrading competition for prizes. Instead of competing to *receive* a prize, children should be taught to strive for the honour of *giving*, not receiving—and the award should be by the unanimous vote of the whole school—which would help the young people to discriminate—then the leader, so chosen, should be the one to give the money, clothes, toys, books, etc.—collected by the children during the holidays—to some less fortunate than themselves. Let them seek out those who are in need, and so cultivate the Divine Gift of Compassion. Children are not born so selfish as we, in our ignorance, imagine: *we make them so*, and then build gaols and lunatic asylums to put them in when they grow beyond control!

Boys and girls should be instructed together, and the relationship between the sexes explained at the dawn of manhood and womanhood. Until that is done, we shall never stem the awful torrent of immorality that sweeps millions of our fellow beings into a living hell.

A school, conducted on a co-operative plan, would, I am inclined to think, prove a success. Boys and girls could there be taught to be useful in many

ways, to be helpers in the kitchen, to take their turn at house-work, learn laundry work, do gardening, and to use carpenters' tools. Instruction, to be of any use, must be practical. Our aim should be to turn out *Helpers* in all classes; and, the idea kept well in mind, that "We are parts of one stupendous whole whose body Nature is; and God—or Good—the Soul."

A FELLOW OF THE T. S.

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OUR "LOTUS CIRCLE."

DEAR LITTLE "FLOWERS,"—The Editor finds himself in rather an awkward position this month. The questions sent in—a few of which were asked through this column last month—have proved "puzzlers" to the "grown-ups" with the result that no suitable replies have been received in time for press.

He is, however, sanguine enough to hope that suitable answers—answers which you will easily understand—will be ready in time for next month, and that the arrangements for attending to your interests, will be more complete and satisfactory as time goes on.

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LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

NOW that light which shines above this heaven, higher than all, higher than everything, in the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which is within man—*Khandogya Upanishad*.

They who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead, nor for the living. I, myself, never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth: nor shall we ever hereafter, cease to be. As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass.—*Bhavadgita*.

That man who sees inaction in action, and action in inaction, is wise among men.—*Ibid*.

Assimilation with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who are free from desire and anger, temperate, of thoughts restrained; and who are acquainted with the true self.—*Ibid*.

Tshwara is a spirit, untouched by troubles, works, fruits of works, or desires. In Tshwara becomes infinite that omniscience which in man exists but as a germ. Tshwara is the preceptor of all, even of the earliest of created beings, for He is not limited by time. His name is Om.—*Patanjali*.

There dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjima, the Master—*Tshwara*—who, by magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve, mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.—*Bhavadgita*.

When harmlessness and kindness are fully developed in the Yogee, there is a complete absence of enmity, both in men and animals, among all that are near to him. When veracity is complete, the Yogee becomes the focus for the Karma resulting from all works, good or bad. When desire is eliminated there comes to the Yogee a knowledge of everything relating to, or that which has taken place in, former states of existence.—*Patanjali*.

Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the Universe, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, that face of the True Sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat.—*The Gayatri*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am told you have recently opened your pages to discuss the problem of Child Guidance according to the new light from the East, so that I venture to send you the following, in the hope that some of your readers will be able to assist me in the solution of the problem. Unfortunately, perhaps, my little boy of four is psychic, though I believe not more so than most children. Still, if this is the general condition of child-life it is worth while to study it attentively. In this case the boy is exceptionally strong physically, and in disposition very "good," but what he sees and hears subjectively terrifies him. He sleeps well, but rarely falls asleep without complaining that there is something in the room which frightens him.

Now this ought not to be allowed to continue, and I am puzzled sometimes how to deal with it. I do not think it would be wise to talk to him much about it, though of course I am careful not to let him feel any constraint about doing so. When we do speak of it, I do so casually, as though there is nothing unusual in the experience. Very possibly, as the child gets older, the physical nature will overpower the more subtle perceptions and the discomfort will cease, but anyone who values the delicate signs of differentiation in the development of a promising soul would understand the importance I attach to it. Is the experience an indication of a weak psychic nature, a Karmic burden which, if untended, may hinder the all-round development of the future man? or is it a transitory condition, the result of a shock to an impressionable nature? For the child's short life has been shadowed by a great sorrow. When only a few months old, his father, who adored him, was suddenly killed by an accident, and for some time afterwards the child may have suffered from a disturbed mental atmosphere in his home, though his outward life has since been a regular and uneventful one in country surroundings.

LIZZIE M'LACHLAN.

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DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Subjects for discussion, during ensuing month, at the Wednesday Evening Meetings, commencing at 8.15 p.m.:—

| | | | |
|------------|---|---|----------------|
| March 21st | - | "The Upanishads," | P. E. Jordan. |
| " 28th | - | "The Psychic Laws of Nature," | D. N. Dunlop. |
| April 4th | - | "The Seven Principles of Man," | F. A. Roberts. |
| " 11th | - | "How Theosophy Affects One's View of Life," | J. J. Nolan. |

The Friday evening group continues the study of "The Ocean of Theosophy," and, on Monday evenings at 8.30, "Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms," from the subject of study for the present.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

All literary contributions to be addressed to the EDITOR, and business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

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NOTICE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE SEX PROBLEM.

Of all subjects engaging public attention, there are perhaps none hedged round by so many difficulties as that of the Sex Problem, and yet, on no subject is it so desirable to have a sound philosophy. Turn where we will the problem confronts us, and at no time more than the present. "Why cannot love be noble?" is a question much easier asked than answered. The apostle Paul endeavoured to grapple with the matter, and no one can deny that there is ample justification for the severe criticism passed upon his philosophy. Many of the hardships under which women have laboured so long can, undoubtedly, be traced to his crude teaching. Happily, however, he is no longer regarded as an infallible authority. It may be interesting to note some dominant influences that have been more or less silently at work during recent years, upon this momentous question.

PROBABLY the most important is the "Brotherhood of the New Life," founded by Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, which was brought into such prominent public notice by the late Laurence Oliphant, and which has often been erroneously confounded with the T.S. The tie that unites the members of this community is not credal, "not communistic, not in any sense hostile to existing religions or social systems, whilst they still continue to exist. To live in Christ, to grow in Christ, to share with each other as utility requires, both the fruits of industrial and ethical labours, to maintain the 'unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' and so to prepare ourselves for a coming public service in the primary hours of an era of transposed respiration and perishing environments, that we think to be just at the doors;—this has been, is, and will be, the purpose that unites us all."

Mr. Harris is *par excellence* the woman's champion. "I sing to woman for her hour of need," he says, and, apart from a peculiarity of phrasing, there can be no doubt that he sings to much effect. He has issued a goodly number of volumes from his private press, all having woman for their inspiring theme.

"Not those are worst who seem the worst :
Defiled, degraded, and accurst,
Oft' to the grave they stray,
As babes who lose the way."

"Not those are best who seem the best :
Young dovelets sheltered in the nest,
Till eyes and wings were grown,
They rose, but not alone."

"Lifted by myriads of cares,
Their flight was not amid the snares ;
They bloomed as flowers that grow,
Where glass shuts out the snow."

MRS. PHILLIPS, writing in defence of Mr. Harris in the *National Review* a few months ago, gives a fair presentation of the fundamental points on which his teaching rests ; and as Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Symneumata* and *Scientific Religion*, and Rev. John Pulsford's *Morgenrothe* are practically based entirely on the same idea, I quote pretty fully. She says :—"To him (Mr. Harris) was revealed the mystery of the duality of God, in whom is hidden the Divine Mother who constitutes with the Father the *Us* spoken of in Genesis. 'Let us make man in our own image, male and female created He them.' The impurity, the animality, of the race has caused pure souls to veil their faces rather than associate with God the idea of marriage ; but in daring to grasp the thought subjectively and purely ('the pure in heart'—alone—'shall see God'), we touch the keystone of the arch of all Life and Truth. The Fall was a fall from subjective to objective marriage, whereby the holiest became externalized and perverted. Sin, the serpent, entered into the race through this perversion. The Divine Feminine was, in consequence, drawn into the subjective sphere of God : that is, not suffered to be understood or revealed to the gross mind of man, save only here and there to the initiated few who speak of Her as 'The Bride' who in the ultimate redemption of the race will be revealed once more to Humanity." "It is this dawning manifestation of the 'Bride' to Humanity which has caused everywhere the awakening so perceptible among women in these days. They are alive at last to their true position as the equal and complement of man by reason of the coming forth of their 'pattern in the heavens.' Hitherto the church, while praying to Our Father, has overlooked the fact that Fatherhood implies Motherhood. This duality in God—The Two-in-One—was the revelation given Mr. Harris to declare afresh. But, the time when mankind could accept his teaching without gross misrepresentation not being ripe, his later books were not issued for general circulation, but only to those whose minds, being 'open,' had eyes to see, without profaning the mystery."

MRS. BESANT has pointed out clearly and forcibly in *Lucifer* the danger of Mr. Harris's symbolism, and in issuing his books "only to those whose minds being

'open' had eyes to see," Mr. Harris seems to have recognised the danger himself. Considering that he has lived so much in seclusion; that so much of his life has been enshrouded in mystery, it is surprising how far-reaching his influence is. "Eminent divines," he writes, "of the Church of England, and of the orthodox and liberal denominations, authors and professional men of well-known distinction, learned oriental scholars;—a body, in fine, distinguished at once by high character and unobtrusive philanthropy, scattered over three continents, have for these many years been co-labourers and co-discoverers with me in these fields of vital research. They, have, however agreed in the unanimous conclusion, that the hour had not quite arrived when publicity should be given to their ripe conclusions." Few men have been more fiercely attacked, and we cannot but admire a man who through all has pursued the even tenor of his way, "making no rejoinders, however powerful the weapons that are at his command."

IF we take the Shaker Community of America as being, perhaps, the one most successful experiment made to form a social community composed of both sexes, where practical difficulties in the way of ideal relationship becomes most apparent, we find, to quote Elder Evans, of the Mount Lebanon Community, that, "as private or individual property forms the basis of, and is essential to, the marriage relation, so is virgin purity the basis of, and essential to, a community of property, without which it cannot be supported." Life in a Shaker community is by no means perfect however, and results seem to have fallen far short of expectations. Emotional religious exercises, combined with mediumship, have so dwarfed the intellect, and rendered impotent the will, that their power as an active living force in the world is practically *nil*.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S attempt to found a community on somewhat similar lines proved, as all the world knows, a disastrous failure. With his writings it is unnecessary to deal, as there can be no doubt he was indebted to Mr. Harris for most of what was really of any value. A few regarded his books as a veritable message from heaven; others as the work of a man whose intellect had been weakened by mediumship.

To the Theosophist neither Mr. Harris's nor Mr. Oliphant's symbolism seems to rise above the "psychical states," where the distinctions of sex still exist. To those who recognise that "in the True there is no sex"; that in the Spirit "all forms of life and death are found at once," their philosophy is inadequate: but a perpetuation of existing differences involved in psychic subtleties, affording no permanent resting-place for the sense-tossed soul. Mr. Harris may retort that ours is a "cold" philosophy; but it is serene—a strange contrast to the "clime where every weed grows a yard in the night."

AND so I come to what Theosophy has to say on the Sex Problem, and here I cannot do better than quote Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, who seems to have made a special study of Reincarnation and its bearing on the subject before us:—"The Human Soul, or that which in Theosophy is known as the Higher Ego, the Thinker, the True Individuality, the Reincarnating Ego, is sexless. It has after an almost infinite cycle of duality rebecome Unity on its own plane, and that differentiation which would correspond to sex upon this is unknown. But as the Soul, the Pilgrim in the Cycle of Necessity, descends by incarnating in these human-animal forms, in order to consciously conquer this plane where

the dual action of the One Life, or Evolution, is in active operation, it has of necessity to incarnate in bodies having now the preponderance of the negative and again of the positive manifestations of the One Life. Hence, though being sexless, it incarnates now in a series of male forms, and again in a series of female forms, in its necessary alternating efforts to bring about conscious harmony or equilibrium upon the molecular plane. It can never know all the possibilities of life or consciousness here without touching the two poles, without thus experiencing here the two aspects of the One Life. Looked at from this higher view-point the sex problem is solved. . . . Therefore is all the talk and all the hope of man or woman becoming similar mentally, or in any other way, except as countless ages of Evolution shall have rounded out both aspects of life, but childish babbling. . . . Thus by recognising and teaching the true relations our souls bear to our bodies, that upon its own habitation the soul is sexless and passionless, Theosophy offers but another view-point from which to obtain a broader, more philosophic conception of human life, its duties, responsibilities, and opportunities. . . . We must recognise in woman not the weak, passive vehicle, created as an avenue to a sensuous Paradise, but a soul transiently at the opposite pole of material existence, which has in it as deep a significance, as God-like opportunities, as that which our ignorant, brutish egotism has caused us to regard as superior. It must be recognised that the sex which is her's in this life may be ours in our next—must be ours in many future lives . . . and by our attitude towards the opposite sex, be it that of man or woman, we are creating character traits which may have to be sharply corrected by unpleasant experiences in that opposite sex during our next life. . . . Let us restore marriage to its pristine purity; let us recognise that sex is of this plane only; that the soul ought to—is entitled to—live far above the unreasoning desires of the animal kingdom below us, to which, and even lower than which, we descend when our motive is but sensuous desire. By conquering this tyrant which we have invited to occupy the throne of our mind, we shall be free to use the creative energy, now perverted and wasted, upon intellectual and spiritual planes. So shall we enter the Paradise from which we have been expelled; so shall we reclaim once more our lost heritage.”

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THE DIVINE MAN.

AS TAUGHT BY CHRISTIANITY, JUDAISM, BRAHMANISM, THEOSOPHY.

(A Paper read by León Landsberg, F.T.S., before the Aryian T.S., New York.)

WHILE meditating upon the subject of to-night's discussion, I was haunted by the thought of Kaspar Hauser, and, in order to rid myself of it, I made up my mind to tell you his story. Hauser had been brought up from his earliest childhood in strict confinement in a dark place underground, where he could not see the sun, or hear sound of the outer world. His food—bread and water—was supplied to him while he was in a state of natural or artificial sleep, and his only occupation was playing with two wooden horses. You can imagine the effect of such education, or rather want of education on the child's mind. When in 1828, a youth of about sixteen years of age, he appeared for the first time on the streets of Nuremberg, he was unable to give an account of himself, his language being confined to the few words: “Ich woais nit”—I don't know, which he repeated parrot-like in reply to all questions. His mind

was totally blank, he loathed all food except bread and water, and the sounds, sights and odours of the common world caused him pain. His case awakened at the time considerable psychological interest, and this the more so, as this victim of a hideous crime against the soul was claimed to have been of noble origin, and even heir to the throne of Baden.

I am sure you have seen already through my purpose for telling you this story. Indeed, if Hauser were not a historical personality, he might be looked upon as symbolizing man against whose divine nature a similar crime was committed by the churches. Man, too, was brought up within the confinements of narrow creeds; he, too, was kept in a state of artificial mental sleep, and his custodians, the priests, were careful too, not to permit a ray of reason or spiritual light to penetrate the night of ignorance with which he was surrounded. The food of his mind was fear and superstition, the sole occupation of his thoughts, a God of hatred and a devil, the shadows of his own brutalized consciousness. He of so noble origin, the image of God, nay a god himself, has been reduced to the condition of an animal, with all its low instincts, wild passions and animal desires.

In view of this fact, is his present moral and spiritual abasement to be wondered at? Is it to be wondered that he lost the memory of his divine origin; that the higher faculties of his soul became almost completely atrophied? He had so long been taught to look upon himself as a fallen creature, only good to serve for fuel of an everlasting hell-fire, that he actually became the contemptible, miserable wretch whose self-degradation is well portrayed in the following prayer which I take from an old hymn-book:

“I am a carrion of vermin and dust,
A dog, a hog, a devil,
And just as old iron is eaten by rust,
I am canker'd with sin and evil.
For what am I, old sinner, good,
Except to serve the raven for food?
O Jesus, have mercy, give me a kick,
And bounce me into thy heaven quick!
Amen.”

And now Theosophy steps in and tries to liberate man from the iron clutches of the church, and the fatal influence of a materialistic science. It says to him—“Your teachers have lied in telling you that you were a fallen creature; they have cheated you of your birthright; you are of divine origin; you yourself are the God, whom you worshipped in abject fear; and you need only to awaken to the full consciousness of your divinity in order to come into the possessions of your due inheritance—the power to command nature and all its forces.” And since man, bewildered by this divine revelation, blinded by the light of truth so suddenly breaking upon his darkened consciousness, still hesitates to believe this divine message, Theosophy, to support its assertion, untombs the religious tradition of hoary ages, purges the sacred Scriptures of the errors and interpolations added to them by an unscrupulous priestcraft, calls upon the noblest, greatest, and wisest of all nations and times, and produces them as witnesses before the court of human reason to testify in behalf of man's divinity. Let us examine some of these witnesses.

I begin with Christianity. Contrary to the teachings of the Church, according to which the man Jesus was the only begotten Son of God, and in whom we must believe or be eternally damned, Jesus himself, in the 10th chapter of John, testifies that the words of the King-psalmist—“You are Gods”

—were addressed to other men, claiming for himself the same privileges without any blasphemy. And St. Paul confirms his master's testimony by asserting in 2 Cor., chap. 6, 16, that "we are all the temple of God"; and further in 1 Cor., chap. 15, v. 47, that "the first man is of the earth, the second man is the Lord from Heaven." This God in every man is called the Christ, a name which the Christians identify with the man Jesus, but which long before him was also given to a Hindu Divinity. It represents the divine spirit manifested in man, of which, indeed, it may be said that it is the only begotten son, inasmuch as it is the first emanation of the invisible Supreme Cause, and it is this Christ also who can justly say of himself—"I and my Father in heaven are one." This Christ, which according to the clear statements of the Gospels, is the common property of all mankind, and in the sole possession of none, because man's true saviour, a saviour, alas! whom we can see daily crucified on the cross of man's physical body.

Our next witness is Judaism. But its little understood and therefore much abused Old Testament speaks too foreign and enigmatical a language, and we must call upon its interpreters, the Talmudists and Kabalists, to give us a translation of its testimony. They testify in substance as follows:—Man is not only the skin, flesh, bones, and nerves which make up his physical body. All these are only a garment of the true, invisible, spiritual man. This true man is both the image of the universe and of God, the Divine Presence on earth; the "Adam Illa-ah," or Upper Adam, who, emanating from the Supreme First Cause, produced this Lower, terrestrial Adam. The real man is the intricate union of soul and spirit which constitutes our spiritual nature; and the temporary alliance of these two superior principles with the physical senses, *i.e.*, the physical life that chains them to the earth, far from being represented as an evil, or a fall, is regarded as a means of education and a salutary trial. According to the Talmudists and Kabalists, it is a necessity inherent in the finite nature of the soul that it should, through a series of re-incarnations, attain self-consciousness, so that it may ultimately re-enter the source of light and life, called divine thought, without a loss of its own individuality. On the other hand, spirit cannot descend without elevating the inferior principles; and thus human life, if complete, is a kind of reconciliation between the two extremes of existence—the ideal and the real; between spirit and matter; or, to borrow an expression of the original, between the King and the Queen. The ultimate destiny awaiting the soul is a state of perfect bliss, called the seventh degree of the "Holy of the holiest," almost identical with the Hindu Nirvana, where all souls become one with the Supreme Soul and mutually complete one another. In this state the creature cannot distinguish itself from the Creator; they both are illuminated by the same thought, animated by the same will. The soul alike with God command the universe, and what the soul wills God does execute.

The next witness to be examined is the Brahmin. But here the testimony in favour of man's divinity is so abundant that in the *embarras du choix* one hardly knows what to quote first. Whatever of their numerous Scriptures we interrogate, whether we examine the Vedas, the Upanishads, or the Vedanta system, its one fundamental thought is the identity of that which in our innermost soul is recognised as our true Ego, with that which we see outside and around us as Brahman. This identity is expressed in the words: "*Aham brahman asmi*—I am Brahman"; and "*Tat tvam asi*—That art thou."

It is on account of Avidya-ignorance that we identify ourselves with our senses, passions, desires, and fail to realise that God within us. He only can approach a knowledge of Brahman who meditates upon the mysteries of his

own innermost being. Not through the intellect but intuition springing up in the contemplation of the conscious Ego will he feel himself one with everything existing, his own Atman one with the Adyatma, the Supreme Spirit. "Self," says the Rig-Veda (1. 477), "is the lord of all things; 'Self' is the king of all things. As all the spokes of a wheel are contained in the nave and the circumference, all things are contained in this 'Self,' all Selves are contained in this 'Self.' Brahman itself is but 'Self.'"

And now what has Theosophy to say in this cause? Being the fundamental truth underlying all religions, it can but confirm all their testimony deposed in favour of man's divine nature. It says to man—"That Christ worshipped by the Christian as the only begotten Son of God; that celestial Adam of the Jew, representing the Divine Presence on earth; that Atman of the Brahmin, which is Brahman itself: they are your own self; not that imaginary self, your petty personality, that bundle of passions, emotions, and desires with which you are wont to identify yourself. This is transient, mortal, a mere animal in human shape; but that self within you which thinks, reasons, wills; that Self which searches for truth, strives for perfection, aspires after spiritual enlightenment; that Self which is free from pride, anger, and conceit, sees in every human being his brother, and feels compassion for all animate nature. This is the true Self, Manas illuminated by Buddhi and Atma, the God attaining to self-consciousness once that man recognises Him as the "I am" within himself.

This is what Theosophy, in accord with the most important religions, testifies in behalf of man's divinity: and if all this testimony should prove insufficient to convince you of your divine nature, it points to another, and the most important witness—your own heart. There, in its deepest recesses, is a voice which, if you would only listen to its pleadings, will tell you—"I am more than an eating, sleeping, and propagating animal. I am an immortal, divine soul. The body is but my habiliment. Shall the garment ignore the wearer?"

And Theosophy directs your attention to the birthmark of your divine origin, the great faculties latent in your soul, and points to the Adepts and Masters, your Elder Brothers, who knew how to use their talent, so that you stand now in awe and admiration before the wonderful powers of which they are capable. And it tells you their message that they are only waiting for your awakening to the higher life to help you in your struggles and efforts to conquer your divine inheritance. Then Theosophy unfolds before you the spectacle of infinite progression awaiting you on the spiritual path that leads to the Supreme goal, ever rising to more sublime virtues, ever advancing to the ultimate victory of spirit; and should you have attained these inexpressible perfections which shine in the spheres of the Budhas and Nirmanakyas, man-gods and saviours of mankind, there are still in store for you treasures of yet higher glory, of yet sublimer wisdom, of yet more marvellous powers, unfolding beyond all conception on the road of divine ascent.

Fellow Theosophists! I have endeavoured to delineate the religious and theosophic teachings concerning the divine man and his destiny. If, within your innermost hearts, you assent to the truth of these teachings, if you have awakened to the consciousness of your divinity, and are anxious to enter a new and higher cycle of spiritual progress, then you must, even like Arjuna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, resolve to fight! To fight ignorance, delusion, ambition; to fight every animal desire, every passion, every sense, every weakness not worthy of a God, until the animal nature is completely subdued to the will of the divine

man within you. The fight will be long and wearisome, the defeats numerous and most humiliating, and the difficulties will seem to augment with each victory. Never lose faith! Never declare yourself vanquished, but, with your prize, ultimate liberation, in view, continue to fight. Mind not the sneers of the world, yield not to weakness and despondency—

“ Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin ;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.”

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A STRANGE AWAKENING.

By Æ.

CHAPTER II.

I CANNOT tell all the steps by which the young soul came forth from its clouds and dreams, but must hurry over the years. This single incident of his boyhood I have told to mark the character and tendency of his development; spirituality made self-conscious only in departing; life, a falling from ideals which grew greater, more beautiful and luminous as the possibility of realizing them died away. But this ebbtide of the inner life was not regular and incessant, but rather after the fashion of waves which retreat surely indeed, but returning again and again, seem for moments to regain almost more than their past altitude. His life was a series of such falls and such awakenings. Every new experience which drew his soul from its quietude brought with it a revelation of a spiritual past, in which, as it now seemed, he had been living unconsciously. Every new experience which enriched his mind seemed to leave his soul more barren. The pathetic anguish of these moments had little of the moral element, which was dormant and uncultivated rather than perverted. He did not ponder over their moral aspect, for he shared the superficial dislike to the ethical, which we often see in purely artistic natures, who cannot endure the entrance of restraint or pain upon their beauty. His greatest lack was the companionship of fine men or noble women. He had shot up far beyond the reach of those whom he knew, and wanting this companionship he grew into a cynical or sensuous way of regarding them. He began to write: he had acquired the faculty of vigorous expression by means of such emotions as were engendered in his loose way of living. His productions at this time were tinged with a mystical voluptuousness which was the other pole to his inner, secret and spiritual being. The double strain upon his energies, which daily work and nightly study with mental productiveness involved, acted injuriously upon his health, and after a year he became so delicate that he could carry on neither one nor other of his avocations without an interval of complete rest. Obtaining leave from his employers, he went back for a period of six weeks to the village where he had been born. Here in the early summer and sunshine his health rapidly improved; his mind even more than his body drank deep draughts of life; and here, more than at any period in his life, did his imagination begin to deal with mighty things, and probe into the secret mysteries of life, and here passed into his consciousness, visions of the cosmic romance, the starry dynasties, the long descended line by which the human spirit passed from empire; he began to comprehend dimly by what decadence from starry state the soul of man is ushered into the great visible life. These things came to him not clearly as ideas, but rather as shadowy and shining visions thrown across the air of dawn or twilight as he moved about.

Not alone did this opulence of spiritual life make him happy, another cause conspired with it to this end. He had met a nature somewhat akin to his own : Olive Rayne, the woman of his life.

As the days passed over he grew eager not to lose any chance of speech with her, and but two days before his departure he walked to the village hoping to see her. Down the quiet English lane in the evening he passed with the rapid feet that bear onward unquiet or feverish thought. The clear fresh air communicated delight to him ; the fields grown dim, the voice of the cuckoo, the moon like a yellow globe cut in the blue, the cattle like great red shadows driven homeward with much unnecessary clamour by the children ; all these flashed in upon him and became part of him : readymade accessories and back-grounds to his dreams, their quietness stilled and soothed the troubled beauty of passion. His pace lessened as he came near the village, half wondering what would serve as excuse for visits following one so soon upon the other. Chance served as excuse. He saw her grey dress, her firm upright figure coming out from among the lilac bushes at the gate of her father's house. "She saw Harvey coming towards her and waited for him with a pleasant smile." Harvey, accustomed to introspect and ideal imaginings, here encountered no shock gazing upon the external. Some last light of day reflected upward from the white gate-post, irradiated her face, and touched with gold the delicate brown hair, the nostrils, lips, chin, and the lilac at her throat. Her features were clear-cut, flawless ; the expression exquisitely grave and pure ; the large grey eyes had that steady glow which shows a firm and undisturbed will. In some undefinable way he found himself thinking of the vague objects of his dreams, delicate and subtle things, dew, starlight, and transparencies rose up by some affinity. He rejected them—not those—then a strong warrior with a look of pity on his face appeared and disappeared : all this quick as a flash before she spoke.

"I am going doctoring," she said. "Old nurse Winder is ill, and my father will not be back until late." Mr. Rayne was the country doctor.

"May I go with you ?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, why not ? But I have first to call at two or three places on the way."

He went with her. He was full of wonder at her. How could she come out of her own world of aspiration and mystic religion and show such perfect familiarity, ease and interest in dealing with these sordid village complaints, moral and physical ? Harvey was a man who disliked things like these which did not touch his sense of beauty. He could not speak to these people as she did : he could not sympathize with them. The pain of the old woman made him shrink into himself almost with more disgust than pity. While Olive was bending over her tenderly and compassionately, he tried to imagine what it was inspired such actions and such self-forgetfulness. Almost it seemed for a moment to him as if some hidden will in the universe would not let beauty rest in its own sphere, but bowed it down among sorrows continually. He felt a feeling of relief as they came out again into the night.

It was a night of miracle and wonder. Withdrawn far aloft into fairy altitudes, the stars danced with a gaiety which was more tremendous and solemn than any repose. The night was wrought out of a profusion of delicate fires. The grass, trees, and fields glowed with the dusky colours of rich pottery. Everywhere silence ; everywhere the exultant breathing of life, subtle, universal, penetrating. Into the charmed heart fell the enchantment we call a *poème*, though the days have no fellows, nor will ever have any. Harvey, filled up with this wonder, turned to his companion.

"See how the Magician of the Beautiful blows with his mystic breath upon the world! How tremulous the lights are; what stillness! How it banishes the memory of pain!"

"Can you forget pain so easily? I hardly noticed the night—it is wonderful indeed. But the anguish it covers and enfolds everywhere I cannot forget."

"I could not bear to think of pain at any time, still less while these miracles are over and around us. You seem to me almost to seek pain like a lover. I cannot understand you. How can you bear the ugly, the mean, the sordid—the anguish which you meet. You—so beautiful?"

"Can you not understand?" she said, almost impetuously. "Have you never felt pity as universal as the light that floods the world? To me a pity seems to come dropping, dropping, dropping from that old sky, upon the earth and its anguish. God is not indifferent. Love eternal encircles us. Its wishes are for our redemption. Its movements are like the ripples starting from the rim of a pond that overcome the outgoing ripples and restore all to peace."

"But what is pain if there is this love?" asked Harvey.

"Ah, how can I answer you? Yet I think it is the triumph of love pushing back sin and rebellion. The cry of this old nature being overcome is pain. And this is universal, and goes on everywhere, though we cannot comprehend it; and so, when we yield to this divine love, and accept the change, we find in pain a secret sweetness. It is the first thrill that heralds an immense dawn."

"But why do you say it is universal? Is not that a frightful thought?"

"If God is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, then the life of Christ on earth was a symbol—must be a symbol—of what endures for ever: the Light and Darkness for ever in conflict: a crucifixion in eternity."

This belief, so terrible, so pathetic, so strange, coming from this young girl affected Harvey profoundly. He did not reject it. The firmness and surety of her utterance, the moral purity of her character appealed to him who felt his own lack of clear belief and heroic purpose. Like all spiritual people, he assimilated easily the spiritual moods of those whom he came into contact with. Coming from her, the moral, pathetic, and Christian doctrine had that element of beauty which made it blend with his ideal paganism. As he went homewards he pondered over her words, her life, her thoughts. He began to find an inexpressible beauty in her pity, as a feeling welling up from unknown depths, out of the ancient heart of things. Filled with this pity he could overcome his dislike of pain and go forth as the strong warrior of his momentary vision. He found himself repeating again and again her words: "We find in pain a secret sweetness—a secret sweetness—a secret sweetness." If he could only find it, what might he not dare, to what might he not attain? And revolving all these things upon his restless pillow, there came over him one of those mystic moods I have spoken of: wandering among dim originals, half in dream and half in trance, there was unfolded within him this ancient legend of the soul:—

There was a great Gloom and a great Glory in nature, and the legions of darkness and the glorious hosts were at war perpetually with one another. Then the Ancient of Days, who holds all this within himself, moved the Gloom and the Glory together: the Sons of the Bright Fire he sent into the darkness, and the children of Darkness he brought unto the gates of the day. And in the new

life formed out of the union of these two, pain, self-conscious, became touched with a spiritual beauty, and those who were of the Hosts of Beauty wore each one a Crown of Thorns upon the brow.

(To be continued.)

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THE MISSION OF THE CHRIST.

OUT of the depths of human misery and suffering, many a soul imprisoned in mortal frame has cried in anguish and despair: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And a bitterer cry even than that may be heard from some lips—"There is no God!" Aye—for if God hath forsaken He may return; there is still that hope. But when there is no God—then, indeed, hath the soul touched the lowest depths of illusion, then, indeed, it hath tasted the bitterness of death, the horror of the outer darkness.

But how much of this despair might have been saved if the theological God and devil theory had never been perpetrated. The veriest child sees the absurdity of this theory; but his questions are silenced, the purity of his intention is soiled and poisoned, he grows up in conformity or acquiescence; then when the storms of life break he is swept away from the anchorage which can no longer hold him because it is *false*. Then, indeed, if unhappily he find not the path, he may cry out in despair, "there is no God." But, we shall be told, the theological theory has sufficed for thousands and millions, has been a firm anchorage for them all through the storms of life, and through the gates of death. We do not deny the fact. But a very little study of human nature shows us how prone it is to cling to conventional ideas and cherished ideals; and what is true of one religion is also true of another, each has its devotees for whom its ideas and ideals are all-sufficient, however dissimilar they may be.

My friends we want TRUTH, not ideals, we want men and women who can face FACTS, not those who are afraid to question lest their "faith" should become unsettled. And that man who has cried out of the bitterness of his heart, "there is no God," is nearer to "the place of peace" than he who cherishes the ideal of a heaven of bliss for ever and ever.

And to those who can find no God in this evil world; who can find no answer to the problem why an all-wise, and all-powerful, and all-loving God should *permit* such an evil world, we would offer the key which Theosophy presents, of a God *within*, not without. There is all the difference in the universe between a God who rules *over* the universe and a God who is the innermost of all that is manifested in time and space. For if you turn to the God within, if you look for him in your own heart, a wonderful light dawns upon the darkness of the problem of evil. For you yourself in your own innermost nature, in your own "Higher Self," are God.

We have heard of one who took upon himself the form of a man, yet thought it not robbery to be equal with God. And if you have understood aright that divine allegory of the incarnated Christ, neither will you think it robbery to make your SELF equal with God.

But what follows? If the Christ be incarnated in you, the mission of the Christ is your mission. Did it never occur to you that you are here in this lower world to accomplish a purpose which not God Himself but only you can accomplish? Then how can we any longer cry out against God for the evil He permits? It is not He, it is we who permit it; and the man who has once realised that everything works from within without, that the root-cause of all that manifests in the phenomenal world lies hidden in the secret chambers of his own being, will no longer seek helplessly for a personal God who only exists in a materialised theology; he will seek the SELF within, and having found the cause of the illusions of sane life, he will destroy it for ever.

That is the mission of the Christ— a mission which only you yourself can accomplish. When you have realised it, all theological difficulties vanish, all creeds become merged in one; and the name we give to that knowledge which is the sum of creeds, of all science, of all knowledge, is rightly and truly termed THEOSOPHY—*Divine Wisdom*. W. K.

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THE SECRET.

One thing in all things have I seen :
 One thought has haunted earth and air ;
 Clangour and silence both have been
 Its palace chambers. Everywhere

I saw the mystic vision flow,
 And live in men, and woods, and streams,
 Until I could no longer know
 The dream of life from my own dreams.

Sometimes it rose like fire in me,
 Within the depths of my own mind,
 And spreading to infinity,
 It took the voices of the wind.

It scrawled the human mystery,
 Dim heraldry—on light and air ;
 Wavering along the starry sea,
 I saw the flying vision there.

Each fire that in God's temple lit
 Burns fierce before the inner shrine,
 Dimmed as my fire grew near to it,
 And darkened at the light of mine.

At last, at last, the meaning caught :
 When spirit wears its diadem,
 It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought,
 And trails the stars along with them.

G. W. R.

GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

** All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged, and appear under this heading.

Subject for May—" *The Potency of Sound.*"

DREAMING AND DEEP SLEEP (*Continued.*)

Man is represented as a prismatic trinity, veiling and looked through by a primordial unity of light—gross outward body; subtle internal body or soul; a being neither body nor soul, but absolute self-forgetfulness, called the cause-body, because it is the original sin of ignorance of his true nature, which precipitates him from the spirit into the life-condition. These three bodies, existing in the waking, dreaming, and sleeping states, are all known, witnessed, and watched, by the spirit which standeth behind and apart from them, in the unwinking vigilance of ecstasy or spirit-making.

—*The Dream of Ravan. Dublin University, May, 1853.*

The first or spiritual state was ecstasy: from ecstasy it forgot itself into deep sleep; from profound sleep it awoke out of unconsciousness, but still within itself, into the internal world of dreams; from dreaming it passed finally into the thoroughly waking state, and the outer world of sense. Each state has an embodiment of ideas or language of its own. The universal, ever-present intuitions that be eternally with the spirit in the first, are in the second utterly forgotten for a time, and then emerge reversed, limited, and translated into divided successive intellections, or gropings, rather, of a struggling and as yet unorganised intelligence, having reference to place and time, and an external historical world, which it seeks, but cannot all at once realise outside itself. In the third they become pictured by a creative fantasy into phantasms of persons, things and events, in a world of light and shade within us, which is visible even when the eyes are sealed in dreaming slumber, and is a prophecy and forecast shadow of the solid world that is coming. In the fourth the outforming or objectivity is complete—*Ibid.*

Ask a good clairvoyant to describe the aura of a person just refreshed by sleep, and that of another just before going to sleep. The former will be seen bathed in rythmical vibrations of life currents—golden, blue, and rosy: These are the electrical waves of life. The latter is, as it were, in a mist of intense golden-orange hue, composed of atoms whirling with an almost incredible spasmodic rapidity, showing that the person begins to be too strongly saturated with life: the life essence is too strong for his physical organs, and he must seek relief in the shadowy side of that essence, which side is the dream element, or physical sleep, one of the states of consciousness.

—H.P.B. *Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge. Part I.*

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OUR "LOTUS CIRCLE."

ALL ABOUT THE SMALL PEOPLE CALLED FAIRIES.

This is an old, old land, this country we call Ireland, and which some folks who live in it call the Isle of Saints, and the Isle of Destiny; and the fairies dwelt in many parts of it long ago, and some, I think, are with us still,

Down on the wild Kerry coast you can find ferns and flowers growing that are not found wild anywhere else in the British Isles; and the grey, moss-starred, rugged rocks stretching out to sea formed part of a mighty continent that sank beneath the ocean-bed so long ago that you will never read of it in your history books. In those happy, bright days long ago great teachers lived in Eire, and taught the people such beautiful, true things, that the fame of their teaching spread far and wide, over land and sea; and wise men from other lands came to hear them, and to grow wiser still, as they listened to the teaching of the Great Ones.

But when times grew troubled, and the people did not care to learn, the teachers left our Irish shores; but I know, my dear ones, that they are not so far off that they cannot help those who are wise enough to wish for the old true teaching.

But though the teachers left us, their thoughts remained, and the very air is full of them; and thoughts are *things*, thoughts are *living*, thoughts are *fairies*.

You can't see thoughts, you say. That is true; but there are many things you cannot see. When the wind catches your hat, and blows your hair into your eyes, you don't see the wind; but it is there all the same; and although you do not see the fairies, some folks who are very wide-awake still see them. And round the turf fires, when they sit together closely, old people tell strange stories that their grandfathers heard their grandfathers tell, when they were children, like you are now. Only remember this. The old people, however softly they whisper, never *speak* of the fairies, because they know right well that you often grow like what you speak of or think of much; and so they call the fairies *the good people*. As I have told you, because the Great Ones once lived here, their thoughts remain; and that is why, even in this dark age, our land is full of good and gracious influences. And Irish hearts are true, and the nature spirits kindly, and the island fresh and fruitful, for the grass grows greener here than elsewhere, and the breezes are soft and sweet; and there are no hills the wide world over like the fair, blue, Irish hills; and the little rippling streams of Ireland laugh down the mountain-sides like children at their play, flowing faster, and ever faster, towards the ocean.

For nature is all alive and joyful, and the little buds open with a soft, cooing sound; and the flowers turn their dew-wet faces to the sun; and the lark sings of faith, and hope, and peace; the trees whisper great thoughts; the daffodils nod their heads together, as if they whispered many things; and the streams sing nature's song; and if on some fine day you are quiet enough to hear the grass grow, it, too, will tell you some of nature's secrets.

And the people's hearts are kind and true here, and the Irish faces are sunny ones, and if you ask me why the small Irish children are like our weather, all sun and showers; and why they love their comrades so that they laugh with them, and cry with them, I shall tell you it is all owing to the fairies, or good people.

Where are the fairies now? you ask me. Well, that's another matter; if you want to see them you must grow brave and true, and pure in heart; and then some day perhaps you may catch just one peep at them, but not with the eyes you look so astonished with as you listen to me now.

It is of no use for you to creep out of your soft warm beds after mother has kissed you good-night: you may climb upon the window-sill, and press your face against the pane hoping to see the nice, gay, fairy folk dancing hand in hand around the ring of grass that is higher and brighter than the rest of the

field; but you will never see them, dear children, around the fairy-ring in the moonlight, and so you need not try to do so. When the lights are out think lovingly of those who love you, and fall asleep; and maybe you will see bright creatures in your dreams.

But before I go on to tell you how fairies are *made* there is just the story you may like to hear about the fairy Queen Nian and the Prince Oisín.

This Feni prince who lived long ago grew tired of wars and fighting, and longed for peace; and one day when his friends were hunting, Queen Niam came to take him away and teach him wisdom. She was fair, and tall, and gracious, and clothed all in pure white, and her eyes were like the sunlight. And some call her a fairy queen, but others call her *Truth*.

And she took Prince Oisín to the "Land of Youth," and kept his heart young. Many people in after ages tried to find that land of Tirnanogue or youth; it lies, they tell us, just on the ocean's rim, where sea and water meet; and many grown-up people who were silly have tried to sail to it, but they never reach it any more than they can reach the end of the rainbow. Grown-ups *never* get there: it is the children's land, a place of delight for the little ones who love the fairy Queen of Truth. But, my dear ones, when you are no longer little, and grow up into men and women, I tell you what you must do if you would be happy: *Leave your heart in the "Land of Youth,"* and then however old you *seem* to grow, however white your hair becomes, and however wrinkled your face, you will never be really old. For the heart that rests with the Queen, the white Queen Truth, in the land of youth, is always young and glad. But Oisín grew tired, and *Truth* no longer pleased him. He would not listen to her message any more, so he journeyed to the "Land of Forgetfulness." Don't go there, my children; happy, contented people shun that shore. In the "land of forgetfulness" one falls asleep, and no whisper either from the fairies or the Great Ones reaches you; and when at last you wake up, like the prince did you will be sad, and old, and weary; and however much you may long for it, you will never find the fairy realm again.

And the prince died sadly after all, and the fairy queen was not near him. When he comes again perhaps he will remember, and be wiser.

But who makes the fairies? and where do they come from? Why, *you* make them; and they come from your busy brains—good fairies, and nasty, ugly, spiteful ones. You give them life: you dress them, too, although you do not mean to do so; and when you have made them, and given them strength, they do so many good or evil things. There are many kinds of them:—happy, merry ones, born of bright thoughts. They are the white fairies, and when they fly away from you they do kind things. And there are black fairies, ugly and deformed—these are made from ill-tempers, and hasty words, and untrue thoughts; and folks say these have no feet, only bodies and wings, and they fly far, and grow larger every time anyone lets them stop near them; but at last they come back to the children who made them. And there are red fairies, made from angry wishes, and they are not nice to see. So, children, try to make only white fairies.

An old man who was very wise, and could see a great deal further than I can, sat by his fire one evening, and his heart was sad and lonely, until he fell asleep; and he woke himself up by laughing, and he saw a white, sweet fairy nestling near his heart; and he knew that a little child who loved him had sent a loving thought to him before she fell asleep, and he was glad once more. And I knew a little child who sent a flower to a sick comrade, and in the heart of the lily, just where you always see the tear that is in the lily-cup, dwelt a

beautiful fairy, no bigger than the drop of dew, and it whispered to the dying child stories of long garden-paths, and great flower-beds; and he forgot his pain.

And I have heard of hearth-fairies, who live in a busy home, where mother gets very, very tired sometimes, because there are so many to wash, and dress, and mend for; but in the evening-time, when the children speak softly and lovingly to her, the tired look goes from mother's eyes, and she looks young and happy, because the fairies gather round her.

Some of you little ones make ugly fairies when the rain patters on the pane, and you cannot run into the sunlight to play; but that is stupid of you; you want the fairies inside the house to help you, and being cross only makes things grow worse, and worse; and then red fairies grow; and sometimes I have heard tell that children slap each other—I have only heard it said—I hope it was not any of *you*.

Get rid of your black and red fairies, by making white ones, and you will be happy then, and good, and truthful.

I wonder could we bring back the fairy queen again?—the fair, white, fairy Truth. And would she, do you think, bring back the fairies of the Long Ago?

Could we do it, you and I, if we tried, and kept on trying, right heartily together? I think we could, do you know; and the black ones would go away then, for they never live long near the white ones. Shall we try? Listen! Think only kind thoughts; listen to the voice of the White Queen in your heart, and do what she tells you; think of each other, and never of yourselves; and the Great Ones will help you to bring the fairies back, perhaps.

K. B. LAWRENCE.

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DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Our Wednesday Evening Public Meetings continue to be fairly well attended, and the discussions on the various Theosophical topics selected, while, often eliciting wide diversities of thought, are invariably characterised by good feeling, and a general desire to *learn* something. The subjects for the next month are:—

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|-------------|---|---------------------------|
| April 18th, | • | “The Druids.” |
| „ 25th, | • | “The Future of Humanity,” |
| May 2nd, | • | “A Philosophy of Life.” |
| „ 9th, | • | “The Use of Analogy.” |

Opened by Brothers Coates, Russell, Duncan and King.

In connection with the *Secret Doctrine* Correspondence Class, a number of the members are purchasing copies of the S. D.; and I hope the scheme will be fairly under way by next month.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

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NOTICE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

WE are not indebted to the Hebrews for the primitive idea and form of intelligent religion. From the roots of the Aryan tree, the Israelite derived his first feeble image, hugging himself, meanwhile, in the fantasy that he alone knows the true God. He did not know that his local religion was but a dwindled off-shoot of the paternal tree, and that other off-shoots of that tree survived among races of a sweeter amenity, and of a deeper and loftier learning, who kept more perfectly the divine law.

READING a rather strange book some time ago, I came across the following passage :—" There was a primitive people living in the highlands of India, the progenitors of the Aryans, indeed, our primeval forefathers, who were preserved from becoming wholly brutal in their sensations. They were preserved as the seed grain of the world—the future civilizers of humanity. These never abandoned themselves to animal promiscuity and man-eating, and they had a form of monogamic marriage. Woman was not a slave among them. They had the family and the household, and thus the germ of civilization." The writer went on to say that this people, dominant among the sons of man, first absorbed the inferior races, and taught them the primitive arts of human society. They migrated at an early date into Egypt, forming there the ruling caste. Afterwards they established themselves in Greece, founding the Hellenic culture. " Abraham was derived from this stock, and the writing preserved in his family, and now known as the first record in Genesis, was a poem of the early religious scriptures."

GRADUALLY, however, the ideal worship of the Ayran became an idolatry. The despotism of priest-craft dates far back. It fought and slew the poets, seers, and prophets of these early days, and held in bondage the spiritual freedom of the race.

RATIONAL religion shatters no true sacredness; it will keep all that is true in our own Scripture with unfailing care, and welcome all that is Truth in all other Scriptures with equal joy, and thus it will never close the Canon of the continually uttered Word of Revelation! It knows that all Holy Scripture is not in the Bible, nor is all that is in the Bible Holy Scripture. The wind of the Spirit "bloweth where it listeth," and whatever it touches it consecrates. We need not go to Jerusalem to find the "Word of God," and the "Cross of Christ" is lifted up wherever temptation is bravely met, and painful duty well and patiently done. There is "a book of God" whose syllables are in every spherule of the revolving universe, and whose "Word" is from everlasting to everlasting.

THE evolution of the religious sentiment is going on as rapidly now as in any former age—yea, more rapidly. The mustard seed of rational religion is growing, and its grateful shade shall yet cover the earth. This religion teaches that nowhere in the Universe, outside of the morbid fancies of priest-ridden men, is found a revengeful and jealous Deity. An angry God is as obsolete to its thought as is the tree-worship of the savage, or the grotesque beast-worship of old Egypt. It teaches that law governs; that there is no space, no possible crevice anywhere in the Creation for caprice, miracle, parenthesis, or interpolation. There is very little "other worldliness" in its creed, and that little will continually grow less.

FOR though we may live hereafter in another, we are in *this* world. Here we get our bearings, and take our direction. Here we learn lessons, which nothing that we may learn in any other world can ever contradict. We ripen best for the future by being heartily devoted to the work and duty of the present moment. True religion dwells with man, and asks to be put to service. It will teach society to be more humane, and to become more brotherly. It will persuade the forces of the world to work in amity, so that tyranny and greed shall be a mutual blunder, and concert and co-operation a mutual success. It will leave off the paltry business of scattering tracts and preaching revivals through the world; for the present age needs not tracts, not effusions of ecclesiastical piety, but the abatement of moral griefs and wrongs, the suppression of intemperance, the purifying of vice and crime, the protection of the helpless, and the uplifting of woman.

NOR promises of a distant and future heaven, but righteousness and justice prevailing *now* on earth. If we do well the duty of the passing hour, the broad Universe has nothing, and holds nothing that we need dread. Safe and sound as our souls are to-day, so shall they ever be.

THIS faith comes "eating and drinking" as did the Son of Man. Its ministry has no more formal piety than the wild roses in a hedge-row. "Every man will

hear the Gospel preached in his own tongue"—that is, through his own peculiarities of mind and ways of life. It sets men, not to building costly Cathedrals and Temples, to be inhabited during the week by rats, while childhood and womanhood are left crowded and smothered in the slums; but the Industrial Palaces, where Labour justified at last, leaves the social horde, sheds its sordidness and rags, and enters with singings and rejoicings. Alms-giving feeds and breeds poverty, but the organization of Industry will abolish poverty. This religion will enlist the whole of our Intelligence, and use all the tools of science and civilization, until Humanity shall be born again in its inalienable rights in this new cradle of mankind. The sacrament which it offers is its own worship of Truth and Beauty, whose elements it distributes to all communicants.

I HAVE endeavoured to give a short summary of a sensible book. No Christian can misinterpret the language: many Theosophists will regard it as a fair statement of their ideas on "rational religion;" and it may appeal to some stray readers—a class I have been asked to bear more in mind, now that the *I.T.* is to be seen on so many railway bookstalls.

THE "Lotus Circle" page has not been so well supported as I expected, and it would seem as if I must discontinue it. I looked for more contributions from parents on the Theosophical Education of children. In any case I hold over this month's article, and shall be pleased to receive suggestions on the matter. The N. E. Federation have at their meetings expressed their approval, and promised support to a Magazine dealing with this department of theosophical work, and yet—well! I would like to hear from some member of the N.E.F. on the subject.

I HAVE to thank an anonymous friend for 5s. received for "*I. T.*" fund. Would it be too much to ask his or her name and address?

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THOUGHTFULNESS.

THOSE who believe that in the teachings of Theosophy they have found the Path that leads to the Highest, are beset by dangers unknown to other men, and as we look round and mark what is going on in our midst, we would sound a note of warning against one in particular that almost bars the entrance to that Path. We have awakened to the knowledge of a new Spiritual faculty, a limitless Force both within and without ourselves: and with Thought centred on this Force we become conscious of new powers opening before us in every direction. The position we have held heretofore appears, in retrospect, almost incomprehensible; the ignorance darker by contrast; and there is a tendency to disparage the past, to cast the natural world (so-called) behind us, as of the Earth, earthy; to fix the will chiefly on the attainment of Individual Spiritual development, and to forget that the Higher Revelation never could have reached man, except as manifested through the flesh.

This confusion at first perhaps is natural, for the Spirit has asserted its right to rule, and we do not realize the absolute inability of the Higher Self to work *independently*, save on its own plane. The mass of humanity have no knowledge of its existence; to most of our brethren amongst whom we labour it is a dead letter; it, therefore, cannot make itself understood in any way,

except by working in and through the corporeal man. It is vain to imagine that we are treading the Path—that we can attain to Selflessness, if the Divine within keeps apart, as it were, wrapt in Self centration, intent only on its own development. Granted that there are hours necessary to the very life of the Spirit when we must be alone, when like the Christ we must depart into the mountain to pray; but the everyday training must be in the world and by the world; we must make use of every earthly faculty, make the Body veritably the vehicle of the Spirit, before we can raise our fellow-men, and in them lose ourselves. The body, subject at every point to the law of Christ, becoming day by day purified, etherealized, spiritualized, will gain a power over others, and will speak with a voice that many otherwise deaf will hear.

“What a man thinks, that he becomes”—such are the words of wisdom. Our aim is to attain to Selflessness, to become one with the Eternal Life manifested now around us in all that lives and moves and breathes—the Universal Self that inhabits all things. Thoughtfulness for all is then to become one with all. To be filled with thoughtful kindness for the rich, for the poor, for the sorrowful, for the glad, is to empty oneself of self, becoming, through thoughtfulness, one with the whole. The world around is our opportunity; the Godhead made man the field of our labours; we must not speak in an unknown tongue—we must use the earth language, to be understood. It is the little human kindnesses and pleasures that we can bestow; the conscious thoughtfulness in absolute trifles that appeals to the men and women around us. If we can bring one added ray of sunshine into any human heart, we have led that heart a little nearer to the light; if we throw ourselves unselfishly into the daily interest of each we meet, we teach the Universal Love; and, above all, if we are ever to be counted upon, always the same, invariable in our moods, calm and steadfast, we show forth the power that is constant and enduring, and in this world of change and illusion we lead others to believe in the Unchangeable, the Eternal Rule.

We must begin very humbly at the bottom of the ladder; we must conquer Spiritual Pride, we must arm ourselves with Spiritual Patience before we can begin to rise. The pride that in our newly-attained knowledge makes us feel ourselves “not as other men” must be overcome; the patience that makes us bear with outward forms sacred to other men must be attained. It signifies not what creed they hold, let us lose ourselves in thoughtfulness for them; let us touch it gently, reverently—if not, we sin against the Highest.

“Unto all such,
Worship what shrine they will, what shapes in faith—
’Tis I who give them faith! I am content!”

We are not bound on an armed crusade—we must go weaponless to the warfare, and by the power of Silence we must overcome. The Spirit grows in silence, works by silence; so, working and growing in us, men “will have knowledge of us that we have been with the Christ.”

M. E. G.

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COMFORT.

WE are continually called upon to give comfort, and it is a problem to many what to say. For there are people who can see no outlet from their pain other than this, that they shall obtain that which they desire. The lover longs for the one who is absent or cold; the poor demand wealth;

the tortured cry out for relief from suffering; and so on through all phases of human life we continually meet such people. We, perhaps free from such afflictions, have schooled ourselves into a heroic mood. These are not things to sorrow over, we think; therefore, we are in a dilemma. We cannot aid them, for their ideals often seem ignoble to us—their wish accomplished would only bring on the renewal of old pain, and bind them closer to the weary wheel. Yet we cannot be cold, we who would identify ourselves with all life, for the soul must “lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.” In the many cases where the suffering is unavoidable, and cannot be otherwise received, what are we to do? Some, a little above the ignoble view that the only relief is in the satisfaction of desire, say reverently to those in pain: “It is God’s will,” and some accept it as such with dull resignation. But with some the iron has entered the soul—the words are empty. “What have I to do with God, or He with me?” they demand in their hearts. They join in the immemorial appeal and fierce revolt which at all times the soul of man makes against any external restraint. We who are disciples of old wisdom may touch some chord in them which may awaken eternal endurance.

It is not, we say, a pain imposed upon us by any eternal power; but the path we tread is one which we ourselves very long ago determined. To the question, “What have we to do with God?” we make answer that we are the children of Deity—bright sparks born in that Divine flame, the spirit in its primal ecstasy reflected in itself the multitudinous powers that throng in space. It was nourished by Divine love, and all that great beauty thrilled through it and quickened it. But from this vision which the spirit had, it passed to climb to still greater heights—it was spiritual, it might attain divinity. The change from the original transcendental state of vision to that other state of *being*, of all-pervading consciousness, could only be accomplished by what is known as the descent into matter where spirit identifies itself with every form of life, and assimilates their essences. This cyclic pilgrimage it undertook, forseeing pain, but “preferring free will to passive slavery, intellectual, self-conscious pain, and even torture, ‘while myriad time shall flow,’ to inane, imbecile, instinctual beatitude,” forseeing pain, but knowing that out of it all would come a nobler state of life, a divinity capable of rule, a power to assist in the general evolution of nature. It is true in the experience of many that going deep within themselves, an elemental consciousness whispers comfort; it says all will be well with us; it is our primal will which so orders. And so we justify the pain and hearts that break; and that old appeal and fierce revolt we make dies out in the inner light which shines from “the Goal, the Comforter, the Lord, the Witness, the resting-place, the Asylum, the Friend.” We can then once more go forth with the old, heroic, Titan will for mastery, seeking not to escape, but rather to meet, endure, and assimilate sorrow and joy alike; for so we can permeate all life—life which is in its essence one. This is the true centre on which all endurance must rest; this is the comfort the soul may take to itself; and beyond and after this we may say we struggle in a chaos indeed, but in a chaos whose very disorder is the result of law. That law is justice that cannot err. Out of confidence in this justice may spring up immortal hopes; our motives, our faith shall save us. We may dare more, give ourselves away more completely, for is not the root of this law declared to be beauty, harmony, compassion. We may trust that our acts shall have full fruition, and remain careless of the manner, nor seek for such results. We may look upon it if we will as the sweetest of the sweetest, the tenderest of the tenderest; and this is

true, though still it is master of the fiery pain. Above all it is the law of our own being; it is at one with our ancestral self. In all this lies, I think, such consolation as we may take and offer for pain. Those who comprehend, in their resignation, shall become one with themselves: and out of this resignation shall arise will to go forth and fulfil our lofty destiny. R.

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NORTH OF ENGLAND FEDERATION OF THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

MEETING AT HARROGATE, 5TH MAY, 1894.

THE fourth meeting of this Federation took place at Harrogate on Saturday, about sixty-five members being present, including delegates from the federated lodges and centres, and Annie Besant as representing the London headquarters.

Assembling at 3.30 in a comfortable room in the People's Hotel, A. B. was voted to the chair, and opened the proceedings with an address on the good of federation. Harmony being the first note of the T. S., united action is the first essential to its realization; and just as the whole society forms a circle composed of a number of sections or sub-circles in different parts of the world, so the uniting of smaller centres into spheres of effort, by means of local federations, has a great practical effect in promoting the brotherhood and union of action of the Society.

The first motion was a cordial vote of gratitude to Oliver Firth for his work in starting and managing the Federation during the first nine months of its existence.

Then short reports of the work done in the several lodges and centres were read.

An interesting discussion on methods of making the lodge libraries more useful arose from the Liverpool report. That lodge has accumulated a library of about 850 volumes, and hopes soon to make it a free public library of Theosophical literature. Circulation of books from one library to another was suggested, and also the advisability of trying to get Theosophical books into the free libraries of our towns. The value of definite lines of study, and the scope and methods of the Secret Doctrine class organized by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, were next considered. Small groups were recommended for study and for collecting references, so as to elucidate particular points of teaching. A. B. cited the practice of the London Lodge as worthy of imitation. They study a subject for months, collecting all allusions, and discussing its aspects, and then one member collates the results into a paper or lecture.

The relation of Theosophy to the Christian Churches was then taken up. The difficulties of putting Theosophy before Christians without hurting their feelings was touched upon, and the great need for care and tact to put theosophical ideas into language they can understand, without in any way shirking the expression of the beliefs held by Theosophists.

The possibility of reviving the real meaning of such terms as Faith, Grace, Prayer, and Mercy was alluded to, and the great value that would result to Christianity from such revival of its spiritual essence and basis. Members were advised to avoid controversial argument, especially with those who are satisfied with their present beliefs, and have no desire to search elsewhere; also to remember that we can only reach relative truth, and cannot see the whole of any truth; therefore, let us be ready to supplement our views with those of others.

A. B. wound up the discussion by showing how the masters are trying to help us to see; and what we have to do is to keep our spiritual eyes open, so as to receive their help, and thus promote the spiritual life of the world. The spirit speaks to every man in his own tongue, and all, whether Christians, Mahomedans, Zoroastrians, or Hindus, of can find a bond of union if they will try to sympathetically comprehend the aspects of truth as seen by others.

An adjournment for tea, talk, and tobacco, was then made, and at 6-30 the Federation re-assembled for the evening session. The greater part of the evening was occupied by an address from A.B. on her experiences in India, and the relations of East and West.

She shewed how propaganda work there differed from here, on account of the different atmosphere of thought and life. An Indian audience believes in the reality of mental potencies and in the possibility of separating spirit and body. It believes in Spiritual Life, Reincarnation, and Karma. What is required there is to make them realize the real original meaning of their sacred books, and their teachings. For instance, the doctrine of Karma has been degraded into a fatalistic idea that we are the puppets of destiny; and she taught them that thought and spiritual effort can modify the currents of destiny so that we may by effort alter our conditions. Generally, the spiritual life there has become so encrusted with form and ceremony as to be almost dead, but even among the westernized Indians this crust may be broken through, and then the real belief in soul and spirit enables them to rise up, and grasp the higher idea of man and his destiny.

A great part of her work there was devoted to shewing the value of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings in reviving the appreciation and knowledge of the Indian religions and their spirituality. The Indian Scriptures contain Theosophy, and H. P. B. shewed it

Many interesting details of A. B.'s life and work in India were given, but, as they have appeared in the *Theosophist* and elsewhere, they need not be repeated. But an important point brought out was the different view of phenomena there held. The fakeers and Hatha Yogis have made phenomena of very remarkable character familiar to Indians, and they look upon all phenomena workers with distrust. Not as doubling the phenomena, but because they know that the power to perform wonderful physical and psychic feats does not necessarily imply real spiritual power. And they also know that unless such feats are the results of purity of life they are dangerous to all who have anything to do with him.

The development of Hatha Yoga is a direct bar to spiritual progress.

The whole Yogi system of India witnesses to the dominance of mind over body, and of spirit over mind. Thousands who believe this throw aside all material aims such as form the guiding force of most Western lives—Wealth, Power, Learning, &c.

Afterwards a number of questions were asked, and many valuable hints and thoughts were brought out. A suggestion was made by A. B. that the Western Lodges should link themselves to Indian Lodges by exchange of literature, information, and ideas, so as to help the union of thought and brotherliness which the T. S. advocates.

It was arranged that the next meeting should be held at Middlesboro' on August 4, when it is hoped there will be another large and strengthening gathering.

On Sunday A.B. delivered two lectures at Harrogate to crowded audiences, and on Monday at York.

A STRANGE AWAKENING.

By Æ.

CHAPTER III.

HARVEY rose up early; as he walked to and fro in the white dawn, he found the answers to every question in his mind: they rose up with a sweet and joyful spontaneity. Life became filled with happiest meaning: a light from behind the veil fell upon the things he had before disliked, and in this new light, pain, sorrow, and the old moralities were invested with a significance undreamt of before. In admitting into his own mind Olive Rayne's ideas, he removed something of their austerity: what he himself rejected, seen in her, added another and peculiar interest to the saintly ideal of her which he had formed. She had once said, peace and rest were inconceivable while there existed strife and suffering in nature. Nowhere could there be found refuge; drawing near unto the divine, this pain only became wider, more intense, almost insufferable, feeling and assimilating the vastness of divine sorrow brooding over the unreclaimed deep. This pity, this consciousness of pain, not her own, filling her own, filling her life, marked her out from everyone he knew. She seemed to him as one consecrated. Then this lover in his mystic passion passed in the contemplation of his well-beloved from the earthly to the invisible soul. He saw behind and around her, a form unseen by others; a form, spiritual, pathetic, of unimaginable beauty, on which the eternal powers kept watch, which they nourished with their own life, and on which they inflicted their own pain. This form was crowned, but with a keen-pointed radiance from which there fell a shadowy dropping. As he walked to and fro in the white dawn he made for her a song, and inscribed it

TO ONE CONSECRATED.

Your paths were all unknown to us:
We were so far away from you,
We mixed in thought your spirit thus—
With whiteness, stars of gold, and dew.

The mighty mother nourished you:
Her breath blew from her mystic bowers:
Their elfin glimmer floated through
The pureness of your shadowy hours.

The mighty mother made you wise;
Gave love that clears the hidden ways:
Her glooms were glory to your eyes;
Her darkness but the Fount of Days.

She made all gentleness in you,
And beauty radiant as the morn's:
She made our joy in yours, then threw
Upon your head a crown of thorns.

Your eyes are filled with tender light,
For those whose eyes are dim with tears;
They see your brow is crowned and bright,
But not its ring of wounding spears.

We can imagine no discomfiture while the heavenly light shines through us. Harvey, though he thought with humility of his past as impotent and ignoble in respect of action, felt with his rich vivid consciousness that he was capable of entering into her subtlest emotions. He could not think of the future without her; he could not give up the hope of drawing nigh with her to those mysteries of life which haunted them both. His thought, companioned by her, went ranging down many a mystic year. He began to see strange possibilities, flashes as of old power, divine magic to which all the world responded, and so on till the thought trembled in vistas ending in a haze of flame. Meanwhile, around him was summer: gladness and youth were in his heart, and so he went on dreaming—forecasting for the earth and its people a future which belongs only to the spiritual soul—dreaming of happy years even as a child dreams.

Later on that evening, while Olive was sitting in her garden, Dr. Rayne came out and handed her a bundle of magazines.

"There are some things in these which may interest you, Olive," he said; "Young Harvey writes for them, I understand. I looked over one or two. They are too mystical for me. You will hardly find them mystical enough."

She took the papers from him without much interest, and laid them beside her on the seat. After a time she took them up. As she read her brows began to knit, and her face grew cold. These verses were full of that mystical voluptuousness which I said characterised Harvey's earlier productions; all his rich imagination was employed to centre interest upon moments of half-sensual sensations; the imagery was used in such a way that nature seemed to aid and abet the emotion; out of the heart of things, out of wild enchantment and eternal revelry shot forth into the lives of men the fires of passion. Nothing could be more unlike the Christ-soul which she worshipped as underlying the universe, and on which she had reliance.

"He does not feel pity; he does not understand love," she murmured. She felt a cold anger arise; she who had pity for most things felt that a lie had been uttered defiling the most sacred things in the Holy of Holies, the things upon which her life depended. She could never understand Harvey, although he had been included in the general kindness with which she treated all who came near her; but here he seemed revealed, almost vaunting an inspiration from the passionate powers who carry on their ancient war against the Most High.

The lights were now beginning to fade about her in the quiet garden when the gate opened, and someone came down the path. It was Harvey. In the gloom he did not notice that her usual smile was lacking, and besides he was too rapt in his own purpose. He hesitated for a moment, then spoke.

"Olive," he said tremulously, "as I came down the lanes to say good-bye to you my heart rebelled. I could not bear the thought: Olive, I have learned so many things from you; your words have meant so much to me that I have taken them as the words of God. Before I knew you I shrank from pain; I wandered in search of a false beauty. I see now the purpose of life—to carry on the old heroic battle for the true; to give the consolation of beauty to suffering; to become so pure that through us may pass that divine pity which I never knew until you spoke, and I then saw it was the root of all life, and there was nothing behind it—such magic your words have. My heart was glad this morning for joy at this truth, and I saw in it the power which would transfigure the earth. Yet all this hope has come to me through you; I half hold it still through you. To part from you now—it seems to me would be like turning away from the guardian of the heavenly gateway. I know I have but little to bring you. I must make all my plea how much you are to me when I ask can you love me,"

She had hardly heard a word of all he said. She was only conscious that he was speaking of love. What love? Had he not written of it? It would have emptied Heaven into the pit. She turned and faced him, speaking coldly and deliberately:

"You could speak of love to me, and write and think of it like this!" She placed her hand on the unfortunate magazines. Harvey followed the movement of her arm. He took the papers up, then suddenly saw all as she turned and walked away, - what the passion of these poems must have seemed to her. What had he been in her presence that could teach her otherwise? Only a doubter and a questioner. In a dreadful moment his past rose up before him, dreamy, weak, sensual. His conscience smote him through and through. He could find no word to say. Self-condemned, he moved blindly to the gate and went out. He hardly knew what he was doing. Before him the pale dry road wound its way into the twilight amid the hedges and cottages. Phantasmal children came and went. There seemed some madness in all they were doing. Why did he not hear their voices? They ran round and round; there should have been cries or laughter or some such thing. Then suddenly something seemed to push him forward, and he went on blankly and walked down the lane. In that tragic moment his soul seemed to have deserted him, leaving only a half-animal consciousness. With dull attention he wondered at the muffled sound of his feet upon the dusty road, and the little puffs of smoke that shot out before them. Every now and then something would throb fiercely for an instant and be subdued. He went on and on. His path lay across some fields. He stopped by force of habit and turned aside from the road. Again the same fierce throb. In a wild instant he struggled for recollection and self-mastery, and then the smothered soul rushed out of the clouds that oppressed it. Memories of hope and shame: the morning gladness of his heart: the brilliant and spiritual imaginations that inspired him: their sudden ending: the degradation and drudgery of the life he was to return to on the morrow: all rose up in tumultuous conflict. A feeling of anguish that was elemental and not of the moment filled him. Drifting and vacillating nature—he saw himself as in a boat borne along by currents that carried him, now near isles of beauty, and then whirled him away from their vanishing glory into gloomy gulfs and cataracts that went down into blackness. He was master neither of joy nor sorrow. Without will; unpractical; with sensitiveness which made joy a delirium and gloom a very hell; the days he went forward to stretched out iron hands to bind him to the deadly dull and commonplace. These vistas, intolerable and hopeless, overcame him. He threw himself down in his despair. Around his head pressed the cool grasses wet with dew. Strange and narrow, the boundary between heaven and hell! All around him primeval life innocent and unconscious was at play. All around him, stricken with the fever of life, that Power which made both light and darkness, inscrutable in its workings, was singing silently the lovely carol of the flowers.

(To be continued.)

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"A VISIT TO A GNANI."

STUDENTS of Eastern treatises, such as that of Patanjali, or the sacred science of Raj-Yoga, or Union with the Higher Self, are apt to be repelled at first by the somewhat meagre and abstract style of the language employed. It is not easy to divine, behind the brief hints given, the serious, earnest, living

presence of the teacher, or to realise the actuality and deep significance of the process of training laid down. This is, of course, more especially true of students in the West, where the existence of such a science is practically unknown or unrecognized. But even in the East it would seem that true followers of the higher forms of Yoga are seldom met with—least of all by Europeans, and therefore it is with peculiar interest that we turn to the account given* by so competent and sympathetic an observer as Mr. Carpenter, the well-known Socialist and poet, of the personality and teachings of a certain Hindu Yogi of the Southern School, who seems, indeed, to have merited to a considerable extent the title of Gnani or Initiate, which Mr. Carpenter accords to him.

"These gurus or adepts," he writes, "are to be found scattered all over the mainland of India; but they lead a secluded existence, avoiding the currents of Western civilisation—which are obnoxious to them—and rarely come into contact with the English or appear on the surface of ordinary life. They are divided into two great schools, the Himalayan and South Indian—formed probably, even centuries back, by the gradual retirement of the adepts into the mountains and forests of their respective districts before the spread of foreign races and civilisations over the general continent."

With regard to the "outer man" of this particular teacher—his appearance, mode of life, etc., Mr. Carpenter gives the following account:—

"We found ourselves in a side-chamber, where, seated on a simple couch, his bed and day-seat in one, was an elderly man (some seventy years of age, though he did not look nearly so much as that), dressed only in a white muslin wrapper wound loosely round his lithe and even active dark-brown form; his head and face shaven a day or two past, very gentle and spiritual in expression, like the best type of Roman Catholic priest—a very beautiful and finely-formed mouth, straight nose, and well-formed chin: dark eyes, undoubtedly the eyes of a seer, dark-rimmed eyelids, and a powerful, prophetic, and withal childlike manner."

"... He seemed to spend the greater part of the twenty-four hours wrapt in contemplation, and this not in the woods, but in the interior of his own apartment. As a rule he took a brief half-hour's walk mornings and evenings, just along the road and back again, and this was the only time he passed out of doors. Certainly this utter independence of external conditions—the very small amount of food and exercise, and even of sleep that he took, combined with the great vigour that he was capable of putting forth on occasion both bodily and mentally—all seemed to suggest the idea of his having access to some interior source of strength and nourishment."

"Finally his face, while showing the attributes of the sun, the externally penetrating quick eye, and the expression of *illumination*—the deep mystic light within—showed also the prevailing sentiment of happiness behind it. *Sandósiam, Sandósiam Eppótham*—"Joy, always joy"—was his own expression, oft repeated.

* In his book entitled "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta." London: Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co., 1892.

On his "conversations with the holy man, carried on by means of an interpretation, and on the methods and aims of *yoga* in general, Mr. Carpenter writes with wonderful freshness and interest—wisely cautioning the reader, however, against drawing hasty or sweeping conclusions with regard to Indian teaching or religion as a whole. In a chapter entitled "Consciousness without Thought," we have a well-drawn contrast between the ideals and aspirations of East and West.

"The West seeks the individual consciousness—the enriched mind, ready perceptions and memories, individual hopes and fears, ambitions, loves, conquests—the self, the local self, in all its phases and forms—and sorely doubts whether such a thing as an universal consciousness exists. The East seeks the universal consciousness, and in those cases where its quest succeeds, individual self and life thin away to a mere film, and are only the shadows cast by the glory revealed beyond."

"The individual consciousness takes the form of *Thought*, which is fluid and mobile like quick silver, perpetually in a state of change and interest, fraught with pain and effort; the other consciousness is *not* in the form of thought. It touches, sees, hears, and *is* those things which it perceives—without motion, without change, without effort, without distinction of subject and object, but with a vast and incredible Joy."

On the much-vexed question of *Nirvana*, Mr. Carpenter says excellently:—

"Great have been the disputes of the learned as to the meaning of the word *Nirvana*—whether it indicates a state of no-consciousness or a state of vastly-enhanced consciousness. Probably both views have their justification; the thing does not admit of definition in terms of ordinary language. The important thing to see and admit is, that under cover of this and other similar terms, there does exist a real and recognisable fact (that is a state of consciousness in some sense) which has been experienced over and over again, and which, to those who have experienced it in ever so slight a degree, has appeared worthy of lifelong pursuit and devotion. It is easy to represent the thing as a mere word, a theory, a speculation of the dreamy Hindu: but people do not sacrifice their lives for empty words, nor do mere philosophical abstractions rule the destiny of continents. No; the word represents a reality, something very basic and inevitable in human nature. The question really is not to define the fact, but to get at it and experience it."

Proceeding then to deal with the "methods of attainment" pursued in the East, our author points out that these fade into two, or rather three, main divisions—the external physical on the one hand (*Karma Yoga*, or *Hatha Yoga*); and the mental and moral on the other (*Gnana*, and *Bhaktayoga*).

"The methods that are mainly physical produce certain results—clairvoyances and controls—which are largely physical in their character, and are probably for the most part more or less morbid and dangerous. They are, however, very widely spread among the inferior classes of Yogis all over India."

In *Gnana Yoga* the main object is the absolute control and mastery of the mind, the power to completely efface or suppress all thought at will, in order to gain the state of *sanadhi*, which is *above* thought. The first step in the process

shows, however, that by this control of thought no mere dreamy surrender of the thinking faculties to a condition of blank abstraction is intended.

"It is a doctrine much insisted on by the Gurus that in life generally the habit of undivided concentration of the mind on that which one is doing is of the utmost importance. . . . To concentrate at all times wholly and unreservedly in what you are doing at the moment is, they say a distinct step in *gnānam*."

Again:—

"While at work your thought is to be absolutely concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever irrelevant to the matter in hand—pounding away like a great engine, with giant power and perfect economy—no wear and tear of friction, or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time. Then, when the work is finished, if there is no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally absolutely—stop entirely—no *worrying* (as if a parcel of small boys were allowed to play their devilments with a locomotive as soon as it was in the shed), and the man must retire into that region of his consciousness where his true self dwells."

The Yogi himself seems to have exhibited this power in a remarkable degree. "Though exceedingly animated and vigorous, as I have described, when once embarked in exposition—capable of maintaining his discourse for hours with unflagging concentration—yet the moment such external call upon his faculties was at an end, the interest which it had excited seemed to be entirely wiped from his mind, and the latter returned to that state of interior meditation and absorption in the contemplation of the world disclosed to the inner sense, which had apparently become his normal condition."

The faculty of concentration is attained by regular exercise and practice, the thoughts being resolutely fixed upon some one subject, to the exclusion of all else. Then follows:—

"The next step is the effacement of thought, a much more difficult one. Only when the power of concentration has been gained can this be attempted with any prospect of success. The body must be kept, as before (in concentration) perfectly motionless, and in a quiet place, free from disturbance, not in an attitude of ease and slumber, but sitting or standing erect with muscles tense. All will-power is required, and the greatest vigilance. Every thought must be destroyed on the instant of its appearance. But the enemy is subtle, and failure, over a long period, inevitable. Then when success seems to be coming, and Thought is dwindling, Oblivion, the twin-foe appears, and must also be conquered. For if thought merely gives place to sleep, what is there gained? After months, but more probably years, of intermittent practice, the power of control grows, curious but distinct physiological changes take place; one day the student finds that Thought has gone; he stands for a moment in Oblivion; then *that* veil lifts, and there streams through his being a vast and illumined consciousness, glorious, that fills and overflows him, 'surrounding him so that he is like a pot in water, which has the liquid within and without.' In this consciousness there is divine knowledge, but no thought. It is *Samadhi*, the universal 'I am,'"

With regard to the more purely moral part of the Yogi's training and teaching, the key to it is found in the idea of non-differentiation, *i.e.*, of the one-ness, in essence of all life and Nature.

"The higher esoteric teachers naturally lay the greatest stress on the moral [element], but any account of their methods would be defective which passed over or blinked the fact that they go *beyond* the moral—because this fact is in some sense the essence of the Oriental teaching. . . . On no word did the 'Grammarians' insist more strongly than on the word 'non-differentiation.' You are not even to differentiate yourself in thought from others; you are not to begin to regard yourself as separate from them. Even to talk about helping others is a mistake; it is vitiated by the delusion that you and they are twain. So closely does the subtle Hindu mind go to the mark! What would our bald commercial philanthropy, our sleek æsthetic altruism, our scientific isophily say to such teaching? All the little self-satisfactions which arise from the sense of duty performed, all the cheese-parings of equity between ourself and others, all the tiny wonderments whether you are better or worse than your neighbour, have to be abandoned; and you have to learn to live in a world in which the chief fact is *not* that you are distinct from others but that you are a part of, and integral with them."

Such is the doctrine of the Adwaita (non-dualistic) philosophy of India. Its ideal is complete union with Nature—re-absorption into God. That there is a higher ideal still—one more actively philanthropic and compassionate—taught in the Esoteric Himalayan School, we have learned through the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, its messenger. The question, however, need not be discussed here. We conclude by recommending to our readers the perusal for themselves of the very interesting chapters from which the above quotations have been made. Were such travellers as Mr. Carpenter and such books as the present more frequent, we should find more appreciation for Theosophic teachings, and less of ignorant contempt amongst educated Westerners for the religious beliefs and aspirations of "heathen" India.

—:O:—

DUST.

I heard them in their sadness say,
 "The earth rebukes the thought of God:
 We are but embers wrapt in clay
 A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay—
 Mother, thy rudest sod to me
 Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
 And haunted by all mystery.

G. W. R.

NOTES ABOUT BOOKS.

Of recent books, interesting and useful to students of the Esoteric Philosophy, one of the most notable and almost invaluable is—"Thoughts on the Bagavad Gita"; a series of twelve lectures read before the Keembhakonam Branch, T.S., by A. Brahmin, F.T.S. (price 2/- net.) Unfortunately, the book is poorly printed and the spelling is faulty, but this, for the sake of the good matter, the students can well afford to overlook. The work is an attempt to interpret the "Bagavad Gita" in the light of the "Secret Doctrine," and those portions which relate to "Jagna" deserves serious study. In treating of Jagna, the author has occasion to touch upon the philosophy of sound, and in doing so recalls to us one important but often overlooked fact.

"Every sound that emanates from man, passes into the exterior world, and imparts its influence to the various classes of devas that exist in the etherial body of Nature, according to the nature of the sound and the part of the human body from which that sound is produced."

Speech is a dangerous weapon, double-edged, as apt to harm friend as foe, and it is ever wise to remember that idle gossip, careless and loose talk, and ungenerous criticism are not the means by which the Brotherhood of Humanity shall be attained.

The Theosophical Publishing Society has published a new edition of "The Pymander of Hermes," or, as it is more generally known, "The Divine Pymander of Hermes Trismegistees." Dr. W. Wynn Westcott has written a preface for the volume, which is reproduced in a convenient size, and at a much lower price than any previous edition—viz., 3s. nett. What the Bhagavad Gita is to the Indian, the Pymander may be said to have been to the Hermetic Schools of Ancient Egypt. It is one of the few fragments of the wisdom of Egypt which have been preserved for us.

There is a steadily-increasing demand for any works by Paracelsus; and we notice announced for early publication, The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus, in two volumes. Subscription price, £2 12s. 6d.

The essence of the teachings of Paracelsus in relation to the science of medicine, has been embodied in Dr. Hartman's recent book, "Occult Science in Medicine," which has been favourably received, and is being widely read,

The new edition of "Nature's Finer Forces," by Rama Prasad, is ready for publication. The work has been thoroughly revised, and is finely printed in clear type. The price is 4s. 6d.

Students of Theosophy will extend a ready welcome to the new edition of that exceedingly useful book, "Five Years of Theosophy." The price has had to be slightly raised, and is now 10s. nett. A full index has been added to the work, and the glossary made more complete.

DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The Public Meetings to the end of this month are to consider the following topics :—

| | | |
|-----------|-----|---------------------------------------|
| May 16th, | - - | "Miracles." |
| " 23rd, | - - | "Harmony in Nature." |
| " 30th, | - - | "The Soul in Relation to Experience." |

A Meeting of the Lodge will be held in June to elect Delegates for the Annual Convention in July. Members will receive due notice of the date of meeting, and a full attendance is most particularly requested, as questions of grave importance will come before the Convention in London.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

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NOTICE.

The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

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The Editor will gladly send a parcel of copies of IRISH THEOSOPHISTS free of charge, and carriage paid, to anyone who will place them judiciously among those likely to become readers.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

AN Executive notice has come to hand from which I learn that the Judicial Committee which is to deal with "certain accusations 'with reference to certain letters, and in the alleged writings of the Mahatmas' injurious to the character of W. Q. Judge, Vice-President of the T.S.," will meet in London on 27th prox., and that Colonel Olcott will be present. A fortnight afterwards the Fourth Annual Convention of the European Section of the T.S. will be held. This seems a most satisfactory arrangement, as the "charges" above referred to will have been investigated, and the work of Convention proceed without interruption.

At such a juncture it is well that we should have confidence in the out-headers of the movement. Colonel Olcott and W. Q. Judge are entitled to this, by reason of their years of service and devotion to the T.S.; and of Annie Besant we know that the highest and purest motives have been the mainspring of all her actions before and after joining the T.S. We are pledged to brotherhood; it is sufficient to remember this, and act up to our pledges. Let us think kindly, firmly, strongly, to each in the true spirit of loyalty. The Elder Brothers—whom some know to exist, and in whom others believe—look on with unceasing watchfulness over the T.S. as an entity which they have created for the service of humanity. Whether we regard them as "facts" or "ideals," they should inspire us to higher service, purer love, more untiring devotion. Obligated to become radicals, protestants against every circumscribed form which dwarfs the conception of man as a divine being, and the realization of life which that conception implies—our radicalism is not incompatible with loyalty—loyalty to what we conceive to be true; loyalty to those whom we believe to be the custodians and exponents of truth.

The "keynote" of the N. of E. Federation Quarterly Meeting, a report of which we gave in last issue, seems to have been "Unity." No watchword could be more appropriate at the present time. As we near the close of the century, the very nature of the forces at work tend to accentuate differences, and hinder the realization of unity. The conflict of interest against interest, class against class, sect against sect, is naturally intensified as the struggle proceeds. What can be said, from the individualist point of view, has been said, and men are gradually coming to the conclusion that its justification and righteousness is of form merely, not of fact.

This desire for unity is world-wide; it is the significance of the hour. It shows of what seed we are. Men touch the ideal in their dreams, and awaken but slowly to its reality.

All the Gospels of the ages,
Since the human round began,
Re-appear in living pages,
Scriptured to the social man.

The first object of the T.S. is based on the essential unity of all existence, and so every member of the T.S. stands pledged to this principle. In almost every land, societies, unions, federations, &c., are being formed to help in bringing about some practical realization of this fundamental truth. Without forming any "social wing," or any new section, the attitude of every member of the T. S. who fulfils his pledge, is necessarily one of kindly sympathy and good feeling towards all. What a wonderful bond is sympathy. It unites us to all. It awakens a similar feeling—a synchronous vibration—in the hearts of those with whom we are brought in contact, and establishes a medium through which soul touches soul. In its human atmosphere, the sense of separateness fades, and in the clear light we read the old-new truth written on the tablets of the heart. "The only ultimate good is unity, and in reality nothing else exists."

I wish to emphasise what I have already said, that the T.S. is united with every organization, religious or social, striving towards a realization of unity, however widely different their ways and means. What is orthodoxy or heterodoxy but the gleam of the same bubble on its opposite sides? Mankind, imbued with the spirit of brotherhood, will outgrow both. Engrossed in material things; crusted over, within and without; with "no loophole for darts of the stars," little wonder men have given themselves over to that false gospel of despair which "sets its morality in private gain, and shuns the common care." Let us then, have that Liberty which means the effacement of every barrier that interposes between the common man and the achievement of a common destiny.

Wake the lyres to break the slumbers—
So Pythagorus well said;
"By the charm of tones in numbers
The starred universe is led."

I am indebted to the *Northern Theosophist* for a few notes on Mrs. Besant's lecture on "How Indians Search for the Soul," and to the *Pacific Theosophist* for the extract from one of the speeches of the Countess Wachtmeister at the

American Convention. I thought both would be of interest to a large number of our readers who do not see these magazines. I have also to acknowledge another 5s. for the *I.T.* Fund from the same anonymous friend.

The IRISH THEOSOPHIST sends greeting to all who will be assembled in Convention in July. It has no vote; but, as Bro. Judge said at last Convention, "it is not a vote which tells in our movement; it is energy, work, work, work." It hopes to have its share of this.

MRS. BESANT ON MEDITATION.

NOTES FROM A LECTURE AT HARROGATE ON "HOW INDIANS SEARCH FOR THE SOUL."

WE all find that meditation helps right conclusion in any matters that come before us. In our ordinary every-day affairs, if any difficulty arises, the best way to solve it is to retire from disturbing influences and quietly study it out. Raja Yoga makes this a possibility for its students by teaching them how to meditate by training these powers of concentration until they are able to abstract their thoughts from all surroundings and retire into themselves even when amongst others. To do this requires steady, patient effort. The first step is to cease from all wicked ways and thoughts, and practice a stern morality, so as to become a nobly moral character. Ordinary untrained persons are destitute of the power of concentrating thought and keeping it sternly to the line desired.

We are too desultory, too paragraphy, as is shewn in our modern Western literature. How many of our Western young men or women are capable of pursuing a line of argument right through to its conclusion? We are so in the habit of taking information in small disjointed bits, swallowing it without mastication or digestion, that very few of us can keep our minds sufficiently under control to really think a thing out for ourselves. A common Eastern simile is to liken the human being to a chariot and horses. The body is the chariot. The passions and desires are the horses. The soul is the driver; the mind and thoughts are the reins. An untrained Western is like a chariot whose driver carries the reins loosely and does not control the horses, allowing them to go as they will and where they will. But a Raja Yoga is like a chariot driven by a wise and strong driver who controls the horses, making them obey his wishes.

In order to pursue Raja Yoga we must first practice good and truth. A common method is to begin by meditating for say ten minutes on first rising in the morning on truth, and then keeping the whole action of the day closely to the ideal thus evolved. Analysis of all failures and stern determination to avoid them in future has to be steadily practised until the pupil has gradually obtained power over his thoughts and actions so as to keep his conduct in the exact line that his highest ideals direct. This is not done in a casual way, but of set purpose.

The second stage is concentration of mind apart from the senses. Here we fritter away our powers, careless of the fact that our capacities and opportunities are limited. We are never content to think, we always wish to be doing something, and so waste our time and our minds in doing what is not worth doing.

Far better to do nothing than to wilfully waste one's mind in reading trash. The mind requires rest at times, and for some, light reading forms a suitable form of rest for the mind when it has been actively engaged on other and weightier matters. But I think there are very few who would not soon find, if they tried it, that it was better to look into yourself and think instead of frittering away time and intelligence on what requires no thought, and is not good in itself. The third stage of the Raja Yogi is when the soul can withdraw from the mind and get to consciousness above all reason. Then desires cease, not by killing out the below, but by controlling it, by out-growing the lower desires. Then he feels he is one with the All—he desires nothing for self, but everything for all others, and so helps others.—*Harrogate Herald*.

—:O:—

A STRANGE AWAKENING.

By Æ.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE heaps of paper activities piled themselves up, were added to, diminished, and added to again, all the day long before Harvey at his desk. He had returned to his work: there was an unusual press of business, and night after night he was detained long beyond the usual hours. The iron hand which he had foreseen was laid upon him: it robbed him even of his right to sorrow, the time to grieve. But within him at moments stirred memories of the past, poignant anguish and fierce rebellion. With him everything transformed itself finally into ideal images and aspects, and it was not so much the memory of an incident which stung him as the elemental sense of pain in life itself. He felt that he was debarred from a heritage of spiritual life which he could not define even to himself. The rare rays of light that slanted through the dusty air of the office, mystic gold fallen through inconceivable distances from the pure primeval places, awakened in him an unutterable longing: he felt a choking in his throat as he looked. Often, at night, too, lifting his tired eyes from the pages flaring beneath the bright gas jet, he could see the blueness deepen rich with its ancient clouds of starry dust. What pain it was to him, Child of the Stars, to watch from that horrible prison-house, the face of all faces, immemorial quiet, passivity and peace, though over it a million tremors fled and chased each other throughout the shadowy night! What pain it was to let the eyes fall low and see about him the pale and feverish faces looking ghostly through the hot, fetid, animal, and flickering air!

His work over, out into the night he would drag himself wearily—out into the night anywhere; but there no more than within could he escape from that power which haunted him with mighty memories, the scourge which the Infinite wields. Nature has no refuge for those in whom the fire of spirit has been kindled: earth has no glory for which it does not know a greater glory. As Harvey passed down the long streets, twinkling with their myriad lights fading into blue and misty distances, there rose up before him in the visionary air solemn rows of sphinxes in serried array, and starlit pyramids and temples—greatness long dead, a dream that mocked the hives around him, hoarding the sad small generations of humanity dwindling away from beauty. Gone was the pure and pale splendour of the primeval skies and the lustre of the first-born

of stars. But even this memory, which linked him in imagination to the ideal past, was not always his: he was weighted, like all his race, with an animal consciousness which cried out fiercely for its proper life, which thirsted for sensation, and was full of lust and anger. The darkness was not only about him, but in him, and struggled there for mastery. It threw up forms of meanness and horrible temptations which clouded over his soul; their promise was forgetfulness; they seemed to say: "Satisfy us, and your infinite longing shall die away; to be of clay is very dull and comfortable; it is the common lot."

One night, filled with this intolerable pain, as he passed through the streets he yielded to the temptation to kill out this torturing consciousness: he accosted one of the women of the streets and walked away with her. She was full of light prattle, and chattered on and on. Harvey answered her not a word; he was set on his stony purpose. Child of the Stars! what had he to do with these things? He sought only his soul's annihilation. Something in this terrible silence communicated itself to his companion. She looked at his face in the light of a lamp; it was white, locked, and rigid. Child of the Stars, no less, though long forgetful, she shuddered at this association. She recoiled from him crying out "You brute—you brute!" and then fled away. The unhappy man turned homeward and sat in his lonely room with stupid, staring eyes, fixed on darkness and vacancy until the pale green light of dawn began to creep in upon him.

Into this fevered and anguished existence no light had yet come. Drunken with wretchedness, Harvey could not or would not think; and the implacable spirit which followed him deepened and quickened still more the current of his being, and the GLOOM and the GLORY of his dream moved still nearer to each other. Mighty and mysterious spirit, thou who crownest pain with beauty, and by whom the mighty are bowed down from their seats, under thy guidance, for such a crowning and for such agony, were coiled together the living streams of evil and good, so that at last the man might know himself—the soul—not as other than Thee!

The ways by which he was brought to that moment were unremembered; the sensations and thoughts and moods which culminated in the fire of self-consciousness could be retraced but vaguely. He had gone out of the city one Sunday, and lying down in the fields under the trees, for a time he grew forgetful of misery. He went once more into the world of dreams. He, or the creature of his imagination, some shadow of himself, lived in and roamed through antique forests where the wonderful days were unbroken by sense of sorrow. Childhood shared in an all-pervading exultation; through the pulses of youth ran the fiery energy that quickened the world; and this shadow of the dreamer dwelling amid the forests grew gradually into a consciousness of a fiery life upon which the surface forms were but films: he entered this kingdom of fire; its life became his life; he knew the secret ways to the sun, and the sunny secrets living in the golden world. "It was I, myself," rushed into Harvey's mind: "It was I. Ah, how long ago!" Then for the first time, his visions dreams and imaginations became real to him, as memories of a spirit travelling through time and space. Looking backwards, he could nowhere find in the small and commonplace surroundings of his life anything which could have suggested or given birth to these vivid pictures and ideas. They began to move about swiftly in his mind and arrange themselves in order. He seemed to himself to have fallen downwards through a long series of lines of ever-lessening beauty—fallen downwards from the mansions of eternity into this truckling and hideous

life. As Harvey walked homewards through the streets, some power must have guided his steps, for he saw or knew nothing of what was about him. With the sense of the reality of his imaginations came an energy he had never before felt: his soul took complete possession of him: he knew, though degraded, that he was a spirit. Then, in that supreme moment, gathered about him the memories of light and darkness, and they became the lips through which eternal powers spake to him in a tongue unlike the speech of men. The spirit of light was behind the visions of mystical beauty: the spirit of darkness arrayed itself in the desires of clay. These powers began to war within him: he heard voices as of Titans talking.

The spirit of light spake within him and said—"Arouse now, and be thou my voice in this dead land. There are many things to be spoken and sung—of dead language the music and significance, old world philosophies; you will be the singer of the sweetest songs: stories wilder and stranger than any yet will I tell you—deeds forgotten of the vaporous and dreamy prime.

The voice came yet again closer, full of sweet promise, with magical utterance floating around him. He became old—inconceivably old and young together. He was astonished in the wonders of the primal world. Chaos with tremendous agencies, serpentine powers, strange men-beasts and men-birds, the crude first thoughts of awakening nature was before him; from inconceivable heights of starlike purity he surveyed it; he went forth from glory; he descended and did battle; he warred with behemoth, with the flying serpents and the monstrous creeping things. With the Lords of Air he descended and conquered: he dwelt in a new land, a world of light, where all things were of light, where the trees put forth leaves of living green, where the rose would blossom into a rose of light and the lily into a white radiance, and over the vast of gleaming plains and through the depths of luminous forests, the dreaming rivers would roll in liquid and silver flame. Often he joined in the mad dance upon the highlands, whirling round and round until the dark grass awoke fiery with rings of green under the feet. And so, on and on through endless transformations he passed, and he saw how the first world of dark elements crept in upon the world of beauty, clothing it around with grossness and veiling its fires; and the dark spirits entered by subtle ways into the spheres of the spirits of light, and became as a mist over memory and a chain upon speed; the earth groaned with the anguish. Then this voice cried within him—"Come forth; come out of it; come out, oh king, to the ancestral spheres, to the untroubled spiritual life. Out of the furnace, for it leaves you dust. Come away, oh king, to old dominion and celestial sway; come out to the antique glory!"

Then another voice from below laughed at the madness. Full of scorn it spake, "You, born of clay, a ruler of stars! Pitiful toiler with the pen, feeble and weary body, what shall make of you a spirit?" Harvey thrust away this hateful voice. From his soul came the impulse to go to other lands, to wander for ever and ever under the star-rich skies, to be a watcher of the dawn and eve, to live in forest places or on sun-nurtured plains, to merge himself once more in the fiery soul hidden within. But the mocking voice would not be stifled, showing him how absurd and ridiculous it was "to become a vagabond," so the voice said, and finally to die in the workhouse. So the eternal spirit in him, God's essence, conscious of its past brotherhood, with the morning stars, the White Æons, in its prisonhouse writhed with the meanness, till at last he cried, "I will struggle no longer; it is only agony of spirit to aspire here at all; I will sit and wait till the deep darkness has vanished."

• But the instruction was not yet complete; he had learned the primal place

of spirit; he had yet to learn its nature. He began to think with strange sadness over the hopes of the world, the young children. He saw them in his vision grow up, bear the burden in silence or ignorance; he saw how they joined in dragging onward that huge sphinx which men call civilization; there was no time for loitering amid the beautiful, for if one paused it was but to be trampled by the feet of the many who could not stay or rest, and the wheels of the image ground that soul into nothingness. He felt every pain almost in an anguish of sympathy. Helpless to aid, to his lips came that cry to another which immemorial usage has made intuitive in men. But It is high and calm above all appeal; to It the cries from all the sorrowing stars sound but as one great music; lying in the infinite fields of heaven, from the united feelings of many universes It draws only a vast and passionless knowledge, without distinction of pleasure or pain. From the universal which moves not and aids not, Harvey in his agony turned away. He himself could fly from the struggle; thinking of what far place or state to find peace, he found it true in his own being that nowhere could the soul find rest while there was still pain or misery in the world. He could imagine no place or state where these cries of pain would not reach him; he could imagine no heaven where the sad memory would not haunt him and burn him. He knew then that the nature of the soul was love eternal; he knew that if he fled away a divine compassion would compel him to renew his brotherhood with the stricken and suffering; and what was best forever to do was to fight out the fight in the darkness. There was a long silence in Harvey's soul; then with almost a solemn joy he grew to realize at last the truth of he himself—the soul. The fight was over; the GLOOM and the GLORY were linked together, and one inseparably. Harvey was full of a sense of quietness, as if a dew fell from unseen places on him with soothing and healing power. He looked around. He was at the door of his lodgings. The tall narrow houses with their dull red hues rose up about him; from their chimneys went up still higher the dark smoke; but behind its nebulous wavering the stars were yet; they broke through the smoke with white lustre. Harvey looked at them for a moment, and went in strangely comforted.

THE END.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.*

THE Theosophical Society was organized in the last century by Count St. Germain, Cagliostro and others. At that time there was a powerful Lodge in Paris, one also in Denmark, another in Germany, and three in Italy. But the revolution of '93 came and swept all away. And that is one reason why we now, in this century, have such a terrible Karma to work out. That organization was the physical basis of the Society, which is really, in itself, an entity, formed by all the members who belong to it. The Theosophical Society has its seven Principles, and has to work through all of these. In the last century it worked through the physical basis, and now, in this century, it has had to work through Karma, or through the psychic state. We are now, happily, I think, emerging from that state, and hereafter we may hope to enter upon a condition of very great activity.

* An address given before the 8th Annual Convention of the American Section, by the Countess Wachtmeister.

In 1851, in this century, Madame H. P. Blavatsky went to London with her father to take lessons in music, in which she manifested great talent. One day, while walking in the street, she saw coming towards her some Indian Princes, and, amongst these, a very fine looking Indian—a man of seven feet high—and to her great surprise, recognized in this man one whom she had always looked upon as her guardian angel. Ever since childhood she had seen him, and in moments of trial he had helped her. She had great love and affection for this person, and when she saw him in the physical form in London, she wanted to rush up to him and tell him how delighted she was to see him. But he made a sign to her to move on, and she went home and told her father, and all that night was unable to sleep, thinking of this strange thing—of how she had met her guardian angel. The next day, she went to Hyde Park, and while there this man came again to her, and said it was true that he had watched her from childhood, because he saw in her a good instrument for the formation of this Society. He said it was on account, first of all, of her psychical power, for she had been a medium. Secondly, on account of her great intellectual and mental powers, and because of her partly Eastern and partly Western birth, as, he said, she would have to work in all countries. Then he told her he had this work given to him to do by those above him, and that therefore he was most anxious that she should accept this position he offered her, which was to form this Society. He told her to go home to her father, consult with him, and then, if she would undertake this work, to return in three days to the Park and tell him. He pointed out to her that it would be a position of great trial, that she would be persecuted, and told her many things which would happen to the Society, and to herself. She went home, consulted with her father, who said she might do as she pleased, and that if she chose to take up the work, he himself would give her money and help her; but she was to decide for herself. After three days' cogitation, she decided to accept this position offered her, and she returned to the Park and told this to her Master. He then said she must go to Egypt, and that there she would have to stop for some time to be taught, so that she might be enabled to teach others. Then she went to India, and was taken, hidden in a hay cart, through a country where no European is ever permitted to pass. She lay in the cart, covered with hay, and was conducted safely through that part of the country by Indians. At last she reached the place where the Masters live, was received by the sister of one of Them, and lived in the Master's house for three years.

But these three years were years of very great trial. In the first place, she was taught how to use her will. She had to do lessons just like a child; had to get up early and work hard and learn mental lessons. At the end of three years she was told to go to Egypt, and there was placed under the charge of another Master, who taught her about the Book of the Dead and many other works. After that she was put in charge of a Jewish Rabbi and taught the Kabbala. When she had passed through all these, she was told she was ready, and should go to America, and that when she reached here, she would meet a man named Olcott, who was to be President of the Theosophical Society. She came to America, and I know people who have told me it was a standing joke against her when she came, because whenever she met anyone she would ask: "Do you know anybody by the name of Olcott?" "Do you know a man called Olcott?" They would say, no, they had never heard of such a person. But at last some one said, Yes, they had heard that Col. Olcott was with the Eddy Brothers, studying Spiritualism, and if Madame Blavatsky would go there she could meet him. An hour later she was on the train which conducted her

to the Eddy homestead, and there met Col. Olcott. She was quickly able to prove to him that all the phenomena witnessed at the Homestead, she could produce by will-power. She was able to tell him beforehand just what she was going to do. She was also able to duplicate any particular kind of phenomenon produced by the Eddy Brothers in a state of unconsciousness and passiveness, by mere will-power and in full possession of her own consciousness.

Some time passed, and then she, with Col. Olcott and William Q. Judge, formed the nucleus of the Society, and Col. Olcott consented to become its President. Some time afterwards they went to India, and there established the Society. Such was the beginning of this grand movement. At first but two or three meeting together in a drawing-room; then growing larger and larger, until it is what you now see it—a huge Society, with branches all over the face of the earth—in every country of the world. We have members belonging to all nationalities and to every religion of the world. And all these people call themselves brothers; and this Theosophical Society is one vast brotherhood extending all over the globe. And it is a brotherhood not only in name, but in reality; for I, who have travelled in so many countries, can tell you that wherever I go I am received as a sister. In India, among the Hindus, I have been received as a sister, taken into their homes (where they are not accustomed to take strangers or Europeans at any time), and I have not only been treated as a sister, but as a much-loved sister. And now I come over here to the opposite end of the world, and all receive me kindly; and wherever I travel, I feel I am welcome. This is a beautiful thought—to think we have created in the world such a brotherhood as this. I will not insist that it is a real brotherhood, but it is a nucleus which, as time goes on, will, I hope, become a real brotherhood.

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A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

(FROM A PAPER READ AT THE DUBLIN LODGE BY J. DUNCAN.)

EVERY thinking man is confronted at some period of his life with the problem: "What am I here for—what purpose, if any, does my life attempt to fulfil?" This question would seem to arise naturally in the human mind in the very earliest stage of introspection, and it is perhaps fair to assume that all the religions and systems of philosophy which the world has seen owed their existence to an attempt to furnish an answer to this, the supreme riddle of life. For what object can religion or philosophy serve except to give us a justification for our existence, a *raison d'être*, a basis upon which to ground our right to thought and action. And as long as a religious or philosophical system continues to supply the needs of humanity—or even of a considerable section of humanity—in the direction which I have indicated, just so long will that system justify its own existence, and have a right to live.

The various religions with which the world is filled at the present day are therefore the product of a spiritual and intellectual evolution in the human mind, and have served, and to some extent continue to serve, a definite purpose. They have attempted to satisfy a want, a desire, an aspiration after spiritual things which has ever been present in humanity as far back as it can be traced.

But the mind of man has expanded, his needs have grown with the ages, and the narrow limits of creeds and dogmas become every day more and more intolerable to the free soul, which feels its strength and clearness of vision growing with every sunrise. "Away with beliefs," we cry; "give us

knowledge. We want no more dogma ; let us have experience." And, seeking that experience, we go out into the life of the world, we mingle with our fellows, we taste the sensations which have been the portion of myriads of our race before us. And here a notable phenomenon awaits the man who can regard himself, as it were, experimentally—who can investigate his own thoughts and feelings with the calm eye of an outside observer.

Let us suppose that he enters upon life with the distinct purpose of getting the greatest possible amount of personal satisfaction out of it. With this end in view he cultivates to the fullest possible extent every appreciative faculty he possesses, the sense of beauty, of harmony, of form, of colour, of sound—all that can give him the power of feeling to the full every delicate shade of enjoyment that can be drawn out of every passing moment of time. Surely it may be said that such an one has reached the summit of human happiness. Is not his every desire satisfied? His ideal realised? Alas, no ! The moment of attainment is also the moment of satiation, and his cloyed faculties ever crave fresh sensations. But, where are the fresh sensations to come from? Has he not run through the whole gamut of human enjoyment? Has he not, like Alexander, conquered all the world, so that there is no more to conquer? While pausing to consider his life, its purpose, its current, its apparent failure, it may be that a recollection strikes him of a sense of keener delight, of more complete satisfaction with life than has ever come to him through his æsthetic methods. On looking back over his past to trace the occasion of this feeling he finds that it has come to him at times when he has rendered some service, done some sympathetic act to one of his fellow-travellers on the voyage of life. This sense of happiness has come to him unsought, spontaneously, the result of some chance action not done in accordance with his theory of life, but rather in spite of it. He remembers, perhaps, one or two such acts, and recalls with some surprise his own feeling at the time. He recollects that, so far from expecting thanks from the person he has served, he has experienced an extraordinary sense of gratitude to that person—gratitude for the wonderful glow of sympathy, which has filled his own soul at the time, and rendered the whole universe beautiful and harmonious.

Now, surely here is something which needs to be accounted for ; something utterly at variance with all our experimentalist's preconceived theories of life. To the trained mind, obviously the next step must be to seek for some law or fact in nature behind this phenomenon—at any rate for some hypothesis which will furnish a reasonable theory on which to account for it. And the inevitable conclusion to which he is forced is, that between all human souls there is distinct actual connection, so that all that we do for humanity is done also for ourselves, and what we do for ourselves to the exclusion of our fellows, fails even of its own object. We cannot, therefore, if we would, be independent of, or separate from our fellow-beings ; an eternal bond unites us to them ; our fate, for good or ill, is bound up with that of the race.

We have now got the length of enunciating a natural law which will, at any rate, go far towards furnishing us with a basis on which to found our actions and attitude of mind—the law of solidarity.

Having experimentally verified this truth, it is, perhaps, natural to look around at the religious and philosophical systems which surround us, and enquire if any of them can supply us with a corroboration of our own experience in the form of a distinct statement of the truth we have discovered.

Roman Catholicism offers us salvation through the Church, enjoining on us strict obedience to her prescribed forms, and the absolute acceptance of her formulated dogmas.

Orthodox Protestant Theology offers us redemption through the substitution of Jesus Christ, asserting that faith in this substitution saves us from the frightful hell with which all Christian churches have for ages terrified their adherents. But in neither of these creeds, as now taught, do we find the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood clearly set forth; on the contrary, both postulate the possibility of the eternal happiness of some, co-existent with the eternal misery of others.

And, if we turn to the philosophy of negation, Materialism, do we find our needs satisfied? I think not. We do, indeed, find a high ethical ideal among most Materialists, but without any reason given. For, indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of Materialism would appear to be a deep-rooted objection to looking for the reason of anything,

But let us turn our eyes towards the East—the source of light—the ancient birth-place of religion. Here at last we find in the teachings of the sages, who have been the custodians of mystic truth from time immemorial, a clearly set forth doctrine which corresponds with our own experience. Here we learn that each soul is a ray of the divine light, an emanation from the uncreated spirit, and is therefore eternally united with its source. Hence the connection between ourselves and our race is absolute, indestructible, ever-persistent, so that we cannot truly help ourselves except by service done to humanity.

The true philosophy of life then, is the philosophy of service—of service rendered not so much with the feeling of altruism, which implies separation, but because we recognise that we are one and indivisible—an integral part of the Universal Spirit. For the thinker, the philosopher, the occultist, there can be no truer motto than the simple one “I serve.”

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GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

* *All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged and appear under this heading.

Subject for June—“*The Potency of Sound*” (continued).

THE POTENCY OF SOUND.

NOW we may consider that there is pervading the whole universe a single homogeneous resonance, sound, or tone, which acts, so to speak, as the awakener or vivifying power; stirring all the molecules into action. This is the word, the *verbum*, the *Logos* of St. John, who says: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” This is creation, for without this resonance or motion among the quiescent particles, there would be no visible universe. That is to say, upon sound, or, as the Aryans called it, *Nada Brahma* (divine resonance), depends the evolution of the visible from the invisible. *Hadji-Erinn. The “Path.” April, 1886.*

Since, then, the homogeneous tone acts upon all the molecules of creation, may not this singing resonance cause such a transformation of brain energy as to vivify or awaken it, in time, to the True or Central Idea? We have seen that sound, so to speak, polarises certain particles of matter, attracting them to the earth, the great magnet from which they came. It confers upon other particles this same magnetic power as in the case of crystallisation; it awakens similar tones as when several untouched harps vibrate in harmony when the musical key-note is struck upon one alone. Why, then, may not the thought awakened by a fixed musical sound be in time attracted to the real source of that sound, of all sound? And as thought causes a disturbance among the molecules of the brain, some sound, however aerial, must accompany this vibration: does not my

brain then answer this singing resonance with the note homogeneous to all the ethereal space.—*Julius. The "Path." August, 1886.*

Mantrika-Sakti is the force or power of letters, speech, or music. The power of the ineffable name is the crown of this Sakti. *Subba Row. Five Years of Theosophy.*

Om or Aum. A mystic syllable, the most solemn of all words in India. It is "an invocation, a benediction, an affirmation, and a promise"; and it is so sacred as to be indeed *the word at low breath* of occult, *primitive* masonry. No one must be near when this syllable is pronounced for a purpose. It is a compound of three letters—*a, u, m*, which, in the popular belief, are typical of the three Vedas, also of three Gods—A (Agni), V (Varunna), and M (Maruts), or Fire, Water, and Air. In Esoteric Philosophy these are the three sacred fires, or the "triple fire" in the universe and man. Occultly, this "triple fire" represents the highest *Tetraktys* also.—*H.P.B. Glossary.*

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause, and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effects. The vowels, especially, contain the most occult and formidable potencies.—*Secret Doctrine. Vol. I., '94.*

This word (Om), when properly pronounced, produces a certain regulation of the breathing process. The constant repetition of this word has the effect of tranquilizing the mind, and thereby restraining the force of the passions. In incantations, sound is so modulated as to produce the same state of the body as that which invariably accompanies the generation of any desired psychic or spiritual force.—*Man, page 101.*

Never receive and pass onward a thought which you do not feel and understand. On this point accept no authority other than your own soul. It is better that you seem to lose a ray of truth than to accept and deflect it by a want of understanding, a want of assimilation of it. If it be yours in the law, you cannot lose it. It will be sent to you again and again until you do receive it. Take, then, what your nature selects until you reach a point where you can rise above nature. When this is reached you will not need to read any longer, except from the wonderful book of life, and from those Blessed Scriptures wherein the Divine has spoken to the ages through men who had attained to some share in His being.—*Jasper Niemand, F.T.S. "Path," June, 1888.*

Begin the work of thought for the good of others by first forgetting self; as fast as possible get away from the dominion of Materiality. Live in the love of doing *enduring* good to others—these conditions *are* the true and upward advancement of ourselves. The doing of these things *is the reward*—it is the advancing into *God-life*. It is part of our real Eternal selves. It is living in the Eternal—the everlasting good; for the God-life—the good life is the only eternally active one. By living thus, the gross and material now enchaining our entities, will be broken down, and will die and leave us—and die they must, sooner or later, or the "I am I" shall perish.—*H.N.H., F.T.S. "Path," Feb., 1887.*

(To be Continued.)

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PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY.

(LOTUS CIRCLE PAPER.)

THE foundation of Practical Theosophy is Brotherhood, and the foundation of Brotherhood is the realization of the unity of mankind—nay, more than

that, the unity of the whole universe. All is but an expression, an outbreathing of the Divine Life, the Universal Spirit; therefore, in essence all is one, and when all experience has been gained, all will again unite and become one in fact. It is one aim of Theosophy to hasten the time when all shall be one; and as the oneness must be brought about on all planes and in all things, so there is an infinite number of aspects to Practical Theosophy, an infinite number of directions in which it may work.

Two of the most important of these directions are the home and our treatment of animals. For we cannot immediately attain to the love for Humanity which will express itself in Universal Brotherhood. As Confucius says:—"Above all men to love his father and his mother is his (man's) main and principal duty, from the practice of which he afterwards proceeds as by degrees to the practice of that universal love, whose object is all mankind." And so to reach universal brotherhood we must begin by brotherhood in our own homes. This seems a very commonplace thing, one which it is quite unnecessary to mention; for it is surely easy to be brotherly to our own relatives—surely very few, if any, fail in that. And yet, when we come to think of it, there are some ways in which we do not always reach the perfect ideal of Brotherhood set before us by all the greatest teachers. We do sometimes find fault with those over whom we have control, not so much because we are anxious to correct the wrong, and by pointing out their mistakes help them to overcome them, as because these same mistakes irritate us, and it is a relief to our own injured feelings to inflict punishment for them; and our motive being thus impure and wrong, the way in which the punishment is inflicted is likely to aggravate the evil rather than correct it. We should not do this if we recognised the oneness of all, and the responsibility that rests upon us of acting always in the way that will best develop the higher nature of those "other selves" that have been entrusted to us.

And towards those over whom we have no control, we are not always brotherly. Is there not in many homes one, it may be the mother, or the eldest sister, who is so unselfish and so ready always to work for others, that all the burden and responsibility is left on her; and, if there is anything unpleasant to be done, it is taken for granted that she will do it, for she "will not mind." This is not brotherly. If we fully recognised our oneness, we should try all to share equally the burdens, responsibilities, and troubles of the home.

These points affect chiefly the elder members of the home; but there are many ways in which the children, even the very little ones, can help to spread the spirit of Brotherhood. By yielding to their elders that ready and willing obedience which springs from confidence and love; by showing towards their playmates that unselfishness which will prompt them to share all their toys and sweetmeats, instead of quarrelling over them, and being angry because one seems to have a little more than another; by helping each other, the older and stronger taking care of the younger and weaker, instead of tyrannising over them. By trying always to say and do what will best please those dear to them rather than what will please themselves, they, too, will do their share, and it will not be a small one, towards bringing about that "Heaven on earth," which is within the reach of us all, if only we will take the trouble to win it.

And it is by all these little actions, by cultivating the spirit of brotherly love in our ordinary, everyday life, that we shall best purify our own natures, and fit ourselves for doing afterwards a wider work for all humanity. And, even though it may not be our privilege to have any great work to do, we shall at least create around ourselves a pure atmosphere of good thoughts and

good actions, that will radiate from us, and help to purify this broader atmosphere of humanity.

But while we may remember that all other men and women are our brothers and sisters, we are apt to forget that there is also a bond connecting us with the animals. For they are animated by the same life which pulsates in us, and though they are now on a far lower plane than we, yet they also are on the upward path of evolution, and in the course of long ages they, too, will become human. They have not yet reached the stage when they can consciously hasten their own progress as we can do ours. They, like us, are subject to the law of Karma, but, unlike us, they are unable to modify its effects—they are powerless in its grasp. It is we that have the power, by our treatment of them, to hasten or retard their development. The master who manages his dog or his horse by love, not by fear, develops in him those higher instincts which verge on the human, and so prepares him to rise in the scale of evolution; while he who treats his animals cruelly, only intensifies the brute element in them, so thrusting them lower in the scale and retarding their progress. When we see the overloaded cart-horse, or omnibus-horse, urged on by a cruel driver to do work for which he is really unfit, we should remember not only that such a driver is adding to the burden of pain and oppression that is weighing down our dumb brethren, but also that all those who are a party to the cruelty by allowing, or too often actually insisting on the overloading, are participators in his sin, and may be more guilty than he.

Another question that is suggested by this thought of the bond between ourselves and the animals is: to what extent are we justified in taking their life? Is it, or is it not, in accordance with the law of Brotherhood that animals should be slain to supply us with food? Or, to carry it still further, are we, or are we not justified in killing a spider or a fly that we imagine to be in our way, or even in killing a gnat to avoid a momentary slight pain or inconvenience to ourselves? A Buddhist would not hesitate to answer these questions; nor would most of our modern christians, but their answer would probably differ from that of the Buddhist.

If we would not only show in our own conduct, but also cultivate in our children, that tender regard for others which would make us shrink from inflicting pain of any kind on even the least of our brethren, whether human or only animal, we should then be doing much towards helping on the work of those great teachers—our masters and leaders—who have devoted their lives to spreading peace and love amongst mankind, and so we, too, should help in leading humanity on to that day of perfect rest, perfect light, and perfect love, when we shall all be one with the eternal.

LILIAN EDGER, F.T.S.

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NOTES ABOUT BOOKS.

THE London Lodge of the Theosophical Society have recently published two further numbers of their Transactions. The first of these is entitled "Masters of Wisdom," by Bertram Keightley, with some additional passages by Mr. A. P. Sinnett. This number is a most interesting one, and contains some new and important statements.

The second of the new Transactions is—"Vehicles of Consciousness," by

W. Scott Elliot. It treats of the various vehicles in which the consciousness of man can function on the different planes of nature. The writer says that his statements are no mere speculations but have been obtained from those who can at will function on both the Astral and Devachanic planes. And that this information has been checked by those who have developed similar faculties. The price of the Transactions is 1s. 1d. each, post free.

The most recent publication of the *Theosophist* Office is "The Book of the Path of Virtue" or a Version of the Tao-Teh-King, of Lao-Tze, the Chinese Mystic and Philosopher; with an introduction and essay on the Tao as presented in the writings of Chuang-Tze, the Apostle of Tao Tze, by Walter R. Old. This little work is largely Ethical, and will, we feel, be welcomed by a large circle of readers. The price is 1s.

Any addition to that well-known series, "The Sacred Books of the East" is sure to be well received. The latest volume, now before us, is a very important one, and consists of translations into English of some of the most famous of the Mahâyâna treatises. The volume opens with a translation from the Sanskrit, by E. B. Cowell, of the Buddha-Karita, of Asvaghosha, an early Sanskrit poem on the legendary history of Buddha, containing much interesting matter concerning the early history of Buddhism. Among the other Sûtras here translated we may mention, as well worth studying, the larger and the smaller Sukhâvatî-Vyûha, the Vagrakkhedikâ or Diamond-Cutter. This Sûtra is very popular in Japan, and is one of the most highly valued metaphysical treatises in Buddhist Literature. The volume concludes with translations of the larger and the smaller Pragnâ-Pâramitâ-Hridaya, Sûtras, and of the Amitâyur-Dhyâna, Sûtra. The price of this volume is 12s. 6d., and to students of the Mahâyâna doctrines no more useful book is obtainable.

In March last, Professor Max Müller delivered a series of three lectures at the Royal Institution on the Vedânta Philosophy. These lectures have now been issued in book form. The first lecture treats of the origin of the Vedânta Philosophy; the second of the Soul and God; the third of Similarities and Differences between Indian and European Philosophy. The lectures form a useful introduction to the study of the Vedânta Philosophy, but the student must carefully guard against a blind acceptance of the learned professor's views on not a few debatable points. In one place he states that there is no esoteric Vedânta School, and in another writes that "there is some truth" in the statement that there is such a school. Some day, perhaps, the Professor will find himself forced to admit that Indian Philosophies have their esoteric as well as exoteric schools. The price is 5s.

"Lux Naturæ: Nerve System of the Universe." A new demonstration of an old law, by David Sinclair, is a curious little work on the lines of thought chiefly associated with Keely and his discoveries in vibratory forces. In this work these forces are discussed as relating more particularly to the mental and moral evolution of man. Price 3s 6d.

The Theosophical Publishing Society has just issued the third volume of The Collectanea Hermetica Series. It is entitled "A Short Enquiry Concerning the Hermetic Art," by a Lover of Philalethes. London, 1714. Preface by Non Omnis Moriar. An Introduction to Alchemy and Notes by S. S. D. D. Much of the present volume has reference to the Science of Alchemy in relation to human improvement. Price 2s. 6d. nett.

Many of our readers may be glad to hear that a new edition of Dr. Anderson's most useful work on "Reincarnation" is now on sale by the T.P.S.

Mrs. Besant's four lectures at the Adyar Convention on "Sound," "Fire," "Yoga," and "Symbolism" will very shortly be ready for publication. The price will be 2s. nett.

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MAGIC.

After reading the Upanishads.

Out of the dusky chamber of the brain
Flows the imperial Will through dream on dream;
The fires of life around it tempt and gleam;
The lights of earth behind it fade and wane.

Passed beyond beauty tempting dream on dream,
The pure Will seeks the hearthold of the light;
Sounds the deep "om" the glorious word of might;
Forth from the hearthold breaks the living stream.

Passed out beyond the deep heart music-filled,
The kingly Will sits on the ancient throne,
Wielding the sceptre, fearless, free, alone,
Knowing in Brahma all it dared and willed.

G.W.R.

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DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The past Session was brought to a close on the 30th, as regards the public meetings, by a capital discussion on a brilliant essay by Mr. Norman, entitled, "The Soul and the Senses in Relation to Experience."

The Midsummer Meeting of Members will be held on the 18th inst., at 8 p.m., when the election of Delegates to the July Convention, and other important business, will be dealt with. A full attendance of members is requested.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

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NOTICE.

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THE ETHICS OF THEOSOPHY.

(A PAPER READ BY MRS. VARIAN AT THE DUBLIN LODGE.)

ETHICS may be defined as the science of conduct. My object is to show that Theosophy includes all Ethics. The whole tendency of Theosophy is to point the way to the purest and most unselfish life in thought and deed—putting thought first as the cause of action, and as moulding and determining the character to an even greater extent than mere action. None the less is the importance of work insisted upon “Therefore, thy task prescribed, with spirit unattached gladly perform, since in performance of plain duty man mounts to his highest bliss.” And again, “Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.” Any true scheme of life must not only supply us with a reason for right conduct, but with a standard by which to judge our moral position. Such a religion, investing life with infinite possibilities, holding all action and thought to be not merely of passing importance, concerning us no more when we shall have lived one little life here, but acting and reacting on ourselves and others for age after age, through endless rebirths, invests life with a sense of seriousness and solemnity, which grows upon us.

The teaching of the brotherhood of man, and the real unity of each with each, really sums up the whole Ethical question, and gives the reason why it is incumbent on us to live for each other, helpful and sympathising, and at the same time explains the misery, indifference, and sense of isolation that is so prevalent. We are one at heart; all expressions of the divine, differentiated only in form and circumstances; and it is our misunderstanding of this, our effort to break away from each other, to be separate,

to possess things for our own gratification, that causes discord and jarring. We are so inwoven with each other that none can be quite free when any remain bound ; the more nearly perfection is reached, the more keenly is felt the agony of compassion for the weak and miserable ; every thought or deed, good or evil, affects the whole race ; we are not able to trace it, but we know not whether the wrong we see, which fills us with fiery indignation, may not have been set in motion by some wrong-doing of our own in past ages ; we are each responsible while there remains on earth one wrong, one cruelty, one unkindness ; and it is our duty to help, and our glory that we *may* help, " the rolling wheels of this great world."

There is no royal road, no fixed rule or creed, by which we may invariably act ; but each must act by their own sense of right, guided only by love and tolerance. Conventions and creeds are useful only to those who have not yet learned to trust their own intuitional knowledge of right, or who are too weak to stand against the disapproval of others. The ideal character is that which is entirely self-supporting, indifferent to praise or blame, acting from the eternal right within.

When thy firm soul hath shaken off those tangled oracles
Which ignorantly guide ; then shall it soar
To high neglect of what's denied or said
This way or that way in doctrinal writ,
Troubled no longer by the priestly lore,
Safe shall it live, and sure ; steadfastly bent
On meditation ; this is joy, is peace.

Though Theosophy lays down no creed which adherents must follow, still there are lines of thought pointed out to the student, by following which he may arrive at an increasing knowledge of the unity of all life, and the divine in the universe and develop a power of will over desire, which very few of us comprehend, or suspect the possibility of. The very general practice of " doing in Rome as Rome does " is simply a relinquishing of the right and privilege of private judgment. Liberty of person and of conscience is rightly considered to be the dearest possession of the individual, but very few of us have the courage to claim our undoubted right ; we only make-believe to act by our own ideas ; we really are constrained by the ideas of the majority of our associates, and modified by their qualities ; and while this is so, while we act in consonance with the desires or principles of others, we are only reflections of them—false to the divine in ourselves, and necessarily weak and wavering.

In Theosophical literature is indicated the way to strengthen the will, develop the character, and cultivate the higher powers which are latent in all of us—so that we may eradicate the selfish, the ignoble, the changeable and inconstant ; and by first purifying and ennobling ourselves, be fit to help others in their struggle against their lower qualities. It is obvious that we cannot give what we have not got, and it is only in proportion as we have made a quality our own that we can impart it to others.

It is difficult to find an impelling reason for right conduct, apart from the inherent sense of justice, and a belief in justice pervading the universe. It has been asked : " What reason have we to consider that there is universal justice, or any justice, apart from the necessities of social life ? " Such a

question seems to predicate a total absence of any reason for action, other than that prompted by desire or fear, and surely every life comes in contact with numberless actions prompted by neither of these. As I understand Theosophy, it teaches that deep in the human heart, underlying the consciousness, is an absolute knowledge of the source from which we spring, and to which we shall return; and the apparent difference in knowledge, The same causes under the same conditions bring forth the same results, happiness, and virtue, merely indicate the stage of the development of the Ego. and these results which we see are the absolutely just effects of the cause which we do not see. The satisfaction of the sense of justice lies in the fact that we only reap what we sow, and will all eventually reach the perfect end.

If we take the best known tenets of Theosophy, and examine them separately, we shall see how they make for the right, so that whoso accepts even isolated points of the Theosophical teaching finds immediately a stronger and deeper necessity for purer life, greater helpfulness to others, and more self-reliance. Theosophy emphatically teaches immortality—not the eternal life of a disembodied soul in some vague Heaven, or vaguer Hell, but an immortality of progress through the human form on the earth on which we dwell. This is our theatre; here we have striven and failed, and striven and conquered; and here we will return again and again, until we have reached a mastery over ourselves, and also over Nature, inconceivable to us now. It is hardly possible to overestimate the strong moral compulsion of such a belief. To know that we are here to become “perfect,” “even as our Father in Heaven is perfect,” and that we must return life after life, age after age, until we have become masters of life, infinite in wisdom and love, stimulates us to greater efforts in self-denial and helpfulness.

The doctrine of reincarnation for the purpose of progression toward perfection, and therefore happiness, takes the horror from the idea of death, and makes it easier for us to face it for those we love, and for ourselves. That frantic fear of death, which many of us feel, robs us of the necessary calmness and steadfastness in times of emergency and danger, and disturbs our whole moral atmosphere.

The tenet spoken of as the law of Karma, approximately the adjustment of effects to causes—which causes we ourselves set in motion; the realisation that our troubles and pains are brought about by our own weakness of character and infirmity of purpose; that it rests with ourselves to correct these faults, and that no one can bring us certain happiness or calm of mind except ourselves, is a great incentive to cultivate self-reliance, rather than dependence on others. It is easier to consider ourselves merely creatures of circumstance or the puppets of a higher power, but surely grander and nobler, to say:—

“It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with circumstances the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.”

And since our moral position must depend upon our sense of responsibility (for

of what use would a moral sense be to an irresponsible being), what a deeper significance all our thoughts and actions take upon themselves when considered as the results of past thoughts and actions, and the causes of future ones.

We sometimes hear objections to Theosophy on the ground that it is a dreamy abstraction, full of a beautiful vagueness, but of no use in practical life. But, on the contrary, Theosophical literature is full of the most lofty Ethical teaching. It holds ever before its votaries the ideal of absolute selflessness; it requires every act, every thought, every movement of mind or body to be under the control of the higher self. It imputes nothing to chance or accident, but shows everything to be the ordered outcome of causes set in motion in the past. And this is why I say that Theosophy includes Ethics. It covers the whole Ethical ground.

I cannot end better than by quoting from the "Song Celestial" the signs of the aspirant to heavenly birth:—

Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will
Always to strive for wisdom, opened hand,
And governed appetites, and piety,
And love of lonely study, humbleness,
Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
That lightly letteth go what others prize;
And equanimity, and charity
Which spieth no man's faults, and tenderness
Toward all that suffer, a contented heart
Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild,
Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed
With patience, fortitude, and purity;
An unvengeful spirit, never given
To rate itself to high—such be the signs,
O, Indian Prince, of him whose feet are set
On that fair path, which leads to heavenly birth.

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THE MIDNIGHT BLOSSOM.

"Arhans are born at midnight hour * * * * together with the the holy flower that opes and blooms in darkness."—*The Voice of the Silence.*

WE stood together at the door of our hut: we could see through the gathering gloom where our sheep and goats were cropping the sweet grass on the side of the hill: we were full of drowsy content as they were. We had naught to mar our own happiness—neither memory nor unrest for the future. We lingered on while the vast twilight encircled us; we were one with its dewy stillness. The lustre of the early stars first broke in upon our dreaming: we looked up and around: the yellow constellations began to sing their choral hymn together. As the night deepened they came out swiftly from their hiding places in depths of still and unfathomable blue; they hung in burning clusters; they advanced in multitudes that dazzled: the shadowy shining of night was strewn all over with nebulous dust of silver, with long mists of gold, with jewels of glittering green. We felt how fit a place the earth was to live on, with these nightly glories over us, with silence and coolness upon its lawns and lakes after the consuming day. Valmika, Kedar, I and Ananda watched together;

through the rich gloom we could see far distant forests and lights—the lights of village and city in King Suddhōdana's realm.

"Brothers," said Valmika, "How good it is to be here, and not yonder in the city where they know not peace, even in sleep."

"Yonder and yonder," said Kedar, "I saw the inner air full of a red glow where they were busy in toiling and strife. It seemed to reach up to me; I could not breathe. I climbed the hills at dawn to laugh where the snows were, and the sun is as white as they are white."

"But, brothers, if we went down among them and told them how happy we were, and how the flowers grow on the hillside, and all about the flocks, they would surely come up and leave all sorrow. They cannot know or they would come." Ananda was a mere child though so tall for his years.

"They would not come," said Kedar. "All their joy is to haggle and hoard. When Siva blows upon them with his angry breath they will lament, or when the Prets in fierce hunger devour them."

"It is good to be here," repeated Valmika drowsily, "to mind the flocks and be at rest, and to hear the wise Varunna speak when he comes among us."

I was silent. I knew better than they that busy city which glowed beyond the dark forests. I had lived there until, grown sick and weary, I had gone back to my brothers on the hillside. I wondered would life, indeed, go on ceaselessly until it ended in the pain of the world. I said within myself—Oh, mighty Brahma, on the outermost verges of thy dream are our lives; thou old invisible, how faintly through our hearts comes the sound of thy song, the light of thy glory! Full of yearning to rise and return, I strove to hear in the heart the music Anahata spoken of in our sacred scrolls. There was silence, and then I thought I heard sounds, not glad, a myriad murmur. As I listened it deepened, it grew into passionate prayer and appeal and tears, as if the cry of the long-forgotten souls of men went echoing through empty chambers. My eyes filled with tears, for it seemed world-wide, and to sigh from out many ages, long ago, to be and yet to be.

"Ananda! Ananda! where is the boy running to?" cried Valmika. Ananda had vanished into the gloom. We heard his glad laugh below and then another voice speaking. Presently up loomed the tall figure of Varunna. Ananda held his hand and danced beside him. We knew the Master Yogi, and bowed reverently before him. We could see by the starlight his simple robe of white. I could trace clearly every feature of the grave and beautiful face, the radiant eyes; not by the starlight I saw, but because a silvery shining rayed a little way into the blackness around the dark hair and face. Valmika, as elder, first spake.

"Holy sir, be welcome. Will you come in and rest?"

"I cannot stay now. I must pass over the mountain ere dawn; but you may come a little way with me—such of you as will."

We assented gladly—Kedar and I; Valmika remained. Then Ananda prayed to go. We bade him stay, fearing for him the labour of climbing and the chill of the snows, but Varunna said: "Let the child come; he is hardy; he will not tire if he holds my hand."

So we set out together and faced the highlands that rose and rose above us; we knew well the way even at night. We waited in silence for Varunna to speak, but for nigh two hours we mounted without words, save for Ananda's shouts of delight and wonder at the heavens spread above us. But I was hungry for an answer to my thoughts, so I spake.

"Master, Valmika was saying, ere you came, how good it was to be here rather than in the city where they are full of strife, and Kedar thought their lives would flow on into fiery pain and no speech would avail. Ananda, speaking as a child indeed, said if one went down among them they would listen to his story of the happy life. But, Master, do not many speak and interpret the sacred writings, and how few they are who lay to heart the words of the gods! They seem, indeed, to go on through desire into pain, and even here upon our hills we are not free, for Kedar felt the hot glow of their passion and I heard in my heart their sobs of despair. Master, it was terrible, for they seemed to come from the wide earth over, and out of ages far away."

"There is more of the true in the child's hope than in your despair, for it is of much avail to speak though but a few listen. Better is the life which aids, though in sorrow, than the life which withdraws from pain unto solitude. Yet it is not well to speak without power, for only the knower of Brahma can interpret the sacred writings truly. It is well to be free ere we speak of freedom; then we have power and many hearken."

"But who would leave joy for sorrow, and who being one with Brahma may return to give council?"

"Brother," said Varunna, "here is the hope of the world. Though many seek only for the eternal joy, yet the cry you heard has been heard by great ones who have turned backwards, called by these beseeching voices. The small old path stretching far away leads through many wonderful beings to the place of Brahma; there is the first fountain, the world of beautiful silence, the light that has been undimmed since the beginning of time—the joy where life fades into being; but turning backwards, the small old path winds away into the world of men; it enters every sorrowful heart, and the way of him who would tread therethro' is stayed by its pain and barred by its delusion. This is the way the great ones go; they turn with the path from the door of Brahma the warriors and the strong ones: they move along its myriad ways; they overcome darkness with wisdom and pain with compassion. After many conquered worlds, after many races of men, purified and uplifted they go to greater than Brahma. In these, though few, is the hope of the world; these are the heroes for whom, returning, the earth puts forth her signal fires, and the Devas sing their hymns of welcome."

We paused where the plateau widened out; there was scarce a ripple in the chill air; in quietness the snows glistened, a light reflected from the crores of stars that swung with gay and glittering motion above us. We could hear the immense heart-beat of the world in the stillness; we had thoughts that went ranging through the heavens, not sad, but full of solemn hope.

"Brothers! Master! Look, the wonderful thing! and another, and yet another!" We heard Ananda calling; we looked and saw the holy blossom—the midnight flower—oh, may the earth again put forth such beauty—it grew up from the snows with leaves of delicate crystal, a nimbus encircled each radiant bloom, a halo pale yet lustrous. I bowed down before it lost in awe. I heard Varunna say:—"The earth, indeed puts forth her signal fires, and the Devas sing their hymn; listen!" We heard a music as of beautiful thought moving along the high places of the earth, full of infinite love and hope and yearning.

"Brothers, be glad, for One is born who has chosen the greater way. Now I must pass onwards. Kedar, Narayan, Ananda, farewell! Nay, no further; it is a long way to return, and the child will tire."

He went on and passed from our sight. But we did not return; we remained long, long in silence, looking at the sacred flower.

* * * * *

Vow, taken long ago, be strong in our hearts to-day. Here where the pain is fiercer, to rest is more sweet. Here where beauty dies away, it is more joy to be lulled in dreams. Here the good, the true, our hope, seem but a madness born of ancient pain. Out of rest, dream, or despair, let us arise. Let us go the way the Great Ones go. Æ.

———:O:———

PESSIMISM, FROM AN OPTIMIST STANDPOINT.

HOWEVER right may appear to many the view of those who consider Pessimism as an unmitigated evil, to others the Pessimistic view of life seems to have its own place in the plan of human progress. For some few people believe in "divine discontent," and feel that an acknowledgment of the predominance of evil in the world marks the saturation point of enjoyment in material pleasures, and that the prevalence of Pessimism is a sure sign that those holding these views are, in the mass, waiting to be shown that the life outside matter (in the gross form known to us) has yet to be explored, and that the prizes it offers are of such a lofty and ennobling nature that words fail to afford a faint conception of them.

Freed themselves from the saddening and enervating influence of unrelieved Pessimistic thought by their broader view of life, of its present objects and future aims, such people welcome discontent in the men and women around them. No one who has not in past lives tasted to the full, in person or by sympathy, the cup of material sensation in its forms of joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, seed-sowing and harvest time, until the imprint of all this past experience is indelibly fixed in both the brain mind, and in the mind of each cell that composes the body, can find time to be Pessimistic. When that point has been reached by a number of persons the *blasé* class appears. Men and women, young and old, often in appearance better qualified to "enjoy life" than their pleasure-loving neighbours, calmly view with bored contempt the race after pleasure going on around them. Often lazily unselfish, and with a vague standard of morals, they go through life without knowing why—a latent force, instead of an active, intelligent power.

In this class are many who can be aided by such a movement as the Theosophical Society, a movement the understanding of which gives a new spring to action, and still permitting them to view calmly, but with increased apprehension of its meaning, their neighbour's struggle for enjoyment, at the same time opens up such a vast new field for investigation that the sixty or seventy years between a birth and death only afford space for the veriest dabbling on the borders of life's wider interests.

Another, more pronounced, class of pessimist who declares that too much evil prevails in the world to make life worth the pain of living in the midst of such wrong, deceit and suffering, are harder to help, because they often literally hug their painful belief and refuse to perceive the wider hope. But if it can be shown to them that the seeming unmerrited pain, from which they revolt, is only as the pain of the spur urging on to quicker movement, that they may the more swiftly force their way through the barrier raised by selfish thought around them,

out into the broader, grander, life of thought and action, blended with the thought and action of their fellow men, then they will be glad of the pain that pricked them on, and they will look with tender understanding eyes on those who are yet suffering as they once suffered, and with all the freedom and power gained by that past suffering, they will stretch out strong helping hands to make their comrades *feel* the truth they cannot yet perceive, and, by their lives and by their words, seek to make known to all the world, that every man and woman may come into contact with it, the wider knowledge and the larger hope.

Psy.

—:O:—

THE STUDY OF HYPNOTISM.

"A PARABLE" AND TWO "FABLES."

WHEN many years ago I made up my mind to enter seriously into the study of Occultism, I long hesitated as to which part of the great Whole it would be best to commence with; should I begin by investigating Spiritualism, or Astrology, or Mesmerism, or any other branch?

If Eliphas Levi, the greatest Kabbalist of this century, had still been alive, I could have gone to seek advice; but his sublime spirit had, a few years before, passed to the next stage of its eternal progress.

I thought that perhaps his friend, Louis Desbarolles would help me, and having obtained an introduction from a mutual acquaintance, I had the pleasure of an interview with the celebrated Chiromancist, who received me with his usual kindness.

After he had heard of my perplexity: "My young friend," said Desbarolles, "I see you are in earnest, and I need not remind you that you are entering the most serious of studies, and I may add, a life-long one. I feel confident that the advice I am going to give you, if you follow it, will save you from many pitfalls and from much disappointment."

"In order to impress it upon you, more forcibly, I shall give it in an allegorical form, and shall therefore ask you to picture in your own mind one of these Eastern Palaces, which consist solely of ground-floor rooms, opening into a central courtyard."

"From the outside, no window is to be seen, and you can only gain admittance through a few narrow doorways."

"All the light inside the Palace should come from that central, roofless courtyard, which is protected from the sun-rays by a large cloth blind of several colours. But the cloth is so thick that the courtyard and the chambers opening into it are in semi-darkness; and the little light which filters through the blind, partaking of its various hues, gives unreal and false colours to everything within."

"That Palace is called 'Occultism.' Each of its numerous chambers has a different name; one is called 'Astrology,' another 'Chiromancy,' another 'Spiritualism,' and so on; the central courtyard is called 'Hypnotism,' and the sunblind's name is 'Mesmerism.'

"Some of these rooms are empty, others contain beautiful things. If you look around you may perceive a few of them, but the colourings thrown upon the contents through the sunblind are false, and the semi-darkness and your imagination helping, their shapes will appear fanciful and fantastic; you will see things where there are none, and fail to see anything where there are plenty.

. Well, my young friend, if you were in that Palace, and wished to find out the real from the unreal, what would you do?" "I should go into the courtyard, pull down the sunblind, and let the sunlight in!" . . . "That is, indeed, the best advice I can give you; but you will not find it so easy to follow, as the sunblind has been up for many years, and will require tearing piece by piece."

"However, a few clear sighted men have been at that work for some years past; Braid in Manchester, Azam in Bordeaux, Charcot in Paris, Liebault in Nancy; the latter especially has been successful; go, and join them, step boldly into that courtyard, help them to tear off that deceitful blind called mesmerism, and allow the clear sunlight of truth to fill the courtyard. When that is done, study carefully the contents of the courtyard called Hypnotism, before you attempt entering the other rooms which, as they are so large, will perhaps still remain rather dark, but at least, to your eyes the false colours will have vanished and also the shadows."

I heartily thanked Monsieur Desbarolles and followed his advice. For fifteen years I have remained in that courtyard; the blind has long been torn into shreds, and I have had many a peep into the rooms.

The tearing of the blind proved so hard a work, and afterwards the studying of the courtyard's contents took so long, that I have never yet found time to penetrate each room thoroughly, but a great deal of their contents can be seen from the courtyard, and some day I intend writing an account of some of my experiences in that marvellous palace.

Already, in my lectures, I have described the wonderful *coup de theatre* at the fall of the blind, the unexpected change of scenery in the courtyard, the flight of the shadows at the entrance of light, the sudden disappearance of the so-called "Animal Magnetism," "Odic Force," "Will-Transfer," the transformation of the whole scarecrow of Mesmeric Power (??) into one single, simple, real, tangible, and yet tremendous power called "suggestion," and the so-called Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Prevision, etc., understood at last as hyperaesthesia of the senses.

But all this concerns solely the courtyard, and the results in the rooms have yet to be told, as they cannot be entirely known before the end of the century; for many of these rooms are full of early investigators who, having spent a lifetime in describing the shadows and explaining the non-existent, are not anxious to admit the light, and to suddenly perceive their room—empty, or perhaps full of realities always denied before; stern realities those; and some of them bearing unpleasant names, such as Fraud, Illusion, Hallucination, and Madness.

Also, what a hatred has gradually sprung up against the tearers of the sun-blind!! From every room the same speech is heard:—"Friends, this light is dazzling, let us seize the few rags left of the sun-blind, and nail them at the entrance of our room."

"This light is unhealthy! This light is dangerous! Friends, if we admit it we shall become crazy!"

Such are the accusations now levelled at Hypnotism!

We understand their motives! and we do not trouble to answer them!!

But the leaders of the Theosophical Society cannot be suspected of having such motives, and when we hear Mrs. Annie Besant discountenancing altogether the use of Hypnotism, the fact becomes at once worthy of our consideration, for no

one who knows the high-minded lady can doubt that she is speaking in good faith, and that her sole motive for condemning the use of this Power is the fear of its possible dangers and abuse.

Nevertheless, as I also firmly believe that "there is no religion higher than truth," I hope it will not be deemed too bold on my part if I, in equally good faith, venture to protest in this periodical against such wholesale condemnation of Hypnotism.

No one who has studied the subject can deny that Hypnotism may, indeed, become a very dangerous weapon in the hands of the ignorant or the evil-minded, and that every "reasonable" restriction should therefore be placed by law against the possible "abuse" of this power; but I contend that the cautious "use" of Hypnotism by those who have taken care of previously studying its phenomena, is not only perfectly harmless, but in many cases highly beneficial to the patient, and this has been proved by the large number of medical men who have practiced it during the last twenty years.

I further contend that the immense amount of good which can be done, and *is done*, every day, by the proper use of Hypnotism, such as, for instance, the relief of pain, the cure of many dreadful mental and nervous complaints *not otherwise curable*, the checking of evil and vicious tendencies in children, and of intemperance in all its worse forms in adults, greatly outweighs the possible harm which could be so easily prevented.

Indeed, I may add that, in my opinion, after what I have seen of Hypnotism during fifteen years' practice, I consider that anyone who "knowingly" condemns its "proper" use, and therefore endeavours to deprive humanity of such a boon, is taking a terrible moral responsibility, and I am prepared to prove that my opinion is shared by hundreds of medical men in every country.

I cannot help thinking that in this case it is only an incomplete knowledge of Hypnotism which has led the present leaders of the Theosophical Society to such a surprising conclusion, and I am all the more inclined to think so when I remember that the late Madame Blavatsky certainly held no such opinion, and that I had the pleasure of witnessing in her own house some of the most interesting Hypnotic experiments I have ever seen.

In fact, she agreed with me in the belief that Hypnotism can be of immense help in demonstrating experimentally many of the Truths of Theosophy, such as for instance, the various states of consciousness and the increase of memory in direct proportion with the depth of the sleep.

As an outsider I have, of course, no right nor power, nor desire to judge the reasons why, since the regretted death of its originator, the T.S. has discountenanced every kind of experimental investigation, even, I believe, among its Inner Circle; and all I wish to say is that having, during fifteen years' practice of Hypnotism, so often succeeded in conclusively proving by comparatively easy hypnotic experiments, the undeniable veracity of many principles of Theosophy, I sincerely regret the systematic antipathy against a science which could prove of such valuable help to Theosophy, and I repeat that the reasons given for such an antipathy are based upon an insufficient practical knowledge of the subject.

We all know that experimental ground is generally very uncertain and very slippery, but I have long since recognised that if the experiments are made upon the solid basis of a reality, such as Hypnotism, that ground is always the best in the end to stand upon, and I often succeed in conclusively proving in five minutes, by actual experiments, facts which would still be doubted after a two hours' lecture.

Besides, it is a mistake to forget that there is such a strong tendency in all human beings to transform thoughts into actions, that there always comes a time in the life of every earnest student of Occultism, when he begins to feel an uncontrollable desire to leave all "theories" aside for a time, and to enter into "practice;" a longing to prove by actual experiments, firstly to himself, and afterwards to the world at large, that the Occult really exists, and can be demonstrated to all in a tangible way.

"My kingdom for a horse," once said a king of England!—"My fortune to see a ghost!" said a gentleman to me not long ago who was by no means a sceptic with regard to the existence of "spooks," but who after studying for many years in books, the phenomena of Borderland, had at last felt a desire "to read a little less and to see a little more."

As it happened, I succeeded in that instance in gratifying his wish (it was done, of course, under Hypnotic Hallucination), and he was delighted to see at last, the long wished for "spook," and still more afterwards, I believe, in finding that I did not claim the promised fortune.

To conclude this perhaps already too long digression, the best advice I can give to those anxious to investigate Occultism is the same which I myself received so many years ago. Always remember that real Hypnotism is as different from mesmerism as English is from Greek, and begin by a careful study of Hypnotism and its phenomena, specially Hypnotic Hallucinations, illusions and post Hypnotic suggestions. This should undoubtedly be the entrance "courtyard" of the wonderful "Palace" called Occultism, for it is only to those who have passed through that "courtyard" that the contents of the rooms assume their real shapes. And in order to render it more easy for my reader to remember this advice I shall conclude by illustrating it in the two following fables:—

Once upon a time there was a monkey whose master used to make a living by showing the magic lantern in village fairs. That monkey used to sit night after night, during the performance, watching his master, listening to his speech, and thinking to himself that there was, after all, nothing so difficult nor so clever in such a performance, and he felt confident that he could give, at any time, a much better show and a much cleverer speech (for this occurred in the days when animals could talk).

So it happened that one day his master being taken suddenly ill, the monkey eagerly took the opportunity of giving the performance in his stead. The speech was, indeed, highly satisfactory:—"See, ladies and gentlemen, this magnificent view represents the Boulevards of gay Paris *at night*." And the audience applauded, thinking it was a joke, for no view was really to be seen. "This other fine sight is that of the city of Constantinople a little after sunrise." And the villagers kept on rubbing their eyes, for the canvas still remained quite dark as description after description followed, until at last they got angry, and began wrecking the place, nearly killing the unfortunate monkey, who remembered too late that he had forgotten but one, small, but vital point, which was to light the lamps of the magic lantern before commencing, without which all remained dark.

Once upon a time in the good city of London there was a society called the Psychical Research Society, formed to collect together, and investigate, all the most remarkable occurrences and appearances which took place in Great Britain, and which could not be explained by any of the acknowledged sciences.

Year after year the reports of that society were full of marvellous reports of unexplainable events, and the general public, who could see nothing, kept on applauding, although scientists went on laughing.

And year by year the occurrences became more and more extraordinary, and the outsiders kept on rubbing their eyes, although some of the gifted members of that society succeeded in explaining many of these remarkable occurrences by some still more remarkable and unheard of theories; and yet, scientists (Hypnotists specially), kept on laughing!!

Until at last one day some bold member of that learned society, being weary of rubbing his eyes, ventured to respectfully suggest that, perhaps, some small unimportant point might have been neglected from the commencement.

And in the year, 1894, the astounding news came upon the world that the P.R.S. had formed a committee "to begin" the investigation of Hypnotism (one of these official and acknowledged sciences which is of so little value). And everyone shall now join in the laughter.

They had only forgotten during thirty years to light the lamp of their magic lantern!!

GEORGE ANDRÉ.

We invite replies to Dr. André's Article.—ED.

—:O:—

IS THE ILLUSION OF DEVACHAN NECESSARY?

THIS question is very often asked by young students of Theosophy, and before I try to answer it I will explain the meaning of the word Devachan, so often occurring in Theosophical literature. Devachan, or more correctly, Devacchana or Devayanah, is a word derived from the Sanskrit, and means literally the *dwelling of the gods* (corresponding thus to the Christian's idea of "heaven,") although it is not, strictly speaking, a place or locality, but a state or condition of subjective consciousness, which in no way can be called an illusion when we remember that the unseen or subjective is *the real*, and the objective only a fleeting, perishable shadow.

When what we call *death* comes, the body is dissolved, *i.e.*, the energising life-principle, which in Sanskrit is called *Prana*, is withdrawn, and does not longer hold together the innumerable little lives or microbes that constitute our physical body; but these are allowed to run their own way, and decay sets in.

Now what in the Christian Church is called Soul, among Theosophists *the Triad*, or three higher immortal principles (Atma, Buddhi, Manas) cannot immediately after death enter heaven or Devachan for the following reason:—Closely allied to the physical body (*sthula sarira*) is the astral or ethereal body (*linga sarira*) the exact counterpart of the physical and no less material than this, although built of molecules. United to this is the body of desires (*kama rupa*), earthly longings, and fleshly appetites, the animal part of man, and the stronger these are the longer time it takes before they fade away and disentangle themselves from the immortal Triad, which alone enters Devachan to there assimilate the experiences gathered during the last earthlife, and await in the subjective world the next descent into matter. These periods of activity and rest—cycles of subjectivity and objectivity—is a divine law which runs through all nature, for longer or shorter duration, from the immense period of years that constitute what is called a day and night of Brâhm, or the mani-

festation and withdrawal of the objective universe, to the birth and so-called death of living beings and their days of activity and nights of rest.

"When a long life on the earth-plane has been lived," says Mrs. Annie Besant in her excellent book, "Reincarnation"* "and a store of experiences has been gathered, longing for physical existence is satiated for the time, and the desire turns towards rest. Then comes the interval of disembodiment, during which the Ego, re-entering, as it were, into himself, ceases to energize externally on the physical plane, and bends all his energies to internal activities, reviewing his gathered store of experience, the harvest of the earth-life just closed, separating and classifying them, assimilating what is capable of assimilation, rejecting what is effete and useless. This is the work of the Devachanic period, the necessary time for assimilation, for gaining equilibrium. As a workman may go out and gather the materials for his work, and, having collected them, may return home, sort and arrange them, and then proceed to make from them some artistic and serviceable object, so the *Thinker* (Manas) having gathered his store of materials from life's experiences, must weave them into the web of his millennial existence. He can no more be always busied in the whirl of earth-life than a workman can always be gathering store of materials, and never fabricating them from goods; or than a man can always be eating food, and never digesting it and assimilating it to build up the tissues of his body. This, with the rest needed between periods of activity by all forms of being, makes Devachan an absolute necessity, and rebukes the impatience with which ill-instructed Theosophists chafe against the idea of thus 'wasting time.' The rest itself is a thing, be it remembered, that we cannot do without. The tired and worn-out Manas (the thinking Ego) needs it, and it is only the now rested Ego that is ready and fit for Reincarnation. We have not the energy needed for taking up the burden of the flesh again until this period of refreshment has enabled the forces of life, mental and spiritual, to store themselves up once more in the spiritual man.

It is only at the approaching close of the cycle of re-births that the Ego, grown strong by his milleniums of experience, is able to gird himself for the awful strain of his last swiftly-recurring lives, without Devachinca break, "scaling those last seven steps of the ladder of existence with the tireless muscles hardened by the long ascent that lies behind."

We have been told that "immediate re-birth is for those who are always working with their heart on Master's work and free from self-interest." And when have we reached this point? When we can answer yes to the question put by the Master: "Hast thou attuned thy heart and mind to the great mind and heart of all mankind? For as the sacred river's roaring voice, whereby all nature's sounds are echoed back, so must the heart of him who in the stream would enter, thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes.†

ELIN M. C. WHITE, F.T.S.

* Jyn. 52, 53.

† Voice of the Silence,

GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

* * All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged and appear under this heading.

Subject for July—"The Potency of Sound" (continued).

THE POTENCY OF SOUND.

THE "Army of the Voice" is a term closely connected with the mystery of Sound and Speech, as an effect and corollary of the cause—Divine Thought. As beautifully expressed by P. Christian: "To pronounce a word is to evoke a thought, and make it present: the magnetic potency of the human speech is the commencement of every manifestation in the Occult World. The word (Verbum) or the speech of every man is, quite unconsciously to himself, a BLESSING or a CURSE."—H.P.B. *Secret Doctrine*. Vol. i., 93.

All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. Why? Because *the spoken word has a potency unknown to, unsuspected and disbelieved in by the modern "sages."* Because sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients; and because such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken corresponding powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be. No student was ever allowed to recite historical, religious, or any real events in so many unmistakable words, lest the powers connected with the event should be once more attracted.—*Ibid.* Vol. i., 307.

The magic of the ancient priests consisted, in those days, in addressing *their gods in their own language*. "The speech of the men of the South cannot reach the Lords. Each must be addressed in the language of his respective element. This element language is composed of *sounds*, not words; of sounds, numbers, and figures. He who knows how to blend the three will call forth the response of the superintending Power (the regent-god of the specific element needed). Thus this "language" is that of *incantations* or of *Mantras*, as they are called in India, sound being *the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and Immortals.*—*Ibid.* Vol. i., 465.

Space is the first entity. . . . Now space (Akāsa, or the noumenon of Ether) has one quality. . . . And that is sound only. The seven notes of the scale are the principles of sound.—*Ibid.* Vol. i., 534.

SOUND. . . . is a tremendous occult power. . . . It may be produced of such a nature that the pyramid of Cheops would be raised in the air, or that a dying man, nay, one at his last breath, would be revived and filled with new energy and vigour. For sound generates, or rather attracts together the elements that produce an *ozone*, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even *resurrect* a man or an animal whose astral "vital body" has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. As one *thrice saved from death* by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it. *Ibid.* Vol. i., 555.

"Om" is considered by the ancient Hindu philosophers, as an "Elixir of Sound" which, on being pronounced properly, hinges an undying immortal principle in man on to a corresponding principle in nature. A.N.S. *Indian Section Branch Paper*. XIII.

(To be Continued.)

IMMORTALITY.

We must pass like smoke, or live within the spirits' fire ;
 For we can no more than smoke unto the flame return.
 If our thought has changed to dream, or will into desire,
 As smoke we vanish o'er the fires that burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the grey dusk of our days ;
 Surely here is soul ; with it we have eternal breath ;
 In the fire of love we live or pass by many ways,
 By unnumbered ways of dream to death.

G.W.R.

—:O:—

LOTUS CIRCLE.

TO THE EDITOR, IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

Ponsonby Cottage,
 Auckland N.Z.,
 19th May, 1894.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Mrs. Cooper-Oakley sent me three or four copies of the *I.T.* and we were very much interested in the "Lotus Circle" work, and at a meeting held in my house, a number of us decided to inaugurate the same thing here, and commence to-morrow. In addition to our Lodge meetings, we hold a Theosophical Reception every Saturday evening at home, and at several of these have read some of the articles in the *I.T.*

Will you please send us a copy to the above address regularly for the Branch, and a note of the subscription to the colonies, when I will forward P.O.O.

If there is anything we of "Brighter Britain" can do to aid you by notes, etc., just let me know.—Yours fraternally,

W. H. DRAFFIN,
 Hon. Sec. Auckland T.S.

[We welcome Bro. Draffin's letter, and shall at all times be glad to make room for news of "Lotus Circle," or general T.S. work, in "Brighter Britain."—ED.]

A NEW ZEALAND LOTUS CIRCLE.

For some time past several members of the Auckland (New Zealand) Branch of the Theosophical Society have been considering the best way of reaching the youth growing up amongst us, so as to impart to them some knowledge of the principles of Theosophy ; and at a Theosophic "At Home," held at Mr. Draffin's on May 12, the question was taken into serious consideration. Several papers relating to the establishment of Lotus Circles, which have been published in *THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST*, were read and discussed, and though it was generally admitted that there were many differences in the condition of children in the Colonies as compared with children at home, it was thought that, as the Lotus Circle scheme was now being so vigorously started in America and Britain, it would be wise to follow in the same direction. By so doing, whatever currents of thought and sympathy are flowing in this direction will no doubt be shared by us to some extent, even though we are at the opposite side of the globe from the spheres of activity now established.

The result of the meeting was that it was decided to form a Lotus Circle, and several members have agreed to take charge of it for a month at a time until it is seen how the movement will meet with public sympathy. If more attend than would be convenient for one class, then other teachers will be forthcoming, and a classification of the scholars be made. At present we are but a small community, and the families of several of our members have already attained to the estate of manhood and womanhood, so that but a limited number of children are obtainable within our non-membership. A few months will show how our effort is to be appreciated, for now that the work has been resolved upon, it will have a fair and earnest trial.

THE MASTERS.

(A Paper by a Young Member of the Lotus Circle.)

The masters are those of us who have reached a state of spiritual perfection by their great endeavours, and they have command over both the spiritual and physical worlds. But when they became fit to pass into Nirvana, and thereby to lose all connection with humanity, so great was their love, or rather pity for it, that they chose to come back and help their stumbling brethren.

This is the greatest and noblest deed to which an adept can aspire; and those who have made this sacrifice live among us at present as Masters or "Mahatmas." A great many people doubt, and a still greater number deny the existence of Mahatmas. But no one who admits reincarnation can deny the logical necessity of Mahatmas, because without such beings what has become of the reincarnations of such philosophers and teachers as Confucius, Buddha, Christ, and many others, some of whom would undoubtedly have lived again. No one of course would assert that those great teachers lived again in the bodies of our present philosophers. So Mahatmas are as necessary to reincarnation as reincarnation is to progress. It is objected also by some that if there are these Mahatmas who possess such wonderful powers, why do they not exhibit them, and in this way almost compel people to believe in them. But even the little we have heard of their great power has been mocked at and set down as mere conjuring. Others, again, ask why the Mahatmas who are the great teachers do not proclaim their teachings from the housetops. But they must remember that it is proverbially folly "to cast pearls before swine." The initiative must be taken by the seeker for knowledge, and he will find the masters always ready. For they look upon humanity as a great river, and its wavelets represent those who, striving upwards, reach a higher point than their fellows, and as these wavelets sparkle in the sunshine and absorb the light, so those more advanced bask in the light of knowledge, and drink in its pleasant rays.

"CARNATION."

—:O:—

DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The Monday evening group continues the systematic study of *Patanjali*, and is well supported by the members.

The Friday evening group, intended for more elementary work, has taken up No. 3 Manual, by Annie Besant, *Death and After*. This group is open to all inquiring into Theosophy and the broad teachings of the Esoteric Philosophy. It meets from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

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Donations for the Publishing Fund will be gratefully received.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A PAMPHLET has come to hand, entitled "The Neutrality of the Theosophical Society," dealing with the charges made against W. Q. Judge. A copy will reach every member of the T.S., so that there is no necessity to enter into particulars here. The neutrality and unsectarian nature of the Society has been carefully guarded, and the true spirit of brotherhood maintained. It is satisfactory to note also, that the charges against Mr. Judge were reduced, one might say, to a difference of opinion, as to the methods he (Mr. Judge) employed in transmitting messages from the Masters. What seems to stand out clearly above everything else is the fact that Mrs. Besant starts out on a long fatiguing tour, saying, their is no price too high to pay to serve the Great Ones of the White Lodge, and W. Q. Judge, from the day he held Lodge meetings by himself in New York, till to-day, when Theosophy, mainly by his exertions, stretches across the whole American Continent, has served these Great Ones in the same devoted spirit. What is such practical testimony not worth? Considering the nature of the T.S. and the character of the opposing forces at work, it is not unlikely that, from time to time, personal differences may arise; but those who have realized the true import of Theosophy, to whom it has come as a new hope, a new joy in life, transforming their entire outlook, and who have a profound trust, based on knowledge and experience in the soundness of the esoteric philosophy, will remain unshaken—workers, whose efforts will only be increased to meet the fresh strain. The lesson which this crisis has again emphasised will only be further accentuated—that with the fundamental idea of unity ever present, nothing can upset our movement. In this lies our strength; but, where strength is, weakness is present also; and as has often been said, unselfish work for others is in the end our only safeguard. Letters! messages! phenomena!—these can come after, and time enough then.

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It is pleasing to see efforts being made in certain quarters to find what has been termed the "common denominator," and that there are good prospects of arriving at it. The method, which has obtained so long, of emphasising differences, and searching, as it were, for points on which disagreement would

arise, is likely, at last, to give way to the more rational and wholesome one of finding what is *common* to all. It may fairly be taken that all forms of religion are one in recognizing *unselfishness* as the very basis of Ethics. Within our own shores every sect which turns for inspiration to the teaching of the Nazarene accepts, in theory, at least, altruism, brotherhood, unselfishness as "the alpha and omega" of his message, and yet their separate sectarian existence rests entirely on quite an opposite principle. In gatherings composed of representatives of widely differing creeds and opinions, I have observed that when allusion was made to anything, which appealed to what in them was *human*, as apart from any consideration of creed, opinion, or dogma, differences—which previously were strongly asserted—have disappeared, and for the moment all were in unison. If such moments could be more often repeated, very soon would this human quality be the dominant note of life. Differences that now appear so pronounced would naturally cease to exist; they would no longer be found useful or necessary; men would emerge from under the clouds of disension and sorrow; in the clear daylight their divinity, hitherto obscured and almost obliterated, would be revealed. No further need then for argument—the truth will justify itself. If this seems impossible of realization, it is because *we* fail. Let us alter our direction completely; let us find the point of least resistance; of agreement, rather than of disagreement; of unity, rather than of disunion; let a recognition of this truth influence our every act until we see "one thing in all things." Ah! says one, what will become of our churches, our beautiful cathedrals, our wonderful organizations? The answer is obvious enough. They will be utilized for a more humane and brotherly service; hitherto landmarks of disagreement, they will become symbols of our unity; the "thieves and robbers" will have been turned out, and they will become veritably, houses of the gods.

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"Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd, is a book which has been, in a sense, epoch-making. While reasoning as a Darwinian philosopher, he yet regards the religious instinct as the main factor in the evolution of Society. He is opposed to Socialism—"the grand aim of Socialism," he says, "is to suspend that personal rivalry and competition of life which is the impetus behind all progress"—and argues that our social development is moving in the direction of equal social opportunities for all, which will increase the rivalry of existence, and raise the people to the highest efficiency. The point of view is well put, and of peculiar interest, in that the author states that the highest conditions of progress are the result of the softening influence of the Ethical Spirit, rather than the intellect, which has no power to check our instinctive selfishness.

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If Mr. Kidd is correct, the Socialistic movement is opposed to biological truth; and Mr. Pearson, writing from the Socialist point of view, in the *Fortnightly Review* (July), says it is his firm conviction that the "biological truths" are "no truths at all, mere misapplications of ill-defined terms," and urges "that 'the great fund of altruistic feeling which is gradually saturating our entire social life' is quite as much opposed to the unlimited triumph of the individually strong in body or mind over the individually weaker, as to the unlimited triumph of one class at the expense of another." The writer advances the possibility of the Socialistic movement reacting on biological science as it has already done on economic science.

:o:

Mr. Balfour has contributed an article to the *International Journal of Ethics*, in which he states that "Man, so far as natural science by

itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing." "We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short, indeed, compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner, has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the Universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or worse for all that the labour, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect."

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From this pessimistic gospel of Natural Science, let me direct attention to what a mystic has to say with reference to man, and the "ordinary days" that make up the substance of his being. M. Maeterlinck, in a preface to a French translation of Emerson's essays, writes as follows in connection with the tendencies of the newer Continental school of poets:—"The face of our divine soul smiles at times over the shoulder of her sister, the human soul, bent to the noble needs of thought, and this smile which, as it passes, discovers to us all that is beyond thought, is the only thing of consequence in the works of man. They are not many who have shown that man is greater and profounder than himself, and who have been able to fix some of the eternal suggestions to be met with every instant through life, in a movement, a sign, a look, a word, a silence, in the incidents happening round about us. The science of human greatness is the greatest of sciences. Not one man is ignorant of it; yet hardly one knows he possesses it. The child who meets me cannot tell his mother what he has seen; and yet as soon as his eye has touched my presence, he knows all that I am, all that I have been, all I shall be, as well as my brother, and three times better than myself.

In truth, what is strongest in man is his hidden gravity and wisdom. The most frivolous among us never really laughs, and in spite of his efforts never succeeds in losing a moment, for the human soul is attentive and does nothing that is not useful. *Ernst ist das Leben*, life is serious, and in the depths of our being our soul has never yet smiled. On the other side of our involuntary agitations we lead a wonderful existence, passive, very pure, very sure, to which ceaseless allusion is made by hands stretched out, eyes that open, looks that meet. All our organs are the mystic accomplices of a superior being, and it is never a man, it is a soul we have known. I did not see that poor man who begged for alms on my doorstep; but I saw something else: in our eyes two self-same destinies greeted and loved each other, and at the instant he held out his hand the little door of the house opened for a moment on the sea. But if it be true that the least of us cannot make the slightest movement without taking account of the soul and the spiritual kingdoms where it reigns, it is also true that the wisest almost never thinks of the infinite

displaced by the opening of an eyelid, the bending of a head, or the closing of a hand. We live so far from ourselves that we are ignorant of almost all that takes place on the horizon of our being. We wander aimlessly in the valley, never thinking that all our actions are reproduced and acquire their significance on the summit of the mountain. Someone has to come and say: lift your eyes; see what you are, see what you are doing; it is not here that we live: we are up there. That look exchanged in the dark, those words which have no meaning at the base of the hill, see what they grow into and what they signify beyond the snow of the peaks, and how our hands which we think so little and so feeble, touch God everywhere unknowingly. . . . If one could ask the intelligence of another world what is the synthetic expression of the face of men, it might doubtless reply, after having seen them in their joys, their griefs, their anxieties — *they seem to be thinking of something else*. Be great, be wise, and eloquent; the soul of the poor man who holds out his hand at the corner of the bridge will not be jealous, but yours will perhaps envy him his silence. The hero needs the approbation of the ordinary man; but the ordinary man does not ask for the approbation of the hero, and he pursues his life with calmness, like one who has all his treasures in a safe place. . . . If I think I have wasted my day in miserable undertakings, and if you can prove to me that I have yet lived as deeply as a hero, and that my soul has not lost its rights, you will have done more than if you had persuaded me to save the life of my enemy to-day, for you will have augmented in me the sum and the greatness of life; and to-morrow, perhaps, I shall know how to live with reverence."

:O:

Most of our readers will be familiar with the contributions that have appeared regularly in our columns from the pen of Æ, and they will, no doubt, be glad to hear that the verses by G. W. R., which are from the same pen, along with many others, have been published in a book form under the title of "Homeward: Songs by the Way." The book is produced in perfect taste. The preface is quaint and original, and will be found quoted in our Review Column. I see that Mr. W. B. Yeats describes the book as the "most haunting" he has seen these many days, and this aptly describes its effect. Most of the lines have a peculiar fascination, and their melody lingers long in the memory. Theosophical ideas have seldom received a more graceful setting. Nature sings her song, but we require the poet to interpret for us the numbers of her exquisite lyre. Æ has listened to her song with some purpose, and we look forward to still greater things from him. The price of the book is only 1s. 6d., and can be had through this office, postage extra.

:O:

I am anxious to devote a column of the *I.T.* to Lodges and Lodge Work, and will be glad if members would send me particulars of any activity which they had found useful, and which may help other Lodges. Suggestions of any kind connected with branch work will be gladly accepted. Almost every Lodge has a class for study connected with it. Would it not be useful if condensed notes of their studies could be published? Lodges studying the same books would no doubt be helped by the interchange of notes, besides being of general usefulness for references, &c. I will be glad to try this if any are sent to me. I would be glad also to print a list of those who have books to lend, exchange, or give away. Those who have books to exchange might send a list of them, and state what books they would like in return.

We have been unavoidably compelled to hold over our Review of "Homeward Songs by the Way"; also a communication from Bro. Firth, of Bradford; and a report of Northern Federation Meeting at Middlesboro', kindly sent by Bro. Corbett, but arriving too late for insertion.

HYPNOTISM. *

* This article was written for the *N. Y. World* at request.

WHAT is the hypnotic force or influence? What really happens when a hypnotic experiment is performed? What is proved by it? What force is exerted that, after making a man sleep, rouses him to a false wakefulness, in which he obeys a suggestion, seems to lose his identity, becomes apparently another person, speaks a language he knows nothing of, sees imaginary pictures as real ones? How is it that in this state his physical body follows the operator's suggestion, and becomes blistered by a piece of paper which possesses no blistering power, sneezes when there is no actual titillation of the olfactory nerves, shivers over a hot stove, and perspires if it be suggested that a block of ice is a mass of fire?

All this and very much more has been done in hypnotic experiments, just as it was done many years ago by mesmerizers, electro-biologists, and wandering fascinators of all sorts. Then it was outside the pale of science, but now since physicians re-named a part of it "hypnotism," it is settled to stay among the branches of psychology, theoretical and applied. The new schools, of course, went further than the first did or could. They added a species of witchcraft to it by their latest claim to be able to externalize and localize the nerve-sensitiveness, and hence mental impressionability of the subject; to put it in his photograph or within a glass of water, so that if the former be scratched or the latter touched, the patient at once jumped or screamed. This is the old way of making a wax image of your form and sticking pins in it, whereupon you pined and died; men and women were burned for this once. This, while interesting and important, if true, possesses the interest of a nightmare, as it suggests how in the near future one's picture may be for sale to be blistered and stabbed by an enemy, provided the extraneous localization of sensibility is first provided for. But the other experiments touch upon the great questions of identity, of consciousness, of soul, of personality. They raise an issue as to whether the world be physical and mechanical, as Descartes thought, or whether it is fleeting and a form of consciousness existing because of thought, and dominated by thought altogether, as the Theosophists modern and ancient always held.

Professor James, of Harvard, has published his conclusion that experiments in hypnotism convince him, as they have convinced many, of the existence of the hidden self in man; while the French schools dispute whether it is all due to one personality mimicking many, or many personalities wrapped up in one person, and showing one phase after another. Facts are recorded and wonderful things done, but no reasonable and final explanation has been made by the modern schools. Except here and there they, being ignorant of man's hidden real nature and powers, or denying the existence of such, see no cause for alarm in all these experiments, and no danger to either society or the individual. As the true evolution of man's inner powers at the same rate and time concurrently with all other racial and planetary evolution is not admitted by these schools, they cannot perceive in the future any possibly devilish use of hypnotic powers. The Theosophist, however, suggests an explanation for the phenomena, points to similar occurrences through history, and intimates a

danger to come if the thinking world does not realise our true nature as a being made of thought and consciousness, built in and on these, and destructible by them also, so far as his personality is concerned. The danger is not in knowing these things and processes, but in the lack of morality and ethics, in the use of them both now and in the future.

One theory for use in explaining and prosecuting research is about as follows :—Man is a soul who lives on thoughts and perceives only thoughts. Every object or subject comes to him as a thought, no matter what the channel or instrument, whether organ of sense or mental centre, by which it comes before him. These thoughts may be words, ideas, or pictures. The soul-man has to have an intermediary or connecting link with Nature through, and by which he may cognize and experience. This link is an etherial double or counterpart of his physical body, dwelling in the latter : and the physical body is Nature so far as the soul-man is concerned. In this etherial double (called astral body) are the sense-organs and centres of perception, the physical organs being only the external channels or means for concentrating the physical vibrations so as to transmit them to the astral organs and centres, where the soul perceives them as ideas or thoughts. This inner ethereal man is made of the ether which science is now admitting as a necessary part of Nature, but while it is etheric it is none the less substantial.

Speaking physically, all outer stimulus from nature is sent from without to within. But in the same way stimuli may be sent from the within to the without, and in the latter mode is it that our thoughts and desires propel us to act. Stimuli are sent from the astral man within to the periphery, the physical body, and may dominate the body so as to alter it or bring on a lesion, partial or total. Cases of the hair turning grey in a night are thus possible. And in this may a suggestion of a blister may make a physical swelling, secretion, inflammation, and sore on a subject who has submitted himself to the influence of the hypnotiser. The picture or idea of a blister is impressed on the astral body, and that controls all the physical nerves, sensations, currents, and secretions. It is done through the sympathetic nervous plexuses and ganglia. It was thus that estatic fanatical women and men, by brooding on the pictured idea of the wounds of Jesus, produced on their own bodies, by internal impression and stimulus projected to the surface, all the marks of crown of thorns and wounded side. It was self-hypnotisation, possible only in fanatical hysterical ecstasy. The constant brooding imprinted the picture deeply on the astral body ; then the physical molecules, ever changing, became impressed from within, and the *stigmata* were the result. In hypnotising done by another the only difference is one of time, as in the latter instances the operator has simply to make the image and impress it on the subject after the hypnotic process has been submitted to ; whereas in the self-hypnotisation a long-continued ecstasy is necessary to make the impression complete.

When the hypnotic process—or subjugation, as I call it—is submitted to, a disjunction is made between the soul-man and the astral body, which then is for the time deprived of will, and is the sport of any suggestion coming in unopposed, and those may and do sometimes arise outside of the mind and intention of the operator. From this arises the sensitiveness to suggestion. The idea, or thought, or picture of an act is impressed by suggesting it on the astral body, and then the patient is waked. At the appointed time given by the suggestor, a secondary sleep or hypnotic state arises automatically, and then the disjunction between soul and astral body coming about of itself, the suggested act is performed unless—as happens rarely—the soul-man resists sufficiently to prevent it. Hence we point to an element of danger in the fact

that at the suggested moment the hypnotic state comes on secondarily by association.

I do not know that hypnotisers have perceived this. It indicates that that although the subject be dehypnotised, the influence of the operator once thrown on the subject will remain until the day of the operator's death.

But how is it that the 'subject can see on a blank card the picture of an object which you have merely willed to be on it? This is because every thought of anyone makes a picture; and as thought of a definite image makes a definite form in the astral light in which the astral body exists and functions, inter-penetrating also every part of the physical body. Having thus imaged the picture on the card, it remains in the astral light or sphere surrounding the card, and is there objective to the astral sense of the hypnotised subject.

Body soul, and astral man, properly in relation, give us a sane man; hypnotised, the relation is broken, and we have a person who is not for the time wholly sane. Acute maniacs are those in whom the disjunction between the astral man and soul is complete. When the hypnotised one remains for months in that state, the astral man has become the slave of the body and its recollections; but as the soul is not concerned, no real memory is present, and no recollection of the period is retained.

The varied personalities assumed by some subjects brings up the doctrine of a former life on earth for all men. The division between soul and astral man releases the latter from some of the limitations of brain memory, so that the inner memory may act, and we then have a case of a person reëncacting some part of his former life or lives. But a second possibility also exists—that by this process another and different entity may enter the body and brain and masquerade as the real person. Such entities do exist, and are the astral shells of men and women out of the body. If they enter, the person becomes insane; and many a maniac is simply a body inhabited by an entity that does not belong to it.

The process of hypnotising is as yet unknown in respect to what does happen to the molecules. We claim that those molecules are pressed from periphery to centre, instead of being expanded from the inside to the surface. This contraction is one of the symptoms of death, and, therefore, hypnotising is a long step towards physical and moral death. The view expressed by Dr. Charcot that a subject is liable to fall under the influence at the hands of anyone should be admitted, as also that in the wake of the hypnotiser will be found a host of hysteriacs, and that it all should be regulated by law is unquestionable. I go still further, and say that many persons are already in a half-hypnotised state, easily influenced by the unprincipled or the immoral; that the power to hypnotise and to be sensitive to it are both progressive states of our racial evolution: that it can and will be used for selfish, wicked and degrading purposes unless the race, and especially the occidental portion of it, understands and practises true Ethics based on the brotherhood of man. Ethics of the purest are found in the words of Jesus, but are universally negated by Church, State, and individual. The Theosophical doctrines of man and nature give a true and necessary basis and enforcement to Ethics, devoid of favouritism or illogical schemes of eternal damnation. And only through those doctrines can the dangers of hypnotism be averted, since legislation while affixing penalties, will not alter or curtail private acts of selfishness and greed.—*The Path.*

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F.T.S.

THE STORY OF A STAR.

THE emotion that haunted me in that little cathedral town would be most difficult to describe. After the hurry, rattle and fever of the city, the rare weeks spent here were infinitely peaceful. They were full of a quaint sense of childhood, with sometimes a deeper chord touched—the giant and spiritual things childhood has dreams of. The little room I slept in had opposite its window the great grey cathedral wall; it was only in the evening that the sunlight crept round it, and appeared in the room strained through the faded green blind. It must have been this silvery quietness of colour which in some subtle way affected me with the feeling of a continual Sabbath; and this was strengthened by the bells chiming hour after hour: the pathos, penitence and hope expressed by the flying notes coloured the intervals with faint and delicate memories. They haunted my dreams, and I heard with unutterable longing the astral chimes pealing from some dim and vast cathedral of the cosmic memory, until the peace they tolled became almost a nightmare, and I longed for utter oblivion or forgetfulness of their reverberations.

More remarkable were the strange lapses into other worlds and times. Almost as frequent as the changing of the bells were the changes from state to state. I realised what is meant by the Indian philosophy of *Maya*. Truly my days were full of *Mayas*, and my work-a-day city life was no more real to me than one of those bright, brief glimpses of things long past. I talk of the past, and yet these moments taught me how false our ideas of time are. In the ever-living, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow are words of no meaning. I know I fell into what we call the past, and the things I counted as dead for ever were the things I had yet to endure. Out of the old age of earth I stepped into its childhood, and received once more the primal blessing of youth, ecstasy, and beauty. But these things are too vast and vague to speak of; the words we use to-day cannot tell their story. Nearer to our time is the legend that follows.

I was, I thought, one of the Magi of old Persia, inheritor of its forgotten lore, and using some of its powers. I tried to pierce through the great veil of nature, and feel the life that quickened it within. I tried to comprehend the birth and growth of planets, and to do this I rose spiritually, and passed beyond earth's confines into that seeming void which is the matrix where they germinate.¹ On one of these journeys I was struck by the phantasm, so it seemed, of a planet I had not observed before. I could not then observe closer, and coming again on another occasion it had disappeared. After the lapse of many months I saw it once more, brilliant with fiery beauty—its motion was slow, rotating around some invisible centre. I pondered over it, and seemed to know that that invisible centre was its primordial spiritual state, from which it emerged a little while and into which it then withdrew. Short was its day; its shining faded into a glimmer, and then into darkness in a few months. I learned its time and cycles; I made preparations and determined to await its coming.

THE BIRTH OF A PLANET.

At first silence, and then an inner music, and then the sounds of song throughout the vastness of its orbit grew as many in number as there were stars at gaze. Avenues and vistas of sound! They reeled to and fro. They poured from a universal stillness quick with unheard things. They rushed forth and broke into a myriad voices gay with childhood. From age and the eternal they rushed forth into youth. They filled the void with revelling and exultation. In rebellion they then returned and entered the dreadful Fountain.

Again they came forth, and the sounds faded into whispers ; they rejoiced once again, and again died into silence.

And now all around glowed a vast twilight : it filled the cradle of the planet with colourless fire. I felt a rippling motion which impelled me away from the centre to the circumference. At that centre a still flame began to lighten ; a new change took place and space began to curdle : a milky and nebulous substance rocked to and fro. At every motion the pulsation of its rhythm carried it further and further away from the centre, it grew darker and a great purple shadow covered it, so that I could see it no longer. I was now on the outer

verge, where the twilight still continued to encircle the planet with zones of clear transparent light. As night after night I rose up to visit it they grew many coloured and brighter. I saw the imagination of nature visibly at work. I wandered through shadowy immaterial forests, a titanic vegetation built up of light and colour ; I saw it growing denser, hung with festoons and trailers of fire and spotted with the light of myriad flowers such as earth never knew. Coincident with the appearance of these things I felt within myself as if in harmonious movement, a sense of joyousness, an increase of self-consciousness ; I felt full of gladness, youth and the mystery of the new. I felt that greater powers were about to appear, those who had thrown outwards this world and erected it as a palace in space.

I could not tell half the wonder of this strange race. I could not myself comprehend more than a little of the mystery of their being. They recognised my presence there, and communicated with me in such a way that I can only describe it by saying that they seemed to enter into my soul breathing a fiery life ; yet, I knew that the highest I could reach to was but the outer verge of their spiritual nature, and to tell you but a little I have many times to translate it, for in the first unity with their thought I touched on an almost universal sphere of life, I peered into the ancient heart that beats throughout time ; and this knowledge became changed in me, first, into a vast and nebulous symbology, and so down through many degrees of human thought into words which hold not at all the pristine and magical beauty.

I stood before one of this race, and I thought, "What is the meaning and end of life here ?" Within me I felt the answering ecstasy that illuminated with vistas of dawn and rest, it seemed to say :

"Our spring and our summer are an unfolding into light and form, and our autumn and winter are a fading into the infinite soul."

I thought, "To what end is this life poured forth and withdrawn ?"

He came nearer and touched me ; once more I felt the thrill of being that changed itself into the vistas.

"The end is creation, and creation is joy : the One awakens out of quiescence as we come forth, and knows itself in us ; as we return, we enter it in gladness, knowing ourselves. After long cycles the world you live in will become like ours ; it will be poured forth and withdrawn ; a mystic breath, a mirror to glass your being."

He disappeared, while I wondered what cyclic changes would transmute our ball of mud into the subtle substance of thought.

In that world I dared not stay during its period of withdrawal ; having entered a little into its life, I became subject to its laws : the Power on its return would have dissolved my being utterly. I felt with a wild terror its clutch upon me, and I withdrew from the departing glory, from the greatness that was my destiny—but not yet.

From such dreams I would be aroused, perhaps by a gentle knock at my door, and my little cousin Margaret's quaint face would peep in with a "Cousin Robert, are you not coming down to supper?"

Of such dreams in the light of after study I would speak a little. All this was but symbol, requiring to be thrice sublimed in interpretation ere its true meaning can be grasped. I do not know whether worlds are heralded by such glad songs, or whether any have such a fleeting existence, for the mind that reflects truth is deluded with strange phantasies of time and place in which seconds are rolled out into centuries, and long cycles are reflected in an instant of time. There is within us a little space through which all the threads of the universe are drawn, and surrounding that incomprehensible centre the mind of man sometimes catches glimpses of things which are true only in those glimpses; when we record them, the true has vanished, and a shadowy story—such as this—alone remains. Yet, perhaps, the time is not altogether wasted in considering legends like these, for they reveal, though but in phantasy and symbol, a greatness we are heirs to, a destiny which is ours, though it be yet far away. Æ.

—:O:—

SILENCE.

Among the wise of secret knowledge I am their silence.

Those are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty for Good or evil, who can at times keep silence when it is a pain to them.

AMID unrest and discord, the fever and the fret, the jarring and strife of the warring senses the soul longs with an intensity that is pain for that deep, that "Divine silence which is the knowledge of it and the rest of all the senses," to enter that Kingdom of Heaven which is within, where the dim spark burns by whose light alone the realms of the real are lighted.

Across the ages a quiet voice reaches me from one who, in some measure, strove and achieved; a great soul who in the quiet of a monastic cell sought in prayer and aspiration the perfect silence, and heard at times "mysterious sounds" within that silence. "There are three silences he taught: the silence of speech, the silence of desire, the silence of thought; these three commingling each with each make up the perfect silence which is knowledge." The secret of silence how great it is! what power is his who possesses it! golden silence, power won by self-conquest only and after much strife, greater is he who can keep silence when it is a pain to him than the greatest conqueror earth's battle fields have ever known: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end (or aim) of that man is peace," the peace of quiet heart and lips, the peace born of silence and strength.

The strength to know, to will, to dare, and to be silent must be possessed by those whose intense yearning is to find the wisdom religion, to tread the "path that stretches far away"; those who find it walk among men unperceived, unknown, yet kings among their fellows, "great and peaceful ones," making the highways and byeways of this world brighter for others, moving like a benediction, yet speaking not of whence their peace came; like Arthur's knight, if questioned they could say, "I saw it, but I may not speak of it"; the seal of the mysteries is on the lips for ever; for of the realm, the place in which the voice of the Silence can be heard who can speak? How explain by word or symbol the laws of the planes whose secrets are not of speech but of vibration? Planes that can be entered, not understood by brain-knowledge, since the mind cannot open out upon the real; *to be* is to know since "it cannot be reached by speech, by mind, or by the eye, it cannot be apprehended except by

him who says it is." Devotion, aspiration, vibration are the key-notes perhaps; each seeks, each finds for himself, each is to himself way and truth and life, and he who has learned to keep silent has taken at least some steps towards the goal. To keep silence, to strive to find "one's one place," "the place that is undefiled," He who would learn must first plant his own feet firmly there, and in his soul keep silence, whatever the tumult without; by silent meditation, not at set times only, but constantly in the cave of the heart, to develop that intuitive perception of the true that he will be able to recognize the message when it comes, no matter who the messenger may be, perhaps the words of a little child will be fraught with meaning, or the blundering inadequately expressed sentence given from the heart by one whom we thought ignorant; a line hastily scanned, a thought that comes unsought, yet full of illumination, each, all may be indirect messages to the waiting soul.

Silence of speech; content to wait quietly until be are sure that what we say will help; willing to be dumb and learners only, until sure that what we give to others is not coloured by our own imagination, or impressions, or personality.

To keep silence awhile, no matter how our hearts long to pass on the message, or to seek out those who know still less, and "let them hear the law." We need, if we would help by our teaching, to be able to say the right word to the right person at the right moment. The power to do this is not the learning of a day, the mushroom growth of a night, but the reward of many lives of one-pointed aspiration, of persevering devotion, of unselfish love for others, and impersonal work for humanity. The longer we strive for such devotion the more the channels we become through which the gracious influences from higher planes may reach others. When we get to that stage we shall have lost all feeling of personality in the matter, be content to speak or hold our peace and the message will be *Theirs*, not ours; as *Theirs* it will be given with no thoughts of ours as to results. Better to give the message silently by our life and acts and loving sympathy than in words, since those alone have the gift of right speech who have first learnt the secret of silence.

Silence of speech where others are concerned, the silence of kindness that remains unbroken when it cannot praise; the silence that condemns not and is not critical; where all is said in the helpful act, the cheery smile, the hands of brotherhood held out to those who stumble, or fall, or sink in the mire of life; we can see nothing in others to condemn that is not in us, the like alone recognises the like, and it is a sure sign that we, too, have the same faults to combat when we condemn, we have not yet reached those heights of purity where we can stand with one of old who said, "neither do I condemn." Our own garments cling still too heavily around our feet weighted by the mire and dust for us to think of, much less expose the faults of others; far better to cultivate the attitude of mind that sees beneath all faults, all failure, how beautiful our brother is.

The truth is, we cannot dry the tears of others, we cannot help them to help themselves if we try to be self-constituted angels of mercy and judges at the same time. The service of those who love in the cause of those who suffer must be like the dew that falls in silence upon the arid ground of hearts parched with passion and pain, if we would help them. Ours must be the silence that sanctions rather than answers the careless words that wound us, the wrongful judgment, the wilful scandal, the bitter taunt; silence kept when to be silent is a pain to us; silence when by some word of ours we might remove wrong impressions at the cost of pain to some other one, and discord and friction in striving to set right what time will surely heal,

What do the pains spring from but personality ; our task then lies before us to hinder not the words of others, but the feeling of separateness which makes us suffer ; to enter into the place of peace, and take refuge there from the sharp arrows of bitter words.

The silence and refraining from self-praise ; the silence of acceptance of our lot in life, of not murmuring or chafing like a coward against our Karma, since "He who believes in what he professes, and in his Master, will stand it, and come out of the trial victorious : he who doubts, the coward who fears to receive his just dues, fails." The silence that accepts all if not cheerfully at least in the spirit of thankfulness for trials permitted, which are opportunities for development.

K. B. LAURENCE.

(To be continued.)

—:o:—

H. P. B.

(In Memoriam.)

Though swift the days flow from her day,
No one has left her day unnamed :
We know what light broke from her ray
On us, who in the truth proclaimed

Grew brother with the stars and powers
That stretch away—away to light,
And fade within the primal hours,
And in the wondrous First unite.

We lose with her the right to scorn
The voices scornful of her truth :
With her a deeper love was born
For those who filled her days with ruth.

To her they were not sordid things :
In them sometimes—her wisdom said—
The Bird of Paradise had wings ;
It only dreams, it is not dead.

We cannot for forgetfulness
Forego the reverence due to them,
Who wear at times they do not guess
The sceptre and the diadem.

With wisdom of the olden time
She made the hearts of dust to flame ;
And fired us with the hope sublime
Our ancient heritage to claim ;

That turning from the visible,
By vastness unappalled nor stayed,
Our wills might rule beside that Will
By which the tribal stars are swayed ;

And entering the heroic strife,
Tread in the way their feet have trod
Who move within a vaster life,
Sparks in the Fire—Gods amid God.

R.

LOTUS CIRCLE.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

"WHERE IS GOD?"

MAUD had been sitting very still for some time studying the crown of her hat. She had lifted the lining and looked beneath at the neatly-joined straw, then replaced the silken covering with her deft little fingers. A baffled look was on the sweet, serious face, and a deep sigh escaped between the red childish lips. Presently a happy thought seemed to strike the little maiden, and she went quickly across the sunny lawn, in at the open hall door, and up to the hat stand. Here a difficulty presented itself. A gentleman's silk hat, of the kind commonly called a "chimney-pot," hung on the top peg—but, alas! far out of reach of the little lady. A large oaken seat stood near, and suggested the possibility of climbing. Maud was not easily thwarted when she had taken any work in hand, and by putting forth all her strength she succeeded at last in dragging and pushing the chair into the desired position. But when she had mounted, and stretched her arms as far as they would go, she was still some inches from the object of her desire. Fortunately for the little girl, a walking-stick stood in the stand; carefully with the aid of this she managed to dislodge the hat, which in another instant would have rolled upon the floor, when a long arm, reaching over Maudie's head, saved the "chimney-pot" from destruction, and a gentle grasp round the little waist kept the startled child from falling.

"Why, darling, what were you going to do with Uncle Charlie's hat?"

"Oh, mother dear, I want it so, just a minute. I will not hurt it; do let me look inside."

"You would have hurt it very much, you puss, if I had not seen you just in time. But you may look into it, since you have taken so much trouble about it. There it is. Now, what do you see?"

"Nothing," said the disappointed mite after a careful and silent inspection, and she heaved a long drawn sigh.

"But, Maudie, what did you expect to find?" asked Mrs. Mason, as she walked back in the garden, and down to her shady seat by the river, accompanied by her little girl.

"I was looking for God mother," said the child, in a low and solemn voice. Mrs. Mason stood still with astonishment for a minute, looking into the earnest up-turned face. The large grey eyes of her daughter were watching her anxiously; and her nature was far too reverent to treat lightly the troubles of an awakening soul. But it was with difficulty she repressed a smile as an explanation of the foregoing scene dawned upon her mind. That morning, at her own urgent request, Maud, though eight years old, had paid her first visit to the village church. Uncle Charlie had been her only companion, and doubtless she had noticed, with her watchful eyes, the opening ceremony of words of prayer, apparently whispered into the crown of a hat.

"Come with me, dearest, and we will sit under the chesnut tree upon the bank, and if you will tell me what you have been thinking about God, perhaps I may be able to help you find Him."

Maud was a silent and thoughtful child, to whom words did not come

easily, so that it was some time before she was able to follow her mother's suggestion. Then in a slow hesitating manner, as though she had to fetch her thoughts from a long way, she began :—"When nurse was dressing me this morning, I asked her why she went away on Sunday to church, and left me to play with Jane. I like nurse best, she is quiet. Jane always wants to look at books, or play the Scripture puzzle, or amuse me. I do not like to be amused. I want to think about lots of things. Nurse understands that I am busy, and does not interrupt me."

"Say 'interrupt,' Maud?"

"Yes, dear."

"But about church. What did nurse tell you?"

"Oh, she said people went to church to pray to God. Then, I asked her what 'to pray' meant? She said it was just talking and asking for what you want. But I do not think she liked to be questioned, because when I said I supposed God lived in the church, because you know, mother, nurse called it 'God's House,' she said I was a funny little thing, she could not talk to me; I had better ask you about it. But I did not want to interrupt you, mother, so I asked Uncle Charlie to take me to church. I thought I could see for myself. But I did not see God. And I did not hear anybody asking him for anything, or talking to him, as nurse said. We got there last, I think, and there were lots of people, the farmers and their wives, and our workmen and their wives and children: and they had all put on their best clothes, as they do when we have a flower show here. But they did not seem nice to-day. When I smiled and nodded at them they only *half* smiled back. So I thought, perhaps, they were not in a good temper, so I took no more notice. Then we went and sat in a little room shut off, and Uncle Charlie, who held his hat in his hand, looked into the crown. And I wondered whether he was as disappointed as I was, that he did not see God, and was looking for him. But, of course, that was silly. Directly we sat down, Uncle William came out of a little door, with a white combing-jacket over his coat, and began talking very quickly and very loud. Not a bit as he talks when he comes here. And then sometimes the people stood up and shouted, and sometimes they sat down and Uncle William shouted. It was horrible. I never, never want to go to church again. I do not wonder God does not stay at home on Sunday, if people talk to him like that. But, mother, it is not very polite, is it, to go out when people come a long way to see you, even if they are not very nice in their way? Uncle William was not nice to-day. But he was not in a bad temper, for he looked very, very pleased, and I thought a little surprised, too, when he saw Uncle Charlie and me." "And you were disappointed, Maud, with your first visit to church? But you were wrong in supposing that the Master of that house of prayer was not at home."

"Was he there, mother, and I never saw him?" asked the child with quick, anxious gaze.

"I think you must have seen, but you did not understand for what to look. God is everywhere. There is nothing in the world but the manifestation of God. You looked for a man or woman, did you not?"

"For a man, I think, mother, because nurse calls him 'he.'"

"But God is not a person at all. The Divine Power, which men call 'God,' is a spirit. It is without form, because it is everywhere. It is love. It is truth. It is light. You know that I love you?"

"Yes, mother, I *feel* it. And I *love* you. I *feel* that, too."

"That love is something real. But we cannot see it. It has no form,

No shape. No limit. It is a spark from the Divine Power. You can see from this that something can *be*, yet have no form."

"But where was this love in church this morning, mother?"

"Tell me what was in the church and we will find the Power without form that fills everything."

There were people, and seats, and little rooms like the one we sat in; and a reading desk, and a big brown box with steps leading to it, and a large red cushion with tassels on the top."

"Is that all?"

"Windows and doors, of course."

"Did you not breathe while you were in church?"

"Oh, you mean there was air."

"But you cannot see the air?"

"No."

"And yet it is everywhere, round everything, and in everything, and without it nothing can live, and it is The Breath of Life."

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

* * All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged and appear under this heading.

Subject for September—"The Potency of Sound" (continued).

THE POTENCY OF SOUND.

EVERY metre in the *Brahmanas* corresponds to a number, and as shown by Haug, as it stands in the sacred volumes, is a prototype of some visible form on earth, and its effects are either good or evil. The "sacred speech" can save, but it can kill as well; its many meanings and faculties are well known but to the *Dikshita* (the adept), who has been initiated into many mysteries, and whose "spiritual birth" is completely achieved: the Vach of the *mantra* is a spoken power, which awakens another corresponding and still more occult power, each allegorically personified by some god in the world of spirits, and, according as it is used, responded to either by the gods or the *Rakshasas* (bad spirits). In the Brahmanical and Buddhist ideas, a curse, a blessing, a vow, a desire, an idle thought, can each assume a visible shape, and so manifest itself *objectively* to the eyes of its author, or to him that it concerns. There are words which have a distinctive quality in their very syllables, as though objective things; for every sound awakens a corresponding one in the invisible world of spirit, and the repercussion produces either a good or bad effect. Harmonious rhythm, a melody vibrating softly in the atmosphere, creates a beneficent and sweet influence around, and acts most powerfully on the psychological as well as physical natures of every living thing on earth; it reacts even on inanimate objects, for matter is still spirit in its essence,

invisible as it may seem to our grosser senses.—H.P.B. *Isis Unveiled*. Vol. ii., 410.

Many are the fakirs, who, though pure and honest and self-devoted, have yet never seen the astral form of a purely *human pitar* (an ancestor or father) otherwise than at the solemn moment of their first and last initiation. It is in the presence of his instructor, the guru, that he is suddenly placed face to face with the unknown PRESENCE. He sees it and falls prostrate at the feet of the evanescent form, but is not entrusted with the great secret of its evocation; for it is the supreme mystery of the holy syllable. The AUM contains the evocation of Vedic triad, the Trimurti Brahma Vishnu, Sivā, say the Orientalists; it contains the evocation of *something more real and objective than this triune abstraction*—we say, respectfully contradicting the eminent scientists. It is the trinity of man himself, on his way to become immortal through the solemn union of his inner triune SELF—the exterior, gross body, the husk not even being taken in consideration in this human trinity.—*Ibid.* Vol. ii., 114.

Akasa is the highest substratum of this universe, or what has formed the universe by its own power or the motion or breath inherent in it. This motion is generally called sound, because it correlates most closely with that power in man to produce a motion called speech. Sound, then, is the property of Akasa, and the only property, because any motion of Akasa direct is only sound. When we say that Akasa is the basis of sound, it must not be supposed that it is a kind of physical essence, having its particles in a state of inter-molecular motion. Such a conception would be quite wrong. It must be conceived only as a kind of divine light, having within itself a material essence capable of vibration. This material essence is called SOMA in Sanskrit.—A.N.S. *Branch Paper xiii. Indian Section.*

A mantra is simply a series of sounds framed with a special reference to all subtle powers and their relations to sound. Take a seed, understand and spiritually realise what it is, know the song that nature will have to sing before that seed sprouts up into a tree, and sing it yourself, mesmerically connecting your speech and the tree. The tree grows, though miraculously, in a truly scientific and natural way. He is then a magician who knows and talks accordingly. Let us then, Theosophists, realize that sound is a power, and that he is a Yogi who will talk little, and talk to express his inner nature, for good and not for evil.—*Ibid.*

(To be Continued.)

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DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The opening meetings will be resumed on Wednesday, 5th September, at 8.15 p.m. The first two discussions are to be as follows :—

| | | |
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| 5th Sept | "Some Difficulties in Theosophy Considered," | D. N. Dunlop. |
| 12th " | "Sub-conscious Mind," | F. J. Dick. |

FRED. J. DICK,
Hon. Sec.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

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NOTICE.

The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

THIS number completes our Second Volume. We thank subscribers for their past support, and hope they will not only renew their own subscriptions, but help us in obtaining new ones. For our part, we shall endeavour to go on improving each number; and repeat what we have said on former occasions, that we are always open to receive our readers' suggestions, consider them carefully, and, where practicable, carry them into effect. Some important changes will be made early in the new volume. A subscription form accompanies present number.

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Discoveries proceed. Forces, hitherto denied by the ardent votaries of materialism, but recognised and understood from time immemorial by occult science, are now being brought to light. A series of very wonderful experiments, which just have been concluded by Dr. Luys, whose observations and discoveries in connection with magnetism and electricity in relation to hypnotism, made a profound impression upon the scientific world some time ago, have led to a remarkable result. The latest discovery establishes the fact that cerebral activity can be transferred to a crown of magnetised iron in which the activity can be retained, and subsequently passed on to a second person. Incredible as this may seem, Dr. Luys has proved its possibility by the experiments just referred to. He placed the crown, which in reality is only a circular band of magnetised iron, on the head of a female patient suffering from melancholia, with a mania for self-destruction, and with such success was the experiment attended that within a fortnight the patient could be allowed to go free without danger, the crown having absorbed all her marked tendencies. About two weeks afterwards he put the same crown, which meanwhile had been carefully kept free from contact with anything else, on the head of a male patient suffering from hysteria complicated by frequent recurrent periods of lethargy. The patient was then hypnotised, and immediately comported himself after the manner of the woman who had previously worn the crown. Indeed he practically assumed her personality, and spoke of himself as a woman, and uttered exactly the same complaints as she had done. Similar phenomena had, it is reported, been observed in the case of every patient experimented upon. Another experiment showed that the crown retained the impression acquired until it was made red hot.

Mr. Gladstone has written a remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*, chiefly directed against Mrs. Besant's view of the Atonement as expressed in the book published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, entitled "Annie Besant: An Autobiography." Having only short newspaper reports before us at present, we cannot enter very fully into a consideration of the attitude adopted by Mr. Gladstone. The main point in support of his position seems to be that the Atonement "only repeats a phenomenon with which we are perfectly familiar in the natural and social order of the world, where the good, at the expense of pain endured by them, procure benefits for the unworthy." The following quotation points out, in our opinion, the weakness of the position: "If pardon be, even for a moment, severed from a moral process of renovation, if these two are not made to stand in organic and vital connection with one another, that door is opened through which mischief will rush in, and thus pardon may be made to hold an illegitimate place in the Christian system." It is because "the essence and root of this matter lies in the idea of good, vicariously conveyed," that the sense of "pardon" is too frequently unaccompanied by any "moral renovation" whatever, and that the door has been opened through which mischief has rushed in, and almost overwhelmed the Church at large. We hope Mrs. Besant will find time to reply to this article. If so, we are inclined to feel sympathy for Mr. Gladstone.

—:O:—

Socialists and other Reformers who have faith that good at last will come to all mankind, are frequently accused of "day dreaming." As will be seen from the following, they are by no means alone in this respect. A remarkable speech by M. Berthelot at the banquet of the Syndical Chamber of Chemical Product Manufacturers is summarised by a Paris correspondent, who says that M. Berthelot's subject was: "The world in the year 2,000." After saying that he looked to chemistry for deliverance from present-day social evils and for the possibility of realising the Socialists' dreams, that is if a spiritual chemistry could be discovered to change human nature as deeply as chemical science could modify the globe, he continued: "This change will be greatly due to chemistry utilising the heat of the sun and the central heat of the globe. The latter can be obtained by shafts 3,000 or 4,000 metres in depth. Modern engineers are equal to the task of sinking. Then the water down so deep would be hot, and able to keep all possible machinery going. By natural distillation it would furnish fluid free from microbes, and would be an unlimited source of chemical and electrical energy. This could be everywhere developed, and thousands of years might pass without any noticeable diminution. With such a source of heat all chemical transformation will be easy. The production of alimentary matters will be a consequence. This production is in principle resolved, and has been for forty years, by the syntheses of grease and oils. That of hydrates of carbon is going on, and that of nitrogenous substances is not far off. When energy can be cheaply obtained, food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen taken from the air. What work the vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better, and with far greater profusion, and independently of seasons or evil microbes or insects. There will be then no passion to own land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral, and barren regions may be preferable to fertile as habitable places, because they will not be pestiferous from ages of manuring. The reign of chemistry will beautify the planet. There will, under it, be no need to disfigure it with the geometrical works of the agriculturist, or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its verdure and flora. The earth will be a vast pleasure garden, and the

human race will live in peace and plenty. But it will not be idle, for idleness is not happiness, and work is the source of all virtue. In the earth, renewed by chemistry, people will work more than ever, but according to their special tastes and faculties, and from high and noble motives. The great object will be then to develop more and more the æsthetic and the intellectual faculties."

—:O:—

HOW THEOSOPHY AFFECTS ONE'S VIEW OF LIFE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE DUBLIN LODGE.

IN asking you to consider with me the influence of the system of thought called Theosophy upon one's view of all the things which are included in the term Life, I have to preface my remarks by the confession that I have not extracted my ideas from portly volumes, or indeed, engaged in any great research; and I have further to ask you to believe that what you will hear is the most unbiassed statement, as far as possible, on the subjects which will necessarily come under notice.

The outlook of any individual mind is not a constant quantity; it is to some extent determined by education, environment, and innate tendencies; but it is always subject to alteration; it is constantly feeling the influence of subtle forces and circumstances, and it changes with every fresh experience and every new sensation. Still these influences seldom evince their presence by a great reversal of the mental attitude, and we are best able to sense them by seeing how the actions of the individual, which are very largely the voluntary or involuntary expression of his standpoint, represent at different times changes in that standpoint. Indeed, one's own experience will supply plenty of material to work upon; for, I daresay no one will insist that his present attitude towards the rest of the universe is identical with that of ten or five years ago, or even one year. A little examination will show that the mental processes which precede some definite action are altered in some important manner from those of 1890. The question which is of importance is to find out how the change has come about, and whether one is to allow extraneous events to master his mental conclusions, or one is to become, through wisdom acquired by effort, the conscious master of his destiny.

Theosophy has for its leading tenet the absolute unity in essence and correlation of all life, whether visible, invisible, material, intellectual, spiritual, and this affords at once a clue to the consideration of the present subject; for, according to the view which the individual thinker takes of the powers and relations of the mind itself will be his view of the duties and responsibilities which these powers and relations involve; in other words, Ethics or moral philosophy must be based upon metaphysics. Now, I wish to be as brief as possible in pointing out the Theosophic view of the mind and soul, and their powers and relations; and were it not that it is necessary for the unity of my remarks, I would take refuge in referring to the numerous able, intellectual, and forcible expositions of this matter which you have heard in this room.

Theosophy, to put it as concisely as possible, accepts the universe as "the unfolding of a Divine life, functioning in every form of living and non-living things." Man is viewed as a compound being, a spark of this Divine universal spirit being clothed with the body. The immortal indestructible part of man consists of this spark of universal spirit, its vehicle the human spirit, and the mind or intellectual faculties. It uses as a dwelling the body, with its animal life, its passions and appetites, to which mankind is so prone to attach tremendous importance. The connecting link is the mind, which, being full of agitation, strong, and obstinate, senses all the material existence, is moved by

the hopes and fears, and the storm of existence. The lesson, ever insisted on as having to be learnt, is that the lower part of man, the body, and its attachments, have to be conquered and purified; and the only way to teach it its true functions is by suffering; and when this is done, we shall have got somewhere nearer the goal, when we shall identify our consciousness with our true self, not with the illusion. The powers of the mind to sense all existence, and its relations towards the rest of our being as the connecting link, bearing the contact with external things towards the soul, and at times being the vehicle of the Wisdom which is one of the attributes of that which has no attribute: I say, then, these powers and relations of the mind, which one finds everywhere treated of in Theosophical literature, are the determining factors in the formation of our Ethics. And since, from Socrates down, we are taught that self-knowledge is necessary for guidance of one's conduct, the knowledge of the mind and its capacities is at once shadowed forth as of immense value. It has at least three elementary powers—viz., the power of knowing, the power of feeling, and the power of acting. These powers, though distinguishable, are not separable; but rather when we distinguish knowledge, feeling, and action, what we call by these names will be found, when accurately examined, to be combinations of the three elements, differing only in respect to the element which preponderates. Locke would have us suppose that when I say "I know," it means that an object is inserted into my consciousness as into a bag. But no bag could produce the phenomenon of knowledge. To produce it requires the putting forth of an active power, which we call intelligence. The knowledge of an object always produces in the mind some emotion with regard to it: this emotion is normally pleasure. Sometimes the difficulties which beset the acquisition of knowledge are so great and cause such dissatisfaction and pain that the mind is tempted to banish them, together with the object which excites them, from its consciousness. Knowledge and the emotions to which it gives rise induce those actions which are the result of the inherent activity of the mind stimulated by them. Thus we see that the antecedents of all action include intelligence as an active power: and Ethics, more particularly Theosophical Ethics, are seen to have a practical value, and not merely a speculative interest.

Having digressed thus far from my subject, the point to which I proceed to address myself is, the working out on the individual of the system of which I have tried to shadow forth the greater truths. The first class I will deal with are the *indifferent*. To them, Theosophy presents the widest possible field of, and reasons for, activity that can be desired. It shows that no action is without its direct permanent result, and that consequently the position of the indifferent is absolutely untenable. No one who has studied Theosophical literature can ever find there a justification for mere *laissez-faire*. It points out the enormous value of what we call trifles, and the comparatively trifling value of what the indifferent would take most note. Theosophy always insists on action in some direction, preferably conscious, well-directed action, with a pure motive.

The *Agnostic* is, as it were, Theosophy's special care—It shows him at once the directions in which further, fuller, and greater knowledge of every branch of science or philosophy can be gained. It says to him "pursue your previous method of enquiry, and remember, taking nothing for granted, do not accept others' authority. Seek for knowledge: we can only point the way we have ourselves gone. Investigate every nook and corner of your mind, and learn how to control it and your sense perceptions. Then you will no longer mistrust your results as possibly imperfect, but you will have attained to some closer contact with Truth." To both the Agnostic and the indifferent, the study of

Theosophy will bring a consciousness of the responsibility towards others, which is the basis of our universal brotherhood. It will tend to remove the personal element which has hitherto done so much to cloud and obscure one's investigations; and it will gradually lead to the elimination of the anxiety as to results, which will bring us (by the removal of remorse or approval) to calmness of mind, in which condition great work can be achieved.

The appeal of Theosophy to the *scientific investigator* is practically identical with the last. It will show him what so many of his confreres are more or less tacitly recognising, that the hopeless and soul-deadening belief of the Materialist (that all the growth of the race, the struggling towards a higher life, the aspirations towards virtue shall absolutely vanish, and leave no trace), is a crushing mental burden which leads to absolute negation; it will show the spiritual nature of man in perfect consistence with the true theories, and as dependent on fundamental laws and causes.

Coming from the region of unbelief to belief, to use these words in their narrowest sense, let us consider what way Theosophy will affect a believer in doctrines of some system of religious thought. To take the ordinary Protestant first; Theosophy is apparently likely to fail on account of its taking away the personality of the Deity, and the habit of prayer: for to both of these doctrines the earnest churchman is attached. But if it does do so, what does it substitute? It puts forward an atonement, not an atonement of 1,861 years ago, but a daily atonement to be carried out in each one's life, and having as great an influence on one's fellows; it suggests the possibility of realising even on earth what is an absolute reality in spirit, the brotherhood of man; and it views Christ, not as an ultra-cosmic being condescending to become human, but as a great teacher, whose counterpart and possibilities are within each one of us, if we but seek the true path. Also, and this is a small point, it removes the horrible canker of church government, which ministers so powerfully to the idea of separateness and personality: and lastly, it offers, in place of mouthing prayers to a God whom one is taught to fear ten times to the once that love is insisted on, a union with that higher self which, if pursued, brings peace, wisdom, an infinite compassion, and an infinite love.

What has Theosophy to offer to the Roman Catholic? All that it offers to the Protestant; with this addition, that not merely one woman is exalted, but all womankind as being of the same essence and spirit of all nature. It shows that there is no superiority, but that by effort, by training, by aspiration, everyone, both man and woman, shall be found worthy of being taken into heaven, and joined again to the one source of life and being. It shows the whole doctrine of saintliness and blessedness to have a source in Truth, though overlaid and altered.

And what of the other sheep? What of that soul which, feeling compelled by its intuitions to recognise the essential divinity of man, yet find no expression in the churches which will fit into its emotional nature? What of him whom, for want of a better word, I shall call a Symbolist, who is always striving to express in some form of art or thought, that divine energy which is wisdom, consciousness, and energy all in one? Does not Theosophy afford the very best outlet for his soul force? Are not its ideas on a level with, if not higher than, what his most sublime moments of feeling can bring before him? Surely if anyone can find peace in its bosom, the Symbolist, ever struggling to express his sense of the True, the Beautiful, which are, after all, but a second reflection of the Higher mind, with its knowledge of the essence of all life, can therein do his noblest work for Humanity in company with those who, having previously done all they could for the race through a sense of duty arising from

intuitions they declined to recognise, have found in the doctrines of Theosophy the broadest possible field for such work, and the purest motive.

And now, changing from particular types, how do we look upon Theosophy as a power in Ethics? We find the elimination of the selfish instinct insisted upon as necessary for the progress of the Ego through its material envelope to a full and complete knowledge of its higher self; we find the doctrine of Brotherhood put forward in its noblest aspects; we find as a necessary corollary that responsibility is increased and widened with an accompanying sense of power to accept and carry on that responsibility; with the growth of higher feeling within us comes a sense of added strength; we learn gradually to work without consideration or anxiety for results; we grow more tolerant of our neighbour's shortcomings, and less so of our own; we find that by disengaging ourselves from the objects of the senses, we become indifferent to small troubles, and more free to assist our neighbour when they press on him; with the knowledge of the causes of present conditions lying in past action, and our present actions going to be the causes of future conditions, we place ourselves in a position to work to the full extent of our powers to set in motion such causes as will bring about the happiest results for Humanity as a whole; we learn to look upon death, not as the opening of the spiritual life, but as a release from a weight which keeps under the spiritual life, which is always with us, now as well as before birth and after death; we learn to sense the methods by which the universe works out its destiny; we find every day growing stronger that sense of immortality, of absolute union with the universal soul, which at first merely manifested itself in strange feelings and emotions; we find the clues to the control of our physical and mental faculties, and are not surprised to discover the ten-thousand-fold increase in value these faculties then bear; we put ourselves more and more in harmony with what we feel to be the source of all Truth; we find ourselves gradually able to give expression to those dumb feelings which we could not find words for, of its grandeur and greatness; until finally we come, after many incarnations, after suffering, after despair sometimes, to a knowledge which transcends all human knowledge, to a bliss which is above our present ideas, to a peace which the world cannot give, which surpasseth all understanding, and are then ready to give up that bliss and peace, and to use that knowledge for the divine compassion towards our fellows who are following.

But how are we to hope for this progress? What are we to do to realise these ideas? Is it by wishing for it that this state will come about? Is there no everyday way of getting forward? These are some of the questions which will rise naturally to the lips of any here who are not thoroughly acquainted with Theosophical ideas: and what have we to say in reply? Are we to confess Theosophy is a doctrine only for the learned, the cultured, the wealthy? Are we to acknowledge that Christianity or Agnosticism is more practical, easier for the men in the street to grasp? Are we to say that Theosophy is not a gospel for to-day? No: a thousand times no! If there is one result of a study of Theosophy, it is the gaining of Hope, a sure and certain Hope, which soon becomes Trust, and later, knowledge. I affirm most strongly that there is no one to whom Theosophy in some of its myriad aspects does not appeal, and appeal strongly enough to cause it to be the ruling passion of his existence; but I do also affirm as strongly, that in Theosophy, as in all other things, what are necessary are, pure motive and perseverance. It costs no one anything to spend an hour a day in meditation on some aspect of life; in thinking of our eternal nature and striving to place ourselves *en rapport* with our highest ideals of purity, nobility, Truth. Then cannot we get the idea of

universal brotherhood firmly fixed in our consciousness as an actual reality to be attained, and always act upon that basis. To me, the thought of the absolute unity of all life, affords as high an ideal for putting into practical shape as my deficient development allows me. Cannot we get this ideal or some other ideal so essential a part of our thought that it colours all our feelings, emotions and actions? We will then be doing our part in the struggle. We will not be of the Laodiceans, who were neither hot nor cold. Let us try this: let us see whether it will have such an effect, and if we, by our personal experience, have convinced ourselves of the reality of this, let us progress further, and by a further trial find out the greater truths beyond. Re-incarnation and Karma are essentially doctrines for the poor and needy; they will grasp them, and they will be in very truth, salvation—both moral, mental and physical. Intellectual subtleties are not needed in Theosophy: it is spiritual perception, and who will dare say to the poor that they have less of this than their fellows?

The only region where the "exclusiveness" argument can have even a momentary hold is with regard to Occultism. There is in most people's mind a distrust of anything secret. But remember, believe only in what your own test has shown you to be true: and learn not to condemn those who have found some irresistible impulse urging them forward to seek further. Besides, anyone who is not clear in his motive in studying Occultism had better pause before he pledges himself to anything, or undertakes that the result of which he does not know even dimly.

And before passing from this digression, let me insist strongly once again on the fact that true progress will come only to those who seek to attain it.

They who would be something more
Than those who feast and laugh and die, will hear
The voice of duty, as the note of war,
Nerving their spirit to great enterprise,
And knitting every sinew for the charge.

Again, get rid of indolence, or its synonym, indifference. The real hereditary sin of human nature is indolence. Conquer that, and you will conquer the rest. We cannot afford to rest with what we have done; we must keep moving on. In this, indeed, to stand still is to go back—worse still, to keep others back.

In conclusion I may, perhaps, be permitted to give you a few remarks as to the influence Theosophy has had upon myself. It has furnished me with satisfactory reasons for living and working; it has infused an earnestness in that work which I prize as one of the valuable things of my life's experience. It has ministered to that inmost sense of worship and aspiration which all of us possess; it has shown me that by expanding one's consciousness in that of the universe, one gains more knowledge and opportunity for helping on humanity; and it has pointed out where the materials for a scientific basis of ethics can be found, and also what will be the outlines of the future building; and finally it has shown that if the objects of our desires be changed, and many things we held dear are no longer prized, it is owing simply to the acquirement of larger and fuller interests.

A DOOMED CITY.

LIGHTS flew about me; images sparkled in the imperishable Akâsa. Oh, such ancient, ancient places and peoples! Such forms of primitive grandeur and antique simplicity! I was thrilled through with strangeness, and anon quickened with a familiar sense as when one returns to the scenes of childhood and the places of long ago. Then the visions faded away, and I

became folded up in blackness ; out of the stillness came forth again the light of the elder day ; the blackness grew thick with stars ; I saw burning skies fading into dawn ; over distant hills danced up the star of day ; it brought others with it to pale soon in the grey light ; from the roof of a high building I watched it shadowed by a multitude of magical spires and turrets which rose up darkly from a great city erected on the plain. I looked down through the gloom into the square below ; already there was a stir ; I could see black forms moving about ; they plied at ponderous engines. I could hear cries of wrath from these giants ; then a stony despair came over me, for I knew the Golden Age had passed away, and the earth was crowded with these pitiless and inhuman races, the masters of all magical arts. Proud, exultant, tireless heroes of old Atlantis, this was your day of glory ! What sin of all your sins did I witness ? I watched from above, without comprehending it, the stir and rage ; then suddenly impelled, I raised my eyes once more to the holy light. There I saw a new wonder borne high on the luminous air. His starry front proclaimed him straight one of the Children of the Wise—one of divine race. The brilliant moon-coloured lord—a vast phantom—floated erect with outstretched arms over the city ; his shadowy hair drifted about him like a grey mist seen against the dawn. He glanced hither and thither beneath, and his hands swayed rhythmically as if he were weaving some enchantment ; the rainbow fires danced about him ; they flew here and there ; I watched those radiant messengers ; where they fell below, the toilers stopped suddenly as if stricken by light, looking vaguely about and above, seeing nothing ; I knew then that the Lord was unknown to them. One after another I saw the toilers so touched steal away from labour, and far beyond I could see the road over the hills darkened here and there with moving forms passing hurriedly from the city. I looked up again ; the Wise One was nigh the parapet I leaned on ; I trembled being so near. I had but to stretch out my hands to touch greatness. I looked at the wonderful eyes ; they were lightless as if the power were turned within ; but they flashed anon, the fire in them seeming suddenly to run out from sphere deep-hidden in sphere ; they were upon me.

I looked up. "Lord, why or whither should I fly as all these do ?"

His thought answered me : "Your eyes are not yet sealed. See for thyself."

Forthwith the eye of old memory opened, and the earth in its fairy-first beginning returned to me. I wandered—a luminous shadow ; without eyes I saw the glory of life ; without ears I heard its marvellous song ; without nostrils I knew its sweet odours. I, the seer, lived in and shared the imagination of the Mighty. I knew the old earth once more, clear, transparent, shining, whose glory was self-begotten, flung up from its own heart, kindling the air with the reflection of its multitudinous fires. The fires ran in and out of the heart, in tides of crimson and torrents of gold, through veins of lilac, azure, and deepest blue. A million creatures ran free with indescribably flashing movement within them—the lustrous populace of the elements. Then the vision of the earth moved onwards and darkened, and the fiery heart was shadowed slowly from the eye of man who fell from dream and vision into deed and thought ; for his deeds he needed power, and for his thoughts messengers ; he took the creatures of the elements ; they became his servants to do his will, and his will was darkness ; he moulded them into shapes of passion and hatred. As he sank deeper he knew them no longer from himself, though what he willed was accomplished by them. As he moved from place to place they followed in hordes, and the fiery tides—their habitation—rolled along with them beneath the earth. When cities were builded these terrible armies were thronged thick

around, within, and under ; in air, in fire, in earth, and in the hidden waters. Then I saw below me where the fires were gathering, surging, pressing, ready to leap forth and devour ; there passed upwards from them, continually, strange beings, shadowy creatures of the underworld called forth by the will of the giants who meditated the destruction of another city ; they entered into these giants who sent them forth again. Full of terror I cried out—

“The fires will follow ! Oh, look, look, how ruddy and red they glow ! They live, and they send forth living creatures !”

I looked up, but the Wise One had gone away, I knew not where. Then I arose hurriedly, went downward and out of the city. I fled, without stopping, across the mountain-path, until I left far behind the city and the doomed giants.

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CONVENTIONALITY.

EMERSON has said “I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are. . . . At the top or at the bottom of all illusions, I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.” This illusion, under the name of conventionality, is not among the lightest of the fetters which man has bound upon himself. We do many of our actions not because we think them necessary, or virtuous, or even useful, but because it is what “everybody does.” Let the particular custom be as foolish and ridiculous as it may, provided it is followed by the majority, nobody stays to think of its folly. Laziness, possibly, lies at the root of a good deal of this blind following the blind ; we do not take the trouble to think for ourselves ; it is much easier to follow someone else’s lead, and if we do, perchance, see our bondage, a good deal of moral courage is needed to shake ourselves free and take the guidance of our lives in our own hands. Ridicule is a very potent weapon and is usually very freely used by those who, lacking wit or courage to move out of the beaten track themselves, would have everyone cut on the same pattern. If we come to consider many of our social customs we shall find that selfishness in some form is their guiding principle—family selfishness, class selfishness, even religious (?) selfishness being just as potent factors in our conduct as personal selfishness. Under such conditions “Universal Brotherhood” sounds a meaningless phrase, as impossible in practise as the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, and many another moral aphorism which we have been accustomed to hear from our youth up, but never considered as intended to be taken literally. Let us then, who call ourselves Theosophists, endeavour to infuse life into these dead words ! We cannot, of course, expect all at once to leaven society and break down customs that appear to us foolish and unnecessary, but we need not conform to them ourselves ; we can make some attempt to remove, by slow degrees, the mountain of conventionality that disguises selfishness under necessity, falsehood under politeness, and want of sympathy and aspiration under practical good sense and knowledge of the world. The barriers set up by false standards of right and wrong, of interest against worth, by position, by wealth, and even by outward show against merit, have all combined to shut out the truth and hide man from himself. And in the worship of idols and the pursuit of shadows, our common brotherhood has been forgotten. Our brother’s wants are not our wants, unless we happen to be brought in contact with him, when the sight of suffering, even among the most heartless and careless, brings a desire to relieve

that suffering, showing man's essential brotherhood—since pain to the one produces pain in the other; and when once this truth is realised the practical application of it will become possible, though it may be only by slow degrees. The mountain of separateness that man has built up between himself and his brother man cannot be removed all at once; it took many ages and many lives to raise it to the proportions it has now attained, and how great that is everyone must know who has tried to practise brotherhood and failed utterly, while the mental realization of it seems more hopeless still. The hard dry facts of life seem to deaden our sympathies, they are ever before us, and most of our thought and energy is taken up in facing them; but to those who have begun to realise, be it ever so dimly, the unreality of the seeming real, in the dawn of that which lies behind all illusion, all that now makes up the sum of life, as we know it, will become as dust in the balance, and we shall “work and live for appearances” no more!

T.E.T.

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THE MAN TO THE ANGEL.

I have wept a million tears;
 Pure and proud one, where are thine?
 What the gain of all your years
 That undimmed in beauty shine?
 All your beauty cannot win
 Truth we learn in pain and sighs;
 You can never enter in
 To the Circle of the Wise.
 They are but the slaves of light
 Who have never known the gloom,
 And between the dark and bright
 Willed in freedom their own doom.
 Think not in your pureness there
 That our pain but follows sin;
 There are fires for those who dare
 Seek the Throne of Might to win.
 Pure one, from your pride refrain;
 Dark and lost amid the strife,
 I am myriad years of pain
 Nearer to the fount of life.
 When defiance fierce is thrown
 At the God to whom you bow,
 Rest the lips of the Unknown
 Tenderest upon the brow.

G.W.R.

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SILENCE.

“Great is he who is the slayer of desire. Still greater he in whom the ‘Self Divine’ has slain the very knowledge of desire.”

THE second stage leading to the perfect silence is the silence of desire. The deep, still peace of a heart at rest from self, calm as ocean depths unruffled by the surface waves of passion or longing: the steady flame of one pointed aspiration, the light of daring in the heart that is not darkened by doubt

or fear; these must be the priceless possessions and experience of those who would fain tread the path of devotion, that rough and rugged road, which winds through desolate places, but leads the traveller at last to heights which scaled, transcend human experience and description; the way which winds tortuously from self to selflessness.

Only through silencing desire can stable equilibrium be reached and retained, and a condition of soul experienced stronger than personal emotion; then, and then alone, the feet can be "planted firmly upon the place that is undefiled."

"Kill out desire," we read. This is no easy thing, since it must of necessity involve the death of the personal self. Not once, nor twice, must the task be attempted; to it, the pilgrim soul experiencing in matter, returns again, and again; life after life, until the victory is won, and that point of progress reached where desire dies; but the soul must have passed through bitter experience, through the waters of renunciation, the blankness and darkness of the night of sorrow when standing alone this truth is realised, that nothing that is out of the eternal *can* help or aid.

Great among men is he upon whose lips the seal of silence is set; strong indeed must he be who has strength to renounce all wordy weapons of offence, and defence; the voice that has lost the power to wound is heard "in the presence of the Masters"—but how much is included in those words?—Surely more than silence of speech alone; for alas, we know by bitter experience and self-analysis, that even when some degree of control has been learned, even when we are strong enough to guard the lips from expressing thought, the thought still remains; stronger, more subtle, more dangerous, perchance for being refused outward expression, eating duly like a canker into the soul.

How great the task seems, how well nigh hopeless; thoughts come we know not whence; unsought, unwished, seemingly; harboured for an instant they become forces for good or evil; thoughts of hatred or envy repented of as soon as recognised, to make harmless these creatures of our mind, to slay them as they would us is no easy matter.

And when thought is conquered, desire remains, lurking within in some form or other.

After long experience and lives in which the unsatisfactory, transitory nature of material things has been realised, many seekers after truth have reached a point in their evolution where it is comparatively easy not to desire many things which to the vast majority of men seem desirable; yet desire is by no means killed out, it has only clothed itself in more enticing guise, more alluring fashion, and become by some subtle alchemy transmuted into more intense forms of longing.

Money, fame, pleasure, fail to attract when the home-sickness of the soul comes upon us, and the God within in hours of insight refuses to be satisfied with ought of earth. Then the desire arises for spiritual good, for definite teaching, for individual purity, for nearness and likeness to those Great Ones who have reached the heights; for permission to be in some humble measure co-workers with Them for humanity; translated into plain language we *still* desire.

The knowledge we crave may be wished for unselfishly, to be gained but to be passed on, but still *we* would know; the power we seek would be freely given in the service of others, but the power must be ours; such desires, good in themselves, become evil when tinged with personality, and do but tend to strengthen and accentuate the personal self. Our desires may win for us what we wish; what a man thinks he in time undoubtedly becomes; what he wishes intensely he obtains; the goal towards which his face is unflinchingly set is within his reach, and the end is this—our desires win for us Devachan and bind

us in future lives; and surely the rest—surely even the well-earned joys of subjective existence should not tempt the soul who would tread the path of devotion; if immediate re-birth is possible “for those whose hearts are upon Master’s business and free from self interests,” then it is not wise to create a Devachanic dream by our desires when the work-a-day world needs help. Not so surely shall we follow in the footsteps of Those who, through lives of self-forgetfulness, have earned the right to make the great renunciation. It matters little how far we are from that great moment when such choice shall be presented to us. Some steps, at least, upon renunciation’s path can be taken now, in this present life: some desires killed out that might delay our return. Desire *cannot* be killed out or silenced; it can be transmuted and replaced by something higher. Have no desires, may be translated by have only this one desire—to be a selfless instrument, attuned to harmony; a channel through which blessings may flow to help the world. Then the words spoken, the act done, will be abandoned as soon as we have spoken or acted; no Karma will be ours, good or bad; freed from our personality the message, however badly passed on, however clumsily translated into terms of brain knowledge, may become luminous to those who hear.

“Great is he who is the slayer of desire,” yet, if we slay desire, from the dead it will arise again. “Greater he in whom the Self-Divine has slain the very knowledge of desire,” when we have entered into knowledge of and union with the Self-Divine, then, and then alone, the Perfect silence will be reached.

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LOTUS CIRCLE.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

“WHERE IS GOD?”

“**I** SEE, I see; God, or Love, or the Divine Power is in the air. It was in church and went in and out of all the corners, in and out of all the people, and was in uncle Charlie’s hat, after all, but I never saw it. Oh! I am so glad. But——” and the child fell into a brown study, and did not speak for a good half-hour. Presently the silence was broken by the question—uttered with half-frightened solicitude, as though the thought of doubting the mother’s knowledge, or the good tidings she had given, was painful, but a pain that must be faced—“But, mother, how do you know?”

“There are two methods by which knowledge of these high truths can be obtained. Men, who by striving to do the will of the Father—that is by *obedience*—have grown wise, have written books for our instruction. These books are called scriptures. The word scripture, means simply that which is written. There are many of these eastern scriptures. Our Bible is a collection of some of them. The study of the scripture teaches us something about these great mysteries of which we have been talking. While you have been busy thinking I have looked out one or two passages that tell us something of the nature of the Divine Power that many men name ‘God.’ I will read them to you if you wish?”

“Please, Mother.”

“The ‘Singer of Israe,’ David, wrote these verses, in the hundred and

thirty-ninth Psalm. Like you, David longed to draw near to the 'unknown God.' He begins his song with the words 'O Lord,' and then goes on to say that all that he does is known to his Heavenly Father. He sings: 'Thou understandest my thoughts afar off . . . and art acquainted with all my ways.' . . . 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it. Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.' You see, Maud, that in his poetical way, David teaches us that Divine Power is everywhere."

"And if we turn from those Scriptures which, for distinction's sake, we call the Old Testament, and to other writings given long after, and which we call the New Testament, we find that Saint Mark repeats the teaching of David, and tells us that Jesus, a great teacher, and one filled with divine wisdom and power, that is, with the breath of God, tells his pupils, or disciples, as they were called, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"But besides the writings of good and learned men, who through obedience to the "divine voice" which we call conscience, have become "sons of God," "joint heirs with Christ," we have yet another means of learning Truth."

"You know we agreed that "God," or "the Breath of Life" or "Love," or whatever name you choose to give to the "absolute" deity: that is too great for us really to understand, and of which we can only get some faint idea: You remember that we agreed that this Power was around us and *in* us."

"Yes, God is everywhere, and everything, and all."

"Very well. Then if we 'harden not our hearts' we can hear his voice within us. He speaks to us. He tells us what is Truth. Because we are one substance with the Father, that is to say, we are his children, and he speaks in and through us, and so long as 'we harden not our hearts' we can 'hear his voice.' Saint Paul, another great teacher of men, writing to the Romans in his eighth letter, or 'Epistle,' as it is generally called, tells them what I have been telling you, in these words, 'The spirit itself beareth witness to our spirit, that we are children of God.'"

"And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? Do you think you understand?"

"We have God in us and around us, and we can hear His voice—which is our conscience—if 'we harden not our hearts.' That is what you said. I do not think I quite understand what it means to "harden our hearts.'"

"I think, dearie, we 'harden our hearts,' when we do not try to give willing obedience to the Laws of Love. You know that if we *will* not listen, we cannot hear what is said to us. For instance, if I want you to do something that you do not want to do, and if instead of instant, willing obedience, you fill your little head with thoughts of some course of action, some game, or some pleasure that you wish to carry out, *my* will is shut out by *your* will. You cannot understand for the time, what my love for you compels me to command. You have shut me out from your heart for a while, and filled my place with the thought of your own desire. We are no longer one, but two. This arises from not yielding ready obedience. This is 'hardening the heart.' Now, if we, as God's children, do not give willing and ready obedience to His commands we

cease to hear His voice. We lose sight of Him. He is Love. He commands us to love all creatures as his children and our brothers. When we are obedient we are filled with love and hear his voice. As soon as we are selfish, and care more for our own pleasure than for our fellow creatures, we have 'hardened our hearts,' and can no longer hear the voice of the Father. The longer we live in selfish disobedience, the deafer we get, till at last a terrible thing may happen to us. We may first forget that there is a voice of God in our hearts, and then we may come to believe that there is no God at all. Then to us the world is dark, and cruel and horrible. But you and I will not let disobedience, which is only another name for selfishness, 'harden our hearts,' but will try, with all our might, to do the will of the Father, that we may always hear his voice."

—K. E. M.

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GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

. All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged and appear under this heading.

Subject for October—"The Potency of Sound" (continued).

THE POTENCY OF SOUND.

"IT seems to me," said Inglesant, "that the explanation of the power of music upon the mind is, that many things are elements which are not reckoned so, and that sound is one of them. As the air and fire are said to be peopled by fairy inhabitants, and as the spiritual man lives in the element of faith, so I believe that there are creatures which live in sound. Every lovely fancy, every moment of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure which music calls forth . . . does not die. Such as these become fairy existences, spiritual creatures, shadowy but real, and of an inexpressibly delicate grace and beauty which live in melody."—"John Inglesant," by J. Henry Shorthouse.

All vibration being attended with sound (which may or may not escape the ear), we proceed to examine tones, and find them varying from the lowest of eight vibrations per second to the highest known to western science of 24,000 per second. Remember that the tones of anger, hatred, scorn are all deep notes; those of cheerfulness, love, hope are treble. Here we discover the apparently inexplicable effect of spoken words which raise or depress our vibrations to their own by means of the etheric medium. To resist the wildfire spread of passion or anger we have but to check the vibration by holding steadily to our own; this maintained, may raise that of others, precisely as the high musical note, constantly sounded, raises all lower ones at all related to its own pitch. . . . Imagine a tone at a high rate of vibration, to see it striking the hearer's brain at a certain focus, creating there a centre of energy, which, tending to crystalization, fixes the thought in the mind. . . . Moreover, we may see this tone raising his vibratory ratio, and glancing off at an angle of reflection equal to that of incidence, reacting upon the surrounding ether and upon all hearers. The magical success of Eastern mantras depends upon the exact intonation, which governs the vibratory result, and the proper intonation of the sacred books, learned from the priests, doubtless increased their effects. Turning to colours, we find them varying in vibration from violet ४६००० inch to red ३६००० inch, and the violet has greater actinism; so it

would seem to follow that the more extended the undulation the greater the chemical action and resultant odic force. Hence the tone of animals or man is not such a poor test of their nature as we might suppose, and a certain clue to character is given in a preferred colour. The higher sounds thus create greater Akâsic disturbances through increased undulation. Deleuze, in his work on "Magnetism," says :—"The word which indicates our will can often exert an action. . . . The very tones of the magnetizer, being produced by the vital energy, act upon the organs of the patients."—Jasper Niemand. *The Path*, March, 1887.

Everything in nature has its own specific rate of vibration ; if we know and can reproduce and heighten it we can call the thing into existence, or pass ourselves within its consciousness. Hence the old saying, that numbers are the names of things. The "lost word" itself is, doubt it not, a sound of the highest possible vibration, represented by the Aum, or sound of the eternal outpour of light, the Logos of the Christians.—*Ibid*.

—————:O:—————

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

SOME of the English Lodges of the T.S. are already in correspondence with Lodges in other countries ; and in order to promote an extension of this very praiseworthy idea, the undermentioned plan is submitted to the attention of Theosophists of all countries, as being one which will tend towards the solidarity of the T.S. It is proposed to open a register for the names of those Lodges that are wishful to enter into correspondence with Lodges in other countries, so that they may be placed in communication. It will be readily seen that many Lodges might be overwhelmed with applicants, while others, less widely known, but equally desirous of international communication, might be overlooked. By means of the register system, with all names recorded, this would be obviated. Will those who think the time is ripe for some such effort towards the realization of the first of our objects communicate with the undersigned, and will those Lodges that are already in communication with one or more Lodges in other countries please notify in order to avoid confusion ?

The agency of the General Secretary of Sections is not used, as they are at present in a state of overwork. There will be no officialism about this scheme ; the only duties of the Registrar being to place Lodges in communication with each other and record the fact, and his sole desire being to strengthen the "linked battalions of the T.S."

This notice will be sent to Theosophical papers in India, Europe, America, and Australia ; where Lodges might appoint their own Registrars, thus facilitating matters still further.

O. FIRTH,
(President, Bradford Lodge),
Hawthorne House,
Basildon, near Shipley,
Yorks, England.

REVIEW.

I READ and re-read "Homeward Songs,"* with many a pause of wondering. Where had I heard something like them? They came to me not with the sound of any human voice, not as an echo of some other singer, but with the same haunting familiarity which clings about the memory of a recently accomplished action.

I had not read nor could I reach any review of the book; whence then? . . . Ah! these songs are a translating into human language of Nature's wordless music. The wind faintly rustling the aspen leaves; the windsighing in the fir woods; the ripples of tiny waterfalls; the rush of a rapid river; the endless weary sobbing of the sea; the glad promise of the shyly opening springtime; the glowing beauty of flowers which hovering a moment around the new seed lives, fall when their work is over; the sad gaiety of autumn; and the relentless deathful mercy of winter.

Something of the message of all these has the poet caught, and imprisoned in the language of humanity for our ears.

In the poem "Comfort" can you not feel the light touch of the breeze as it softly stirs the matted locks on some hot and weary brow?

Surely in "Forgiveness" there is true expression of how, to the pure and loving, sin is little more than a pain-giving name, the burning knowledge born of bitter experience is not yet for these.

"I touched with pain her purity;
Sin's darker sense I could not bring;"

Does one ever come before one's real self, covered with soil stains which that self can mourn over but not fully feel?

Were I to quote freely I should transcribe the whole book; I might catalogue the poems, but the index does this adequately; to try and interpret them were to expose my folly and insult my friend; to tell my favourites were to say the whole book of songs; therefore what more can I say? I showed the book to a friend who says, "It is essentially a product of this dying century; could not have been produced a decade earlier." "Is intensely subjective; requires years of introspective study in order that it may be comprehended."

I, however, venture to say, that to many a weary traveller it will bring hope, and a breath as of soft refreshing winds, and flower-sweet perfumes. Bending over its pages the harsh sounds of a busy city will die awhile; and in their stead will be heard a restful, lifeful whisper from the great Breaths of many voices.

G. A. H. B.

—:O:—

DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Members who have been purchasing the new edition of *The Secret Doctrine*, and other students, will be glad to know that the study of this valuable work has been resumed on Monday evenings, on the lines sketched for the S.D. Correspondence Class. Each member has a list of references to aid in preparing for the discussion. The few months of Monday evening study of Patanjali, under the guidance of Brother Russell, have been most interesting and successful.

The public meetings on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during ensuing months are to discuss the following topics;—

| | | |
|------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| 19th Sept. | "Symbolism," | J. J. Nolan. |
| 26th Sept. | "Intuition," | K. B. Lawrence. |
| 3rd Oct. | "Brotherhood," | J. Duncan. |
| 10th Oct. | "The Occult Basis of Ethics." | G. W. Russell. |

FRED. J. DICK,

Hon. Sec.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, THE STUDY OF EASTERN
LITERATURE AND OCCULT SCIENCE.

EDITED BY

D. N. DUNLOP.

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THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

THE APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

BEFORE trying to apply any principle to the practices of daily life, or attempting to examine cases where such has been misapplied or ignored, it is wise to define, as far as may be, what is understood by the principle involved.

Although the principle of brotherhood has been the keynote of theosophical music since 1875, the question is still asked, What is meant by brotherhood?

It may be answered, Many minds make many divergent opinions regarding details, yet under all the different surfaces lies the same fundamental idea. Identity of origin—one source from which humanity has emerged, one centre towards which mankind is growing.

Since man is in miniature the evolving universe, to man's human life we must look for a concrete example of that brotherhood we hope to see extended to many members of the human race.

We try to regard all mankind as "children of one sweet mother." Some of us are old and strong enough to aid, guide, or comfort the weaker and younger, if we will.

Have not our personal parents taught us it is our duty, and ought to be our pleasure, to be to our little brothers and sisters the hands, feet, eyes and knowledge, with which their growth and years have not yet supplied them?

In the teaching of nineteenth-century Theosophy, it is said, as in past centuries it was taught, that all nature has but one source, though many grades, in which life is retarding, or unfolding. It is also said that humanity, as a whole, includes a plane of nature, a possibility of development not yet within the reach of the other kingdoms known to us as "lower."

The triad which, could man identify himself with it, would render him immortal, is *one* for the human race, rather than a separate possession for each personality; yet it is a possession after which we are striving, however ignorantly, in our mental and moral growing.

If we are to be really brothers to such human beings as cross our life-path—brothers in thought and sympathy with all human *life*, even if quite unknown to our personalities—it becomes necessary to try and understand the position and feelings of others; to try and alter the habits of society in our own persons wherever such habits infringe on the rights, hinder the development, or cloud the happiness of others, especially where those others are, owing to their place in the race economy, dependent on us for care or maintenance.

So long as by humanity we mean men and women, such as are in the world to-day, there must continue to be women and children.

It is with our present treatment of women and children, and the consideration of how far our attitude towards them is compatible with a sincere profession of brotherhood, that concern is to be taken in the articles of which this is the first.

It is proposed to examine whether, and in what way, present social arrangements cramp and limit artificially the physical, mental and moral stature of women, and lessen their power of developing such other faculties as may be their inheritance; to examine how far the due liberty of possessing and using their own bodies, powers and faculties, has been wrested from women in the dark ages of animal passion, through which the race has passed or is passing; to try and discover whether, and in what way, individuals are responsible for this retarding of woman's life, and curtailing of woman's freedom; to try and ascertain also whether we cannot make some effective efforts to undo, as far as our own lives are concerned, a part of the accumulated evils with which womanhood is weighted.

Out of a study of the actual and potential mothers follows naturally a study of the children, present and to be.

With 'widening knowledge we learn that men and women are doing, and have done, great wrong to the children of the race. These little ones are repeatedly brought into the world under radically bad conditions, and this through the ignorant selfishness or ignorant weakness of their parents.

Sufficient care is not taken that the bodies and temperaments which are given children shall be favourable to progressive development; shall be as free as may be from hereditary taints and imperfections.

And yet, more unfortunately, after birth children are commonly subjected to evil influences, and are taught and trained by methods which strengthen selfishness and covetousness, while helpful direction is often perverted into senseless restriction, or enforced and useless observance of ceremonial.

G. A. H. BRERETON.

(To be continued.)

WORK TOGETHER!

"If you would really help the noble cause you must do so now; for a few years more and your, as well as our, efforts will be in vain." These were the words of H. P. B. in 1890. Do not let us forget them in 1894. Let them come home to us afresh. She has passed from our midst for a time, having accomplished much in the face of difficulties hard for us to conceive of. Her work remains. It will not, cannot fail, but its outcome may be retarded. Theosophists to whom she gave her message have increased their responsibilities to the extent that they have received and understood it. Once acted upon, it cannot be so easily thrown aside as some appear to think. The responsibility remains.

This has been called a "black age," and after some effort expended in endeavouring to form a nucleus of universal brotherhood, we begin to realize how black it is. Some begin to despair and grow weary. They stop working. Then we see the truth of what has been said by Those who have passed along the same path before us—that progress under such conditions is absolutely impossible. Apathy, languor, stagnation is the result. They forget that efforts for good share the intensity of the age, and that at such a dark hour the dawn cannot be far distant.

Others, perhaps by the strength and sincerity of their devotion, have aroused forces, hitherto latent, within themselves; fantastic shapes throw their lurid glamour around the soul. In this new and strange land shadows are mistaken for realities; the path of duty is

forsaken; before them opens up another way; its luxuriant foliage, rich, vivid colouring, and sweet sense-soothing perfumes, present attractions which are irresistible. It is the astral morass—the path to mediumship and often death.

The first indication of reaction is usually a want of interest in Lodge work and activity, and propaganda generally. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not question the motives which lead to abstention from active propaganda. In most cases they are perfectly sincere. The desire to know more about Nature's subtle forces; to know more about ourselves, so that we may be able to control and guide these forces; to learn something of occultism and the occult arts is laudable enough. But are we right when we suppose that this is accomplished by keeping apart from those who are seeking to make known the fundamental principles of Theosophy—the underlying truth in all religions—through propaganda? I think not! Contact with one another keeps alive the social faculty, widens the sympathies, and wears away the "sharp corners." Each one gradually finds a suitable place in which to help on the work. A centre is formed through which harmony can flow. Each one learns to play some fitting part in that melody, which is the melody of Nature herself. Deep down, it may be, below the outward turmoil and discord, in low undertone, it sounds in everyone. We have but to touch the right chords to awaken it to a symphony; the harmony within will respond to its own.

In trying to place before others the ideal beauty, truth, and goodness; in tracing the plan before them; in asking them to leave

"For Beauty, Beauty's rarest flower";

to turn from "images that dazzle for a day," to things universal, we are taking the surest way to create beautiful things, and to attain that "knightly bearing" and "exquisite culture" which some set before all things, but which, as it seems to me, no policy of "abstention" can ever truly bring about. Others seeing even the rough outline of the perfect ideal will try to mould their lives in conformity.

Comrades! let us guard against the first step which leads away from the path of duty. For the years that remain, before the close of the first cycle of Kali-Yuga let us "succeed in placing the T. S. on the safe side of the spiritual current," so that it may not be swept away into "the Deep called Failure."

D. N. D.

SOUL-DEATH.

IN using terms which have become almost obsolete, it is of the first importance to give some definition of the ideas which they are intended to convey; for, through non-usage, so much of their true meaning has been lost, that, when rare occasions permit their employment, writers use them in widely differing senses. Some persons may, indeed, object to such words as "soul," "spirit," and the like (antiquated though they may be) being spoken of as *almost obsolete*; nevertheless such is not very far from the truth. No sane individual, desiring to write without fear of being misunderstood, would employ these terms as expressing any particular idea, any more than he would write about "God" as indicating any definite conception; true, such words have much poetical license, but then poetical expressions are hardly scientific.

So, then, before the real subject of the paper can be touched upon, the task devolves upon the writer of explaining, as near as may be, what he means by the word "soul."

No word in the English language has been, perhaps, more loosely used. Employed to express the most varied ideas, it has gradually come to lose a large part of its original meaning. Four interpretations, however, stand prominent: (1) the immortal part in man; (2) the understanding or intellectual principle distinguishing man from the brutes; (3) the emotional nature; (4) the vital, animating, or essential principle (animal life). These, of course, without taking cognizance of the term as loosely applied to individuals or qualities of individuals.

Originally *soul* seems to have inferred some vital principle rather than anything else, the vehicle of some essential part; thus we may speak of the vital, animal soul (*Thumos*), essential to sentient existence; the instinctual soul, or intelligence (*Phren*), essential to self-conscious existence, and the spiritual soul, or higher mind (*Nous*), peculiar to the human.

In all the ancient systems the Self, or self-thinking conscious Ego was divided into two aspects, a higher and a lower. In the Egyptian, for instance, we read of Seb and Akhu; in the Gnostic, Sophia the divine and Sophia Achamoth, etc., and Plato speaks of the rational and irrational souls. These correspond exactly with what we know of in our system as the Higher and Lower Manas. Now it is of the utmost importance, and before any advance in occultism can be made, that at least some sort of understanding as to the essential difference between these two aspects be arrived at. But Manas itself has first to be explained.

Although the root of this word is the same as that of *mind*, still we can hardly associate the two, more particularly as no clear definition of mind has ever been given. Manas is, briefly, the self-conscious part of man's nature, the thinking Ego, considered as apart from its varying thoughts (just as one may speak of *matter*, considered as separate from its quality, form). Manas is ever liable to be coloured by the things it contacts. It is least "at home" on this plane. Uninjured and unaffected by its thoughts, it becomes their *conscious* creator and is omniscient. It is manifestly, then, necessary to speak of Manases, a higher and a lower, the one freed, a god, the other bound in the thralls of matter.

It is almost impossible to give any idea of the condition of the freed Ego, at least in words, and especially to persons who may have no personal experience of it; it is about as difficult as it would be for a musician to explain to one who could hear nothing more in music than a *noise* in all or any of the beauties of the varying harmonies and progressing chords in the intoning of one of Beethoven's grandest symphonies. It is, however, far easier for one who has had few and meagre experiences to write than for he who has had many; for the clearer the vision, and more complete the illumination, the greater the difficulty and more hopeless the attempt to convey its perfections in language.

The four lower principles of the septenary constitution of man as divided in our philosophy, are fairly easy of comprehension; the *physical body* requires no comment; the existence of the astral can be verified without much trouble by anyone acquainted with the phenomena of clairvoyance or even of that of ordinary hypnotism;

that life (Prana) must be considered as a principle can be proven by the comparison of organic and inorganic bodies. Of the fourth (Kama) a few words are necessary. It is essentially *desire* of whatever kind; the desire for existence (immaterial or sentient), or for any specific item or particular in the drama of life. It requires but little knowledge of the constitution of man, little self-analysis, to be aware of its presence in the human individual. Known to us, it is essentially a *personal* factor; animals are entirely under its sway, and in the main it contributes largely to the animal part of man's nature, or, better perhaps, the desire to gratify that nature (as distinguished from other desires).

So much, then, for the four lower principles. The fifth, Manas, we have seen as having two aspects, although of its nature and function little has yet been said; and the sixth or seventh it is scarcely intended to refer to in this essay, leaving them with the remark that they are to be considered as the holiest and most spiritual essences in man, the lights towards which those who aspire are ever turning; anthropomorphized by the vulgar mind and considered as one, they correspond to the personal gods, deities, and allahs of all ages.

(*To be continued.*)

BREVITIES.

THAT which is motionless cannot be Divine.

Deity is an arcane, living Fire, and the eternal witnesses to this unseen Presence are Light, Heat, Moisture.

There is no difference between the Christian Apostle's "in Him we live and move and have our being" and the Hindu Rishi's "the Universe lives in, proceeds from, and will return to Brahmâ."

The Secret Doctrine establishes three fundamental propositions: (1) An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable Principle, on which all speculation is impossible; (2) The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane, periodically the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing; (3) The fundamental identity of all souls with the Universal Over-soul.

As Pre-cosmic Ideation is the root of all individual conscious-

ness, so Pre-cosmic Substance is the substratum of Matter in the various grades of its differentiation.

It is only through a vehicle of matter that consciousness wells up as "I am I."

"Time" is only an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through Eternal Duration.

"Mind" is a name given to the sum of states of consciousness grouped under Thought, Will and Feeling.

Death is merely the door through which we pass to another life on earth after a little rest on its threshold—Devachan.

Nothing is permanent except the one hidden absolute Existence which contains in itself the noumena of all realities.

The Secret Doctrine teaches the progressive development of everything, worlds as well as atoms; and this stupendous development has neither conceivable beginning nor imaginable end.

Occultism teaches that the primordial form of everything manifested, from atom to globe, from man to angel, is spheroidal.

The field of vision, or of thought, is like a sphere whose radii proceed from one's self in every direction and extend out into space, opening up boundless vistas all around.

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

WE went forth gay in the twilight's cover;
 The dragon Day with his ruddy crest
 Blazed on the shadowy hills hung over
 The still grey fields in their dewy rest.
 We went forth gay, for all ancient stories
 Were told again in our hearts as we trod;
 Above were the mountain's dawn-white glories;
 We climbed to it as the throne of God.

We pitched our tents in a sheltered nook on the mountain side. We were great with glee during the day, forecasting happy holidays remote from the crowded city. But now as we sat round the camp fire at dusk silence fell upon us. What were we to do in the long evenings? I could see Willie's jolly face on the other side of the fire trying to smother a yawn as he refilled his pipe. Bryan was watch-

ing the stars dropping into their places one by one. I turned to Robert and directed the general attention to him as a proper object for scorn. He had drawn a pamphlet on some scientific subject from his breast-pocket and was trying to read it by the flickering light.

"Did you come up to the mountains for this," I asked, "to increase your knowledge of the Eocene age? Put it by, or—we will send it up as a burnt offering to the stars."

"Well," he said, looking rather ashamed, "one must do something, you know. Willie has his pipe, Bryan is holding some mysterious intercourse with the planets, and you have the fire to take care of. What is one to do?"

This went to the root of the matter. I pondered over it awhile, until an idea struck me.

"There is Bryan. Let him tell us a story. He was flung into life with a bundle of old legends. He knows all mystery and enchantment since the days of the Rishies, and has imagined more behind them. He has tales of a thousand incarnations hidden away in secretness. He believes that everything that happened lives still in the memory of Nature, and that he can call up out of the cycles of the past heroic figures and forgotten history, simply by his will, as a magician draws the elemental hordes together."

"Have a dragon and a princess in it," said Willie, settling himself into an attitude of listening.

"Or authentic information about the Eocene man," suggested Robert.

"I could not tell a story that way," said Bryan simply. "I could never invent a story, though all the characters, heroes and princes, were to come and sit beside me so that I could describe them as they really were. My stories come like living creatures into my mind; and I can only tell them as they tell themselves to me. To-day, as I lay in the sunlight with closed eyes, I saw a haze of golden light, then twilight trees appeared and moving figures and voices speaking; it shaped itself into what is hardly a story, but only an evening in some legendary existence."

We waited while Bryan tried to recall his misty figures. We were already in sympathy with his phantasmal world, for the valleys below us were dim-coloured and quiet, and we heard but rarely and

far away the noises of the village; the creatures of the mountain moved about in secretness, seeking their own peculiar joys in stillness amid dews and darkness. After a little Bryan began

THE GARDENS OF TWILIGHT.

I saw in my vision one of the heroes of the antique world. He rode for many, many days, yet saw no kindly human face. After long wanderings and toils he came to the Gardens of Twilight, the rich and rare gardens of the primeval world, known by rumour to the ancient Greeks as the Hesperides. He looked around with wonder; the place was all a misty dazzle with light, a level light as of evening that flowed everywhere about; the air was rich with the scent of many blossoms; from each flower rose an odour that hovered about it as a delicate vapour. While he gazed, one of the spirits of the garden came nigh him in the guise of a beautiful human child.

"How came you here?"

"I wandered for many years," he said, "I fought with the dragons that lie coiled in citron scales on the highways; I warred against oppression; I made justice to prevail, and now that peace is on the land I might have rested with peace in mine own heart, but I could not yet. So I left behind the happy hearths and homes of men and rode onward, a secret fire burning ceaselessly within me; I know not in what strange home it will be still. But what gardens are these?"

"They are the Gardens of Twilight," answered the child.

"How beautiful then must be the Gardens of Day! How like a faint fine dust of amethyst and gold the mist arises from the enchanted odorous flowers! Surely some spirit things must dwell within the air that breaks so perpetually into hues of pearl and shell!"

"They are the servants of Zeus," the child said. "They live within these wandering airs; they go forth into the world and make mystery in the hearts of men."

"Was it one such guided me thither?"

"I do not know; but this I know, whether led by the wandering spirits or guided by their own hearts, none can remain here safely and look upon the flowers save those who understand their mystery or those who can create an equal beauty. For all others deadly is the scent of the blossoms; stricken with madness, they

are whirled away into the outer world in fever, passion and unending hunger and torment."

"I do not care if I pass from them," said the wanderer. "It is not here my heart could be still and its desire cease, but in the first Fountain."

They passed on and went deeper into the Gardens of Twilight, which were ever-changing, opalescent, ever-blushing with new and momentary beauty, ever-vanishing before the steady gaze to reveal beneath more silent worlds of mystic being. Like vapour, now gorgeous and now delicate, they wavered, or as the giant weeds are shadowy around the diver in the Indian wave sun-drenched through all its deeps of green. Sometimes a path would unfold, with a million shining flowers of blue, twinkling like stars in the Milky Way, beneath their feet, and would wind away delicately into the faery distances.

"Let us rest," said the child, leaning against a tree. She began swaying a hand to and fro among the flowers; as her fingers touched the bell-like blooms of burning amethyst they became stained with the rich colour; she seemed to lose herself in dreams as one who toils not for delight, living ever amid rich joys. He wondered if she was as unreal as the gardens, and remembering her words, they seemed familiar as if they were but echoes of the unuttered thoughts that welled up as he moved about. While he watched the flitting phantasmagoria with a sense expectant of music which never came, there arose before him images of peace, vanishing faster than passion, and forms of steadfast purity came nigh, attired, priestess-like, in white and gold; they laid their heads against his breast; as he looked down, their eyes, eager and flamelike, grew passionate and full of desire. He stretched out his hand to pluck blossoms and twine wreaths for their beautiful heads.

"Do not! Do not!" cried the child. "See how every blossom has its guardian!"

There were serpents coiling about the roots of every flower, or amid the leaves, waiting with undulating head and forked tongue to strike the uncautious hand. He shook off the drowsy influence of the scents and o'er-burdened air; the forms vanished. He remembered the child's words: "None can remain in safety save those who understand the mystery, or those who can create an equal beauty." He began to ponder over the meaning of the gardens.

"While we sit here, late lingerers in the glory of the twilight, I will tell you a story which my fancy brings me," he said. "I thought one came here long ago and built himself a mighty world in a dream of many hundred years."

Æ.

(*To be continued.*)

LEADING ARTICLES IN THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES.

COLONEL OLCOTT ON "SOLIDARITY AND IDEALS."

AN excellent article from the pen of Colonel Olcott appears in September *Lucifer*. After briefly sketching in outline the growth of the T. S. since its foundation, he asks, "What is the secret of this immense development?" and answers, "It is the Constitution and proclaimed ideals of the Society; it is the elastic tie that binds the parts together; and the platform which gives standing room to all men of all creeds and races. The simplicity of our aims attracts all good, broad-minded, philanthropic people alike. They are equally acceptable to all of that class. Untainted by sectarianism, divested of all dogmatic offensiveness, they repel none who examine them impartially. While identified with no one creed, they affirm the necessity and grandeur of the religious aspiration."

It has often been stated, and it is held very generally, that Theosophy appeals only to the leisured and cultured class. "No greater mistake," says Colonel Olcott, "could have been made; the humblest labourer and the average child of seven years can be taught its basic ideas within an hour. Nay, I have often proved to adult audiences in Ceylon that any ordinary child in the school I might be examining could, without preparatory coaching, be got to answer on the spur of the moment my questions, so as to show that the idea of Karma is innate. It all depends on the way the questions are put. And I may add that the value of our public lectures and our writings on Theosophy follows the same rule. If we fail with an audience it is because we do too much 'tall talking,' make our meaning too obscure, indulge in too stilted language, confuse the ideas of our hearers, choose subjects too deep for a mixed public, and send our listeners away no wiser than they were before we began. . . . What we need most is the use of common sense in discussing our Theosophy, plain, clear exposition in plain language of our fundamental ideas."

We have always claimed that Theosophy is practical, and applicable to every need and circumstance; that in its light the sphinx-like mystery of life became somewhat intelligible and full of meaning, and we are glad to see Colonel Olcott emphasizing this as he does.

"We are too prone," he says, "to regard Theosophy as a sort of far-away sunrise that we must try to clutch, instead of seeing that it is a lamp to light our feet about the house and in our daily walks. It is worth nothing if it is but word-spinning; it is priceless if it is the best rule and ideal of life." Then follows our President-Founder's unique testimony regarding Theosophy, and coming as it does from one who has such world-wide experience in promulgating its ideas, we should not under-estimate its value.

"Theosophy is the divine soul of religion, the one key to all bibles, the riddle-reader of all mysteries, the consoler of the heart-weary, the benign comforter in sorrow, the alleviator of social miseries. You can preach its lesson before any audience, being careful to avoid all sectarian phrases, and each hearer will say it is his religion. It is the one Pentecostal voice that all can understand. Preaching only simple Theosophy, I have been claimed as a Mussulman by the followers of Islam, as a Hindu by Vaishnavas and Shaivites, as a Buddhist by the two sections of Buddhism, been asked to draft a Pârsi catechism, and at Edinburgh given God-speed by the leading local clergyman, for expressing the identical views that he was giving out from his pulpit every Sunday! So I know what many others only suspect, that Theosophy is the informing life of all religions throughout the world."

The article concludes by urging members of the T. S. to purge themselves of hypocrisy, and get rid of superficial criticism.

A STUDENT'S NOTES AND GUESSES.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we read that the field of vision is like a sphere "whose radii proceed from one's self in every direction." Under the above heading in September *Path* appear a few suggestive notes on this point. "Imagine oneself condensed into a conscious drop of quicksilver, a point of pure perception. Angular measurement would be the only dimensional consciousness possessed. The distant mountain, the neighbouring tree, the drifting clouds, the waving grass, would all seem to be within. . . . All would be a panorama within from which there would be no separateness. As the point, conscious centre or drop, call it what we may, drifted from place to place, the panorama would shift, just as it would on a drop of quicksilver similarly floated about. All this, or whatever would be reflected, would seem spontaneous and within, to the point, just as the pictures shift and melt away in a dream. Fix your eyes on a distant landscape, forget your extended limbs and their sensations, forget your experiences of distance in connection with certain visual angles, and you will find presently that the picture seems within you (as in fact it is), and that you can understand why the infant grasps at the moon, and the blind man, when first restored to sight, receives from it no sense of distance . . . the consciousness of the point is the consciousness of the whole . . . in that which corresponds to perspective."

THE ETHICS OF STUDY.

The above is the title of an article in *Lucifer* (September) by C. J. "Consider the ants, and be wise" seems to receive rather a new interpretation; they are to be considered to be avoided. "One has often noticed the light-headedness of the ants," says C. J., "and their preoccupied and undignified way of hurrying forward." C. J. wisely urges a reverse course; we should find our bearings; "be at home with ourselves" before study can be profitably pursued. The universe is goodness; life is bliss; sorrow is but the impediment to a realization of this bliss; pain "an obstruction" to the "inherent" delight of things. "If the end and aim be life—a rounded, harmonious and gracious life—then the first means is an understanding, a grasp of life." Studies are useful and helpful as they make us "more at home with ourselves and in ourselves." "We have no business with other people's solutions of the mysteries before we have found the mysteries in and for ourselves. . . . Most of our quotation is only a confession that we have never made the thought quite our own, that we have never been at home with the thought and taken possession of it. . . . This coming home to ourselves is the first step in the way." The article is extremely interesting.

IRISHOLOGY (vol. xi. p. 221).

This questioner asks for other nationologies besides Assyriology and Egyptology. In Rev. Joseph Wild's work, *The Lost Tin Tribes and* 1882, p. 266, he will find a few lines on Ireland:

"You will be surprised to find how intimate Irishology and theology are. Ireland and the tribe of Dan have a peculiar history, which history only can be made plain by reference to the *Bible*. Ireland has had much to undergo, yet of it God says, 'To the island He will repay—recompense; so shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west.' Ireland's first name was Scuite's Land, or the Island of the Wanderers. Her second name was Scotia Major, and Scotland was Scotia Minor, and England was Tarshish, and Dannoii and Baratamac, or Land of Tin. Yar in-Eirin means the land of the setting sun. Hibernia is a Hebrew word, and means from beyond the waters."—*Notes and Queries*.

LOTUS CIRCLE.

(For little folk.)

THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

THE wild thyme was very sweet, especially when it was crushed under foot, but there was nothing about it very noticeable, except that it was strange that it should grow where it did, for it grew close down beside the sea, in Devonshire, and there was no other wild thyme for miles and miles around. On Exmoor the heather was purple, and the bracken was changing colour, and the whortle-

berries were ripening in the August sun, but there was no wild thyme on the moor; it only grew in a little patch in the "goyal" below. A goyal is a narrow valley, and this goyal had been carved out by an industrious little stream making its way down to the shore. On either side of the stream grew trees—oaks chiefly—through the branches of which the sunlight fell and embroidered the moss and the primrose tufts with gold, but it was where the wood stopped and the goyal broadened out to the shore that the wild thyme grew, and it was the story of how it came there that the woodman told to the children.

The man had a little grey cottage in the wood, and lived there all alone summer and winter; but the children came to a farmhouse on Exmoor for the summer holidays, and in the autumn, when the gales began to blow the foam inland to mingle with the dead leaves, they went back to school, all except little Lota, who was too young to do many lessons.

They had been picking whortleberries on the moor, and they came down the goyal to the man's cottage to rest and eat plums and hear him talk, because he had learnt quite half the things that wise folk can learn by living in a wood.

There were five children. First, Jack; but he was sixteen and at a public school, and knew more things than have ever entered into simple people's heads, therefore of course he was not, properly speaking, a child, and only came to look after the others; he was an entomologist, which means that he went about with a green gauze net and a bottle of sticky stuff to smear on the oaks, and catch the poor innocent moths when they came out in the cool of the evening to see their friends. Next in age to Jack came Kit, who took great care of Lota; then Pat, a funny freckled little boy who was always laughing; then Trix, who loved Pat dearly and quarrelled with him every day, and kissed and made it up again, and then Lota, who was six years old and as soft and pink as a peach.

They came into the garden and set down their baskets; they drank at the wishing well, and then sat down under the oaks and ate plums and bread and clotted cream. When they had finished the plums, and were sitting lazily in the shade and listening to the woodman's bees humming in the wild thyme, they began to think they would like to hear a story, and asked the woodman for one.

"What sort of a story?" said the woodman.

"A story about giants," said Pat.

"No, no," said Trix. "A story about girls."

"Girls are stupid," said Pat.

"They're not as stupid as boys are," said Trix.

"Do not quarrel," said the woodman, "for they are really one just as stupid as the other."

"Whatever story we have," said Trix, "pray do not let us have one about good people."

"Yes," said Kit, "we will, because stories about bad people always end badly, though they are often so very nice at first."

"There is something in that, too," said the man. "You do not want a sad story?"

"Oh no, not a sad story."

"What is a sad story?" said the man.

"A story is sad," said the children, "when people die—of course everyone knows that."

"Ah!" said the man, "perhaps you would like to know how the wild thyme comes to grow here; I dare say you have never noticed it?"

"Why—no," cried Kit. "We never did notice it, but it is very sweet."

"The woman who once lived in this cottage thought so," said the man. "She will never see the place again, nor smell this thyme any more, but the thyme grew here for her, and I think perhaps it will not grow here much longer."

"Perhaps we might like the story."

"It is about fairies."

"Fairies? Well, that cannot be very sad, for fairies do not die."

"That is all you know about it!" said the man. "Fairies have as good a right to die as anyone else; they die in their way, and perhaps it is not so very different from our way."

"Of course," said Jack, "you can say anything you like about fairies, because there are no such things."

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "I do not live in a wood for nothing; there are pixies on the moor, and elves on the shore, and fairies and brownies in the woods, to say nothing of the dryads and sprites."

(To be continued.)

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE lecture on *The Difference between Magnetism and Hypnotism*, by Countess Wachtmeister, on October 5th, was well attended, and it had good reports in the local press. She received enquirers on the following afternoon, and proceeded to Liverpool the same evening. Among other valuable suggestions for work, she explained the system of conducting "H. P. B. training classes" to our members.

The public meetings here on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during the ensuing month are to discuss the following subjects: Oct. 17th, *Islam*, opened by A. W. Dwyer; 24th, *The Pursuit of Truth*, H. F. Norman; 31st, *Temptation*, F. A. Roberts; Nov. 7th, *The Great Out-breathing*, P. E. Jordan; 14th, *The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali*, G. W. Russell.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

A series of letters on current topics by Jasper Niemand, will begin in our next issue.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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I.

YOU ask me, Comrades, how we may best assist our fellows, not in material fashion, but along lines of theosophic thought. I have given much attention to this subject. All of us who truly fulfil our pledges to humanity find ourselves placed soon or late where we are obliged to consider it with care. By "pledges" I do not alone refer to spoken vows or promises to any person or body of persons, but also (and chiefly) to the asseverations made within our own hearts and natures. What we thus promise within ourselves, what we aspire to there, finds there a witness, a recorder, an accusing or approving tribunal. This inner nature is judge. This it is which "obliges" us to weigh all questions arising within ourselves, thus demonstrating the existence of that spiritual law which is said to "contain within itself its own executioners." All that we do or think or refrain from has there its first and deepest effect.

Now, as students, you should know that there is in all things a natural or sequential development, according to which experience unfolds itself in a series of conditions no less regular than those of the flowers. The law of growth is everywhere one and the same. This matter of helping others is no exception; it too has its pre-natal stages. From one to other of these we pass, and must pass, if our experience be vital in the least; if we be growing, involving and evolving at all. The endeavour to observe these stages is at all times necessary. It is the means to that self-knowledge which is the parent of brotherly thought and action.

When first we asseverate within ourselves the wish to help the world, we are prone to go about with offers of help. We look at

our fellows with a view to their salvation. Watchful we, to detect every need, every failure; is not our service a panacea for all these? Do not our fellows slip that we may help them rise?

Ah no, Comrades! Not we, but the Law. Are we alone that Law? Has it no other agents? Earth, air and all the seen and unseen elements; are they not full of these? The Dark, more full than all? So we meet with rebuffs. Or our service fails. Or that service results in the deeper bewilderment of our brothers, and we are shocked into the recognition that we are not saviours in the least. We have outrun the Law. Eagerness, over-anxiety to be doing, or personal habit have led us into situations not yet ripe for us, places all too remote, as yet, for any objective tread or touch. We precipitate crises; we stimulate unwise confidences; we startle unready natures into throes of untimely thought. Tangled events, confused issues, atrophied impulses, the jar of living nerve-lines everywhere proclaim our prentice hand. Despondent, we recoil, no more to involve ourselves in the strife of action.

The duration of this period of depression is governed by the reality of our wish to serve. Its fervour rallies us. We regain the base overpassed by our reaction; we examine the cause of our failure. The sincere light shows Law as being competent to designate its agents. Standing then upon our own base, we watch for a sign by which we shall know our own. Sometimes that watch is long. We are tried most by our highest aspirations, and often the answer made to him who asks only to serve is that mystic answer—"Wait!" Later on he learns that he serves most who most waits upon the Will, the Law. Other times we fail to recognize opportunities of service; we see them not at all, or all too late. Again the aspiring heart falls back to earth. But the heart of love is a winged thing; it has its home in the pure ether. Earth cannot stay it; it must again try the strength of its wings. It needs not to wait over-long. Some sign is seen and interpreted aright. From the ocean of life some airy form arises and beckons us. An interior prompting fills us with its urgency, or someone asks our aid. The tide of service comes pouring in. Then, when the eager hands knock at our hearts, from those hearts will arise a pure aspiration for wisdom in service.

This much-needed wisdom is slowly and painfully acquired.

We learn through and by our mistakes, seen in the light of dawning self-knowledge. Yet there may be a royal road to it, if any who have learned through their own want of wisdom can point out to another the stumbling-blocks in the path of devotion to mankind.

The great source of our inadequacy is this: we think it all-important that we should be wise givers of counsel to our friends. We should read aright the omens of their present and disentangle for their wearied eyes the labyrinths of Life. This were to be god-like! This were perfected sight indeed! It is a fallacy. Hope of its present attainment, an error. We cannot clearly read the simplest life line of our own. We are of import to Great Nature only by reason of our incompetence. She needs us, just as we are, in all our weakness, to work out the purposes of soul amid coil and counter coil. Our imperfections are her means of advance.

What *is* all-important is that we should help our friends to find their own wisdom. From us, not wisdom, but self-effacement is required. Yet this is in very fact the highest wisdom.

For look at this. If we give definite advice, that will inevitably be the tincture of our own minds, the essence of our personal experience or belief. Our conclusions on another's difficulty are formed upon half-presented facts; effects, these, whose cause lies many a life—many an age, it may be—behind the fitful gleam of the present hour. They appear now on planes other than that in which they had their source; they wear an altered garb; human intellect cannot discern their underlying nature. The most reverent touch is still too rough for this strange potential fact, mighty for good as for evil in the life of our brother. Refrain! Fear to disturb the balance in which a soul trembles towards its destiny. Desire thou naught but the fulfilment of Law.

I said that definite advice or plan is the fruit of our own experience. But the questioning soul which comes to us is not improbably a stranger to the whole of that experience. Our advice will have no reality. It will evoke no interior response. Respect, or love of us, or many another impulse to action, may cause our advice to be followed. The result will be that false faith which breeds fear. Action taken without one's own hearty interior assent can only breed discord. The hidden will has never moved at all.

The subject bristles with difficulty. What then can we do?

This, as I think. By observation or by question to find out the ideals of our questioner and advise constancy to those at any cost. "Be your best! Be your highest! I trust you!" Observers of that duality which presents choice after choice to the human soul as it oscillates from this pole to that, we may side ever with the higher side of our fellow-nature. We may endeavour to broaden all ideals by comparison. Nearness to universality and unity is a good test. If our brother cannot formulate his ideal to himself, we can hold up one after another before his mind and see which thrills him to response; love will find out the way. It uplifts the banner of the mightiest ideal and gazes with its brother upon that. Or we may have glimpsed his higher nature. Dissevering that nature from the lower attributes, from the mirage of self, we can hold the mirror up to it and bid him see his worthier self, bid him fix his gaze there. He will, if we look too. "Be at each moment the highest self of which you are capable and hold yourself there." It is a blessed office, this, of reflecting to our brothers the image of their noblest possibilities. We are too often but dim mirrors; feeble reflectors of their virtues, magnifiers of their defects. We turn a microscopic eye upon the more salient details of character, and loss of proportion results. False lights ourselves, we deflect the rays of the Self; the divine rays are beaten back, seeking other spheres than ours. Open the fixed mind to them and the rays pass, dissolving our poor limited forms, waxing glorious in that self-creative power which is the appanage of the living Light alone. That Light whose movement is the Law, is the only wise maker of plans. Yet it plans nothing. It provides action, reaction and circulation; mankind calls these down now as blessing, now as curse.

There are, of course, cases where actual wrong may be proposed, and in such elementary situations we can but point out, not so much the error, as the want of wisdom. The terms "right" and "wrong" have been so misused as dogmatic whips wherewith to flog people into the acceptance of creeds or personal ideas, that to-day their use irritates most minds, as with a hint of would-be authority. This revolt has its root in the soul's sense of its own freedom. It knows right and wrong to be relative terms of an existence only partially true. But Wisdom always IS. The appeal to that implies no self-righteousness.

When we have thus done all we can, we must stand aside. We cannot participate in the unwise deed. There are hours when silence is the only aid. In these we can remember that the weight of past Karma was too strong for our brother, and has set him the hard task of learning through the want of wisdom. We can look forward to meeting him at the next turning, stronger perhaps, while we are weaker, more apt to bear our burdens than we to bear his to-day; wise in that dread, yet calm, self-knowledge born of pain, pain, ever more pain. "The karmic root of all is one and runs deeper than you know. Never judge human nature on its lowest levels, and you never know all the facts." So spoke one who too often speaks in vain. We are too careful for our own attitude. Desirers we, of perfection—for *ourselves*. Painful anxiety, ours, to be *ourselves* just and right. The spontaneous generosity which springs to the brother's aid is lost sight of in the cautious balancing of our own wise persons across the sea of sin. Would we discover any other's need by the torch of our own self-righteousness? Where were then Loyalty? Where Faith? These high virtues thrive not upon the husks of material proof. Does not the Christ light say, as of old, to the sinner: "To thee much shall be forgiven, because thou hast loved much." Let us prate less of abstract perfection, abstain from so much "good advice," and give brotherly feeling, human love of the strong, quiet sort to our beleaguered fellows. Justice, do we say? Man never has it in his power to deal abstract, pure justice to man. Our only justice is compassion, and not that personal judgment born of our knowledge of how *we* would act in some given case. There are souls of rectitude which scorn to defend themselves to doubting friends; strong lips on which the seal of silence is set; great ones too high to bend to self-defence before petty self-proclaimed tribunals. And there are also sinners so strong that their reaction from sin is like the birth pains of a new star. Wisdom comes from the abandonment of the self, and Love is her guide. Before the vast spectacle of nature in her death grapple, of the soul of the world weeping as the great human orphan struggles to become; of universal mind straining to be born again as mind divinely human, the thinker bows his humble head beneath the prayer:

"O Light of all lights which are in the boundless Light, have mercy upon us also and purify us!"

If, on the other hand, we attempt to advise as from our own minds, it must be clear that we either approve or disapprove a given course; both ways our advice is coloured by our own view. We fall into the trap set by our own natures. Wrong for me may be right for you. As we are dealing with others, not with ourselves, we can only help them to find out what aspect of truth is most visible to their minds at the time, and then hold up their hands as was done for the prophet of old. All this talk of influencing others appears to me nauseating, contemptible. If we have influence, let us use it on ourselves. He helps most who influences not at all. Resist the appeal to vanity, and our fellows seek our light because their trust is in us. Well they know those who have never used or betrayed them, even to themselves. Well they know that comrade true to the evolutionary trust, who, without assumed authority as without self-seeking, ever refers them back to the law of their own soul. Of such a one the vulgar will say that he (or she) strives to "influence," but clean minds recognize the presence of that impersonal power which is the greatest force in nature. We can only exercise it fragmentarily now, but its smallest portion may feed a multitude. The world may vivisection those faithful ones whose simplicity of service makes naught of all its plans, the incense of grateful hearts may die away, but the deep "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," from the inner altar of their worship is all the reward they understand. The true, the universal lover, will, at all hazards, prevent in himself the expression of that haughty form of separateness which gives the death-blow to compassion by saying, in the presence of wrong: "I could not do that." We err. In the very same position we would do the same thing, for that situation includes the mental and physical make up, the entire Karma of that other person. Every determining factor would be the same. There were no possible escape from the same action were we the same actor. Do we thank heaven we are not the same? It imports more that our fellows shall have good cause to thank high heaven that we are other.

Again, strenuous opposition often forces the questioner in the contrary direction. And too often people ask our opinion to have their own confirmed. Failing that, it is sweet to find, in our opposition, a spur or a justification, it may be, of their course. The

Maya of Nature is endless. It happens again that some who come to us for help, apparently, really man the lifeboat of the Law sent for our succour. They may bring to a focus some long-delayed choice of our own. They may throw, as it were, a search-light upon our position, revealing us to ourselves. "What men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral." To most of us, a privilege means the exclusion of others. He who foregoes the privilege of adviser-in-chief to his fellows begins to learn a deeper wisdom of self-control that leads to wider helpfulness in fields of hidden space. Yet do not say that we can help but little. Sympathy is a vast force, and we develop by its exercise. Not the gush of puling sentiment, nor the blaze of emotion, but the quiet charity which is an occult power, that broad attractive current binding souls apparently dis severed. We touch the bond; they thrill response to its widespread harmonies.

I cannot make you more definite reply, yet you will feel helped, I venture to believe, because, while no definite path has been pointed out, a direction has been indicated where many paths do lie and are to be found. Each path must be freely chosen by him who is to tread it. Hence the wise guide will only indicate their direction.

There is more to it, though. Inasmuch as even two or three are thus met in the name of the universal Law of Brotherhood, or Identity of Souls, and when self has faded from sight, a very real guidance can and does arise from the inner selves of all. It arises from those spiritual spheres whose beings are selfless. Attracted by the harmonious aspirations quivering through the unseen light, they half incline, they listen, they recognize the voice of soul, they help the inner selves of men through the minds and hearts. Watch, then, for these, the descending gods.

Not men and women seek our aid, but souls. The soul, deeply buried in matter, seeks itself through the universe. Deep within us lies that soundless Aum which the Mahâtma—the soul made perfect—salutes in every human being. It lies so deeply hid and knocks. Material brain is occupied. The heart of desire cannot hear. Vainly the Voice resounds; the Aum knocks on, unheard by sinning man. But his brother may hear! On us Nature may have imposed that signal trust; we may have that gift to hear, to recognize the Aum in other lives. Then we may make reply. How? By returning trust

for suspicion; silence for deeds of wrong; we may uphold to our brother the image of his creator and god. Ours it is to cause hatred to cease by love, to win for that distraught and warring comrade a moment of stillness, in which the inner Voice may be heard. When we return patience for anger, that fettered soul within his body vibrates to the universal harmony. Like a miner imprisoned within a ruined mine, it hears the signal of the rescuing party coming nearer, nearer still. It feels the hope of escape, of breaking down the walls; that light approaches from without, borne in a brother's hand, to free the inner light, itself. It leaps in its stony prison. The man feels, he hears, he obeys; the soul-light floods out to know itself, to know the worlds which are but its greatest expression. Is it not an august service, thus to assist the purposes of soul?

Only the Teacher can know whether the soul has done well or ill. The Voice is all the guide the soul can have. It will bring it to the broad places in the end.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(To be continued.)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

THEOSOPHY AND THE EXPIRING CYCLE.

IN an article in your current number exhorting Theosophists to "Work Together," I observe reference to a belief that has often shown itself in recent theosophical writing to the effect that some crisis or cyclic period is rapidly approaching, after which further theosophical work will be "in vain." Some members of the Society have engendered the notion that we have only a few years left in which to accomplish results, and that after 1897 some mysterious extinguisher will descend upon us which will render all subsequent attempts to disseminate the truths of Theosophy abortive.

This is a groundless and mischievous delusion, springing appa-

rently from some exaggerated importance attributed to phrases used by Madame Blavatsky. Many years ago, before the Theosophical Society had fairly taken root, it may have been still uncertain whether the attempt to plant theosophical knowledge in the world at large would succeed or fail. If the Society had continued the weak seedling it seemed to be at that time, and if the cyclic period which ends in 1897 had come upon us without witnessing any improvement, then it is probable that the real promoters of the movement, the Masters in the background, would have postponed further attempts to stir up the dormant spirituality of mankind by such methods as would then, by the hypothesis, have failed till the closing quarter of the coming century. But as events have turned out, we have no such failure to deplore. In many directions, I am sorry to say, the Theosophical Society has exhibited a crooked growth. This is especially the case wherever branches have allowed themselves, by an unhealthy development of a feeling highly creditable in its origin—a feeling of gratitude to Madame Blavatsky for the great work she did—to forget that the theosophic movement is inspired by an influence independent of all personalities, and to worry texts derived from Madame Blavatsky's writings, as some sectarian fanatics deal with phrases in the English *Bible*. To do this is to reduce Theosophy in turn to a sect, with its hard and fast limitations and its incrustations of error. The system is peculiarly inapplicable in the present case, because Madame Blavatsky was an impetuous writer and speaker, always pouring forth a torrent of ideas without stopping to guard them coolly from misapprehension. No work in the language, for instance, is less entitled to be treated as literally inspired than *The Secret Doctrine* itself, though studied rationally it is, of course, a mine of invaluable suggestion.

The truth in regard to the influence of the end of the cycle on theosophic progress—as everyone who is really in a position to find out how the matter is regarded by the Higher Authorities must be aware—is this: The momentum of the Theosophical Society as it now stands (however crooked in growth in some directions) is abundantly sufficient to carry it over the cyclic crisis now approaching. On the whole it has been a success and not a failure, and will live accordingly and outgrow its ailments in turn. In the course of the coming century, we have reason to believe, the knowledge at present

held by a comparatively small number of persons—that the paths of the higher spiritual initiation are still open to those qualified to tread them—will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the cultured classes. Under the circumstances the beginning of the next century, instead of being a period at which all further efforts to spread theosophic truth will be encouraged, will be the dawn of a new era, in which the uphill efforts we have been making for the last decade or so will go forward far more prosperously. I am not making this declaration with the view of implying that we ought to await that period before making any further exertions, but, on the contrary, to dispel the stultifying belief that the Theosophy of the future is going to be contracted within the limits of the sect represented by the complete works of any single exponent of theosophic teaching.

A. P. SINNETT.

October 17th, 1894.

THE APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

PART II.

IN order properly to determine whether present, as well as past social arrangements put an artificial limit to the bodily, mental and moral growth of women, and to decide whether their power of developing latent psychic faculties has been lessened in a similar manner, some definition of woman's place in the economy of the human race must be attempted—the place of the Mother Principle in Nature specified.

In considering the proper place of woman, the working hypothesis used is this.

The first duty of a woman, as of every human being, is self-preservation, self-perfecting; her duty to the race taking the second place.

Towards man woman's human duties are wholly psychic, mental, spiritual. In her are embodied the complementary parts of his human qualities. Her sexual connection with him is not human but animal—one of the consequences of mind's descent into matter; and this sexual connection is right when undertaken thoughtfully for love to

the race, and as a service to the coming generation; wrong, or at best relatively right—the lesser of two evils—when undertaken for the pleasure or satisfaction of potential parents.

In trying to understand the natural place of the “Mother Power,” it is necessary to go beyond the animal kingdom, throughout which, according to one hypothesis, the feminine element has gradually been debased.

Even an elementary study of evolutionary processes shows a continuous adjustment of means to two great ends—the “preservation of the individual” and “the reproduction of the species.” (Nature frequently sacrifices the welfare of individuals, but only when that of offspring demands it, never to the gratification of the other sex.) Thus the perpetuation in offspring of every advance the race has made is justly said to be the final aim of Nature’s processes, the means being the welfare of the individual, without distinction of sex.

As the case stands, in the human race women have (if not always) for ages been subjected to one form of degradation after another, until in our day it is commonly said to be *inevitable*, and a necessary adjunct to civilization, that a certain percentage of women—of human beings—should be sacrificed in order that the sexual animal in man may perpetrate a vicious action which is insulting to all womanhood, a crime against future generations and destructive of the humanity of every man practising it.

In various eastern books are to be found references to the “Great Mother,” the “Mundane Egg” from which the universe came forth, the storehouse of all forms, in which the “Breath” was matured, from which every living thing emerged as the processes of evolution followed their spiral course; and a somewhat similar conception, differently expressed, is found in many of the works of modern science.

Every effort of a plant’s life is directed toward providing for the growth of seeds; and in reading books dealing with plant and animal life, the elaborate methods taken to ensure the fertilization of flowers and due provision of nutriment to the unfolding plants, appear very striking. Thus neither in the development of worlds nor in the life of plants do the pleasure or satisfaction of a male sexual element appear to be taken into account.

It is only after entering the animal kingdom—where owing to the loss of instinctual consciousness, the temporary introduction of a new spur to development was required, pending the evolution of mental and moral, *i.e.*, human, consciousness—that the sexual life of females is seen to be perverted; and instead of being devoted exclusively to the welfare of offspring has been made to serve the sexual pleasure of males.

The injurious effects of this functional perversion culminate in the human race, where the spur should be, not sexual desire, but reasoned morality.

The greater egoism and increasing brain development of human races have enabled animal man to abuse the female organs of reproduction, in order that his sexual passions might be satisfied.

Out of this gratification have arisen the vices of infanticide, intentional abortion and prostitution. To these artificial means of checking the growth of population, Nature has added death by starvation and by numerous diseases peculiar to infancy.

Thus animal man's sexual sin has been the abuse—unintentional it may be—of the female reproductive organs, with, as resultant, the deterioration of the race, through injury caused to offspring; the partial or complete unfitting of women for the fulfilment of their maternal duties; and the serious restriction of the individual human development of woman herself.

From various social customs based on the perpetuation of this immoral arrangement, has grown the generally received opinion that woman is a creature physically, mentally, and morally inferior to man. Indeed, the adverb womanly has come to mean "that which is crippled, helpless and ignorant," instead of that which belongs to woman.

Have we found the sought-for clue to the right education of woman and her proper place in an associated humanity? First she has to be considered as an individual human being, to whom full opportunity for the healthy development of her body and all inherited or potential powers ought to be given.

From this should follow special training of some aptitude in order that she, as an individual, should be self-supporting. That social arrangements have not up to the present been formed on these lines has been a serious loss to humanity.

One of the functions of the feminine or maternal principle throughout nature is to preserve the potentiality of all beneficial qualities. Man's failure to comprehend this as he became a thinking and moral being, has resulted in withholding from woman some of the essential means to full development, and in her failure to attain a high standard of physical excellence, a wide order of mental power, and an acute degree of moral sensitiveness. Hence her offspring have tended to become unbalanced, and a racial loss has been sustained.

G. A. H. BRERETON.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GARDENS OF TWILIGHT *(continued)*.

"HE had lived with kings and counsellors; he had wrought in magical arts, and the great and wise of the earth were his fellows. When a time came for him to depart he turned away sadly from the towers of men. He passed, without knowing it, through the strange defiles which lead to these gardens; but the light did not break upon him in iridescent waves foamy with flowers and sparkling with vanishing forms; the light was hidden in the bosom of the twilight; it was all-pervading but invisible; the essence of the light bathed his soul; the light was living; the light was exhaustless; by it everything was born; touched by it everything went forth in ecstasy, blind, seeking for realization.

"The magician brought with him the seeds of human desire and wisdom and aspiration. The light broke into his moody forgetfulness and kindled long-forgotten fires. He awoke from his darkness and saw before him in happiest vistas the island city of his longing. Around him were the men and women he knew; acting on his secret wishes the multitudes hailed him as king, they bowed before him as wise, they worshipped him as all-powerful. It was not strange to him, and rapt in royal imaginations for countless years he held sway over the island city. He dreamed of it as a poet, and there was no more beautiful city than this city of his dream. There were palaces that shot up, pinnacle upon pinnacle,

amid the jewel-light of the stars; there were courts and porticoes full of mysterious glory and gloom, magnificence and darkness; there were fountains that jetted their pearly mists into the light; around them with summer in their hearts lay the island inhabitants, each one an angel for beauty. As the dream of the magician deepened in rapture, the city wavered and changed more continually; its towers pierced more daringly into the way of the stars; for the darkness below he summoned birds of fire from the aerial deeps; they circled the palaces with flaming wings; they stained the air with richest dyes and rained forth emerald and blue and gold on the streets and sculptured walls and the inhabitants in their strange joys.

"His dream changed; he went forth no more but shut himself up in his palace with his wisest princes, and as he took counsel with them, the phantasmal and brilliant towers without faded and fell away as a butterfly droops its wings. For countless years he lived in the intoxication of thought; around him were sages who propounded wisest laws, and poets who sang of love, humanity and destiny. As his dream deepened still more in its rapture, they sang of mightier themes; there was continual music and light; there was no limit of glory or dominion which the human soul might not aspire to; his warriors stepped from star to star in dreams of conquest, and would have stayed the seraph princes of the wind and wave and fire, to make more radiant the retinue of this magician of the Beautiful.

"Again his desire changed. He sought to hold no further sway over these wide realms beyond him; he shut himself up in an inner chamber in lonely meditation, and as he entered into a deeper being the sages and poets, who were with him at his royal feasts, vanished and were no more. He, the wise mind, pondered within himself, finding joy in the continual inward birth of thought following thought, as in lonely seas wave rolls upon wave. From all things he had known or experienced he drew forth their essence and hidden meaning, and he found that he had been no less a king in his old unconsciousness than he now was, and that at all times nature had been obeisant and whatever had happened had still been by his own will. Through the light, thin fretted by the fire of his aspiration, he sometimes seemed to see the Shining Law in all things and the

movement throughout the thought-swept fields of heaven of the universal imagination. He saw that this, too, had been a minister to him. He drew nigh to himself—divinity. The last rapture of his soul was this radiant self-conception. Save for this vesture the light of illusion fell from him. He was now in a circle of whitest fire, that girdled and looked in upon the movements of worlds within its breast. He tried to expand and enter this flaming circle; myriads of beings on its verges watched him with pity; I felt their thought thrilling within me.

“He will never attain it!”

“Ah, the Beautiful Bird, his plumage is stained!”

“His glory will drag him down!”

“Only in invisible whiteness can he pass!”

“How he floats upwards, the Beautiful Bird!”

“These voices of universal compassion did not reach him, rapt in aspiration and imperious will. For an instant—an eternity—the infinitudes thrilled him, those infinitudes which in that instant he knew he could never enter but as one with all on the days of the great return. All that longed, all that aspired and dared, all but the immortal were in that moment destroyed, and hurled downwards from the highest heaven of life, the pilgrim spark began once more as a child to live over again the round of human days.”

“The spirit of the place o’ermastered you,” said the child. “Here many come and dream; and their dream of joy ended, out of each dreaming sphere comes forth again in pain the infant spirit of man.”

“But beyond this illusive light and these ever-changing vistas—what lies? I am weary of their vanishing glories. I would not wish to mount up through dreams to behold the true and fall away powerlessly, but would rather return to earth, though in pain, still eager to take up and renew the cyclic labours.”

“I belong to the gardens,” said the child; “I do not know what lies beyond. But there are many paths leading far away.”

Before them where they stood branched out paths of rich flowers. Here a region of pinks lured on to vistas of delicate glory; there ideal violet hues led to a more solemn beauty; here the eyes were dazzled by avenues of rich, radiant, and sunny green; another in beautiful golden colours seemed to invite to the land of

the sun, and yet another winded away through soft and shadowy blues to remote spiritual distances. There was one, a path of white flowers ending in light no eye could pierce.

"I will choose this—the path of white flowers," he said, waving farewell to the child. I watched the antique hero in my vision as he passed into the light; he seemed to shine, to grow larger; as he vanished from my eyes he was transfigured, entering as a god the region of gods." Æ.

(To be continued.)

LOTUS CIRCLE.

Do our "thinkers" ever grow old?—No, because they have been from all time.

Do our "thinkers" ever die?—No, they cannot die, they exist always.

If God did not make us, who did?—We made ourselves, we are part of the whole, or God.

Do our physical bodies ever return to this world again?—No, but all the particles of our body come and make another body.

Has anyone ever known what is above the sky?—Those who can see in the astral do, for it surrounds the earth and sky.

IVY ANDERSON.

The above are answers to Questions by members of the Lotus Circle, which appeared in a previous issue. Ivy Anderson is a young member of a Lotus Circle in America.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE H. P. B. Training Class meets on Monday evenings, at 7.45 p.m. punctually. *Secret Doctrine* group at 8.30 p.m. Enquirers welcomed on Fridays evenings at 8.30 p.m.

The public meetings here on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during the ensuing month are to discuss the following subjects: Nov. 21st, *Magnetism*; 28th, *Two Main Ideas in Esoteric Philosophy*; Dec. 5th, *Reward and Punishment*; 12th, *Theosophy and Asceticism*.

A new catalogue of our Lending Library will shortly be issued. An anonymous donation of £3 to the library fund is thankfully acknowledged.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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II.

YOU ask me, Brothers, for my thoughts respecting the Theosophical Society and its neutrality. The latter point appears to me to be one important at all times and one which should be better understood.

The Society is held to represent our ideal. It stands for Universal Brotherhood. What is that? I have heard, and I believe it true, that when the elder Brothers of that hierarchy which specially helps the West were considering the base of the T. S.—a base to be as broad as the world, free as the ether—they chose for this foundation a truth which they expressed by the term “Universal Brotherhood.” In this they followed after Nature, herself based upon that truth. The term was chosen as one fitted to convey to all minds in all languages a clear, distinct, and ethical idea. At the same time, their ethics transcend ours; the only real ethics are spiritual laws we do not glimpse as yet. So this term is held to cover and to convey in its highest sense the truth of the “spiritual identity of all Being,” on which alone can a *real* universal brotherhood, true in fact as well as in potentiality, active on all planes alike, be based. The Society is thus seen to rest upon spiritual identity, upon likeness and not upon difference, upon union and reunion as beginning and goal, and, in the intermediate spaces of Time, upon unity in diversity. Like the world-soul, the Society receives into its bosom all manner of minds, souls in all stages of evolution and involution, promising within those borders free and unimpeded development, through enquiry, to each. Thus the sole article of faith necessary for admission premises its neutrality; the one springs naturally from the other.

Let us now take up and examine the nature of this neutrality. At once we perceive that no passivity, in the usual sense, is implied. The Society does not permit the war of creeds, the attack of minds within its precincts. Members and officers are not to sit calmly by and allow the assault upon the beliefs of others to go on unimpeded. It is not permitted in the meetings; on the part of officials it is held to be a misdemeanour forbidden expressly by the Constitution. The neutrality is positive, not negative. It is active, as becomes a spiritual quality springing from a spiritual truth lying at the very foundation of Being. Rightly so, for those who sit by and allow a wrong to be done when their activity might prevent it, are sharers of the injustice which their passivity makes possible. They do not escape, by that inactivity, a really active share in the wrong. They provided a quiet shelter, so to say, for the aggressor, a field from which the evil could sally forth and take effect. We find mankind recognizing this fact at two poles, first in the common axiom: "The receiver is as bad as the thief"; secondly, in the mystic's code, "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin." When the machinery of the Society is put in motion to bring about an infringement of the rules of Brotherhood, we do not escape responsibility by assuming the attitude of calm spectators, or of judges ready to deal out a justice which in truth we have not to bestow, being as yet imperfect men. Neutrality is not passivity. The last is a mental inertia, the other a fixed mental attitude. The first altogether rejects an infringement of Brotherhood, and forbids an insistence upon diversity, which the latter supinely permits. The ideally neutral attitude is that taken up by the Society. It posits for itself a broad code, a tenet wide as the fields of light and single as is the source of that light; for others it adopts an impartial neutrality. In this mental equilibrium there is no lethargy. The "holder of the balance" requires every faculty, every nerve brought into play. Try; you will not find it easy. This point of balance is the lever of Archimedes; once found, it moves the worlds. When disturbances shift the balance too far, the true neutrality consists in an effort to bring about readjustment, just as we see people instinctively throwing themselves to one side when the ship keels over or the coach careens. That is the recognition, in physics, of nature's law of readjustment, or reaction. The Society provides for it, even

to dismissal from office, if the rule of neutrality be violated, and such provision is a part of its neutrality. Ours should be no less positive. In this light an occult saying becomes understandable: "Because thou art neither hot nor cold I will spew thee out of my mouth." To be at either pole implies reaction in time, and so comes about circulation, or the condition of living, of evolving. To lie passively in a middle state where no action is, is to be spewed out of the mouth of nature, or manifestation, to fade out without further *personal* evolution. The Yogî is intensely active on the spiritual plane and negative upon the physical plane in trance. The same penalty would be incurred by the Society if it were "neither hot nor cold." Its inactivity would bring about its decay.

It would thus appear that an active charity is the legitimate outcome of the sole article in our confession of faith. An *active* charity—not verbal, not inanimate, not supine. The magnificent picture given by St. Paul delineates the aspect and mode of such a vital charity from the standpoint of the adept, and portrays the inadequacy of mere eloquence, though it spoke as angels might speak, to do justice to that living quality, without which sonorous speech "were as sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal."

Our Society is the model, the working model in the objective world, of that body known to the mystics of all ages as THE LODGE, or aggregate of spiritually active souls, embracing all the rungs of conscious mental Being.

THE LODGE is the servant of Karma. That is, its operations are guided by the laws of Being. It works along the lines of Law, using cause and effect as it finds them to its hand, provided already by mankind under Karma; using the action and reaction of currents in the Âkâsha as it there finds these. It reveals nothing. It attacks nothing. It punishes nothing and no one. It leaves all this to the Law. The withdrawal of its influence or its aid is not, properly speaking, punishment, for it only removes that which cannot be used by those who turn away from its path, the path of Law. Strictly speaking, offenders are those who have removed themselves. But it protects. It defends. It secures for its followers the right to mental freedom. It imposes no action. It offers opportunity for right action to those entitled to such opportunity. If rejected, the opportunity comes no more. The Divine is not importunate. Where

honest intent and pure aim have not secured a man from mistaken action, his soul learns a broader view, a vision more intense from the pain of the mistake, and his right intent carries him onward still. The Law thus provides that intention, motive, shall count, and so they do also count with that instrument of the Law, THE LODGE. So long as a man wills to do rightly, wills to see clearly, he is helped over the innumerable obstructions put in our way (by nature), by that LODGE itself, whose mission it is to help mankind in their progress through the mire of material life.

THE LODGE has but one insurmountable barrier, hypocrisy; one crime, ingratitude; one felony, self-abuse. For conscious root in falsity under guise of truthseeking must debar the mind from sight of the True. Denial of a gift, rejection of the giver are perjuries committed against the very nature of Life—the One Being—*itself*. All who give us aught have given us somewhat of their life; that life works in and for us; when we deny that, after any one of our numerous contemptible human fashions, we do inhibit and expel it from our spheres; we do our paltry best to stifle Life and stultify its source; we deny the very mainsprings of existence, the eternal give and take, when we give back evil in any shape of denial, forgetfulness, suspicion, for the blessings of fraternity and good will. And he who destroys the nervous vehicle destroys the inner senses in the germ and cannot penetrate to that arcanum of hidden Being because he has destroyed the path leading to it, and that, too, after a fashion which affects the atoms of nervous matter for many a life beyond the life we call to-day.

The great function of THE LODGE is also that of the Law—re-adjustment. That is to say, bringing into equilibrium the nature—human or universal—temporarily overbalanced by undue determination to one or another pole of force. When undue stress is laid upon one aspect of life, the true servant can be helped by the awakening of energies then latent at the other pole. This is done whenever *necessary*; the good gardener does not disturb the plant until it requires his care; then he only brings to bear upon it natural agencies which he has learned to specialize. Such servants form, each in his own degree, links of the great chain of conscious endeavour which stretches from man to the angels, and beyond. Once they have served, and while they do serve, that LODGE is in the

very nature of things bound to them as they to it. For such living links there is no severance unless they will it so.

Life, the Breath, the Conscious Mover, flows along the chain, *seeking and making its own bed*, choosing its own vehicles; those above cannot reject those below; those below must receive that Life by way of those above. Each put himself in his own place; not one can lose it unless he himself moves away or is moved away from that place. It is hierarchal, because the laws of Life, of the One Life in the One Substance, have made it so, fashioning plane upon plane, stage upon stage, link after link, soul after soul. "Ingratitude *is* a crime in occultism," as the Master twice has said, for he who denies one link of the chain, one source of but a single interior benefit, throws, or would if he could, throw the whole chain into confusion. He endeavours to isolate one link from the living palpitant whole; that whole resists, and he himself is torn away from it; the great stream expulses him as debris upon the naked shore, and flows on. Brotherly help is a spiritual entity; it is of the higher order of life; it is a part of the higher substance of our being—the thought-substance, the heart-substance—and we sow it in the spheres of our fellows, open to ask and to receive it.

When, then, they turn against the giver, they do violently reverse the action of those living substantial atoms within them; the sudden reversal of force is a great shock to their own inner man. Moreover, they do then, by their thoughts, expel and cast back upon us the force we have bestowed, but a force also reversed to its other pole. By this reversal of force they drag the atoms of spiritual substance down to a lower plane existence before their time. They return hatred for love; in occult dynamics this means that they give contraction, death, bitter cold for life and love. They *may* hurt the giver, if they be powerful enough, but primarily they injure themselves. In the ungrateful man you may plainly see the horrid action of this sharp reversal; he is torn by doubt, anger, suspicion; his misery knows no cessation. Peace has no foothold within him; he is the wretched playground of forces whose nature he himself has transmuted, making that deadly which was given from the fountain of life. And Life uprears its crest against him, it will have none of him except upon the terms he himself has made, the terms of violence to the essential nature of things; no

truce is given by the Law to him who has thus declared himself a foe to order and law. The Benefactor is sacred in the penetralia of spiritual truth; he cannot undo the good once done, himself; no benefit once set forth can ever be cancelled; the stream can be checked at the source but its flowing waves cannot be recalled. Present evil cannot obliterate past good so far as we are concerned; in the universal sum of things they may tend to one benefit—self-knowledge—in the end.

Hence fidelity to that Society, at once a model and a benefit, an ideal and a nucleus capable of perfection, is a primary virtue in the would-be Theosophist. He must act the brotherhood he professes, or he risks to become a hypocrite, one of those "pharisees" of whom H. P. Blavatsky remarked that they were the only class whom the Christ constantly rebuked. The mystic Christ-light will have none of the hypocrite, for he seeks a false light, one of the numberless false reflections of the One. He must be grateful, to his fellows, his officers, to the unseen givers of the ideal, to the "guardians of the base," to the "bearers of the flame." Otherwise, he risks to destroy the vehicle. It is not perfect, for men can provide no vehicle which shall be better than their aggregate selves.

It is for them to perfect both. Theirs is at choice that noble part of avoiding all fixed codes, all rigid methods of comparison, all hard and fast conceptions of charity or justice or neutrality or benevolence, whereby we reduce divine fluidic lights to mere forms, models of our restricted minds. Let us watch at the springs of the spirit within us; let us wait for the dawn of compassion; let us listen for the pleading of an inner voice; for the pulses of pardon, of peace and of prayer, let us keep undying watch within ourselves. When these arise, were it by but the feeblest heart-beat, let us give way to the eternal processional of the peace bringers, the currents of divinity ever ready to flow through every man who will take down his bars and evoke their passage. We are fixed; they change ever. We are mechanical; they are spontaneous. Fatigue is ours; they are immortal, tireless, ever-born and never-fading. We are the slaves of our own poor preconceptions of conduct and virtue; they are servants of the Divine Dark Children of the Father of Lights, teachers of men who yet are—if they will—themselves. Through and by our Society, that concept of spiritual and charitable

identity, we may both receive and give these boons *if so be we abide by the spirit itself*. We shall learn and become that truth than which no grander ever was set forth:

"As the one fire, after it has entered into the world, becomes different according to what it burns, so the self within all things *is different—but it exists also apart*."

Now this is an epitome of the *real* neutrality.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

"It is more disgraceful to suspect a friend than to be deceived by him."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it."—EPICURUS.

THE following extracts are from the letters of one whose good Karma bids fair to enroll him on the list of the world's great "frauds." The name of the first on that list is not known. He was perhaps a good man of whom the Atlanteans did not approve. In the historical period we have Jesus, Apollonius, Paracelsus, many Alchemists, Saint Germain, Cagliostro, H. P. Blavatsky and others of varying degree.

These brief extracts are taken from letters which were written to various friends over a period of years. They were written on a basis of some intimacy, during times of storm and difficulty for the most part, and when the writer was nearly always being attacked either openly or privately. They are peculiar, inasmuch as from first to last they do not contain an uncharitable remark about any person, dead or living.

These extracts will, perhaps, furnish additional evidence—for some people—of the writer's immorality, unscrupulousness and

deceit. It is possible to extract such evidence from the cut of a man's clothes—when looked at from the standpoint of enlightenment. With such people we have nothing to do, so far as these letters are concerned. Theosophists will find them of interest, we believe.

THE RECIPIENTS.

“For the love of heaven do not take any tales or informations from any person to any other. The man who brought news to the king was sometimes killed. The surest way to make trouble out of nothing is to tell about it from one to another. Construe the words of the *Giti* about one's own duty to mean that you have nothing to do in the smallest particular with other people's fancies, tales, facts or other matters, as you will have enough to do to look out for your own duty. . . . Too much, too much, trying to force harmony. Harmony comes from a balancing of diversities, and discord from any effort to make harmony by force. . . . In all such things I never meddle, but say to myself it is none of my affair at all, and wait till it *comes to me*—and thank God if it never arrives! And that is a good rule for you.”

“We all differ and must agree to disagree, for it is only by balancing contrary things that equilibrium (harmony) is obtained. Harmony does not come through likeness. If people will only let each other alone and go about their own business quietly all will be well. . . . It is one's duty to try and find one's own duty and not to get into the duty of another. And in this it is of the highest importance that we should detach our *minds* (as well as our tongues) from the duties and acts of others whenever those are outside of our own. If you can find this fine line of action and inaction you will have made great progress.”

“Think of these points:

“(a) Criticism should be abandoned. It is no good. Coöperation is better than criticism. The duty of another is dangerous for one whose duty it is not. The insidious coming of unbrotherly criticism should be warned against, prevented, stopped. By example you can do much, as also by word in due season.

“(b) Calmness is now a thing to be had, to be preserved. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe. Sit on all

the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never rise to trouble you.

"(c) Solidarity.

"(d) Acceptation of others."

"Yes, that business is already a 'back number,' stale and unprofitable. I have found that work tells. While others fume and fret and sleep, and now and then start up to criticize, if you go right on and work, and let time, the great devourer, do the other work, you will see that in a little while the others will wake up once more to find themselves 'left,' as they say in the land of slang. Do, then, that way. Your own duty is hard enough to find out, and by attending to that you gain, no matter how small the duty may be. The duty of another is full of danger. May you have the light to see and to do! Tell — to remember to work to the end to make himself an instrument for good work. Times change, men go here and there, and places need to be filled by those who can do the best sort of work and who are full of the fire of devotion and who have the right basis and a sure and solid one for themselves. My love to all."

"Well, now, just at this minute I do not know exactly what to say. Why not take up an easy and fluidic position in the matter? An occultist is never fixed on any mortal particular plan. So do not fix your mind as yet on a plan. Wait. All things come to him who waits in the right way. Make yourself in every way as good an instrument for any sort of work as you can. Every little thing I ever learned I have now found out to be of use to me in this work of ours. Ease of manner and speech are of the best to have. Ease of mind and confidence are better than all in this work of dealing with other men—that is with the human heart. The more wise one is the better he can help his fellows, and the more cosmopolitan he is the better too. . . . When the hour strikes it will then find you ready; no man knows when the hour will strike. But he has to be ready. You see Jesus was, in fact, an occultist, and in the parable of the foolish virgins gave a real occult ordinance. It is a good one to follow. Nothing is gained, but a good deal lost by impatience—not only strength, but also sight and intuition. So decide nothing hastily. Wait; make no set plan. Wait for the hour to

make the decision, for if you decide in advance of the time you tend to raise a confusion. So have patience, courage, hope, faith and cheerfulness."

"Silentio, my dear, is almost as good as patience. He laughs best who does it last, and time is a devil for grinding things. . . . Use the time in getting calmness and solid strength, for a big river is not so because it has a deep bed, but because it has VOLUME."

"Let them croak, and if we keep silent it will have no effect, and as there has been trouble enough it is better not to make it any worse by referring to it. The only strength it has is when we take notice. It is better policy for all of us who are in earnest and united to keep still in every matter that has any personal bearing."

"Say, look here, never growl at anything you have to do. If you have to go, just take it as a good thing you have to do, and then it will redound to the good of them and yourself, but if it is a constant cross then it does no good and you get nothing. Apply your theories thus . . . It is a contest of smiles if we really know our business. . . . Never be afraid, never be sorry, and cut all doubts with the sword of knowledge."

"Anyway you are right that struggling is wrong. Do it quietly, that is the way the Masters do it. The reaction the other way is just as you say, but the Master has so much wisdom he is seldom if ever, the prey of reactions. That is why he goes slowly. But it is sure. . . . I know how the cloud comes and goes. That is all right; just wait, as the song says, till they roll by.

"Arouse, arouse in you the meaning of 'thou art that.' Thou art the self. This is the thing to think of in meditation, and if you believe it then tell some others the same. You have read it before, but now try to realize it more and more each day and you will have the light you want . . . If you will look for wisdom you will get it sure, and that is all you want or need. Am glad all looks well. It would always look well if each and all minded their own things and kept the mind free from all else."

"Now this is, as I said, an era. I called it that of western Occultism, but you may give it any name you like. But it is wes-

tern. The symbol is the well-intended American Republic, which was seen by Tom Paine beforehand 'as a new era in the affairs of the world.' It was meant as near as possible to be a brotherhood of nations, and that is the drift of its declaration and constitution. The T. S. is meant to be the same, but has for many years been in a state of friction. It has now, if possible, to come out of that. It cannot be a brotherhood unless each, or some, of its units becomes a brother in truth. And *brother* was the noble name given in 1875 to the Masters. Hence you and I and all of us must cultivate that. We must forgive our enemies and those who assail us, for only thus can the great brothers properly help by working through us. There seems to be a good deal to forgive, but it is easily done inasmuch as in fifty years we'll all be gone and forgot.

"Cut off, then, thoughts about those 'foolish children' until harmonious vibrations ensue to some extent. That absurdity . . . let go. I have deliberately refrained from jumping at such a grand chance. So you see forgive, forgive and largely forget. Come along then and with me get up as fast as possible the feeling of brotherhood.

"Now, then, you want more light, and this is what you must do. You will have to 'give up' something. To wit: have yourself called half an hour earlier than is usual and devote it *before* breakfast to silent meditation, in which brood upon all great and high ideas. Half an hour! Surely that you can spare. And don't eat first. If you can take another half *before* you go to bed and without any preliminaries of undressing or making things agreeable or more comfortable, meditate again. Now don't fail me in this. This is much to give up, but give it up recollecting that you are not to make all those preparations so often indulged in by people. . . . 'The best and most important teacher is one's seventh principle centred in the sixth. The more you divest yourself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, and the more you are devoted to the service of others, the more Maya disappears and the nearer you approach to Divinity.' Good-bye, then, and may you find that peace which comes from the Self."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"Did you really dream all that?" said Willie. "How jolly it must be! It is like stepping from sphere to sphere. Before the night of one day you are in the morning of another. I suppose you have some theory about it all—as wonderful as your gardens?"

"Yes!" said our sceptic, "I had an uneasy consciousness it was not all pure story. I felt an allegory hiding its leanness somewhere beneath the glow and colour."

"What I want to know is how these things enter the imagination at all!"

"With what a dreadfully scientific spirit you dissect a fantasy! Perhaps you might understand if you recall what sometimes happens before sleep. At first you see pictures of things, landscapes, people you know; after a time people and places unknown before begin to mingle with them in an ever-widening circle of visions; the light on which these things are pictured is universal, though everyone has around himself his own special sphere of light; this is the mirror of himself—his memory; but as we go deeper into ourselves in introspection we see beyond our special sphere into the great or universal light, the memorial tablet of nature; there lie hidden the secrets of the past; and so, as Felix said a little while ago, we can call up and renew the life of legend and tradition. This is the Astral Light of the mystics. Its deeper and more living aspect seems to inflame the principle of desire in us. All the sweet, seductive, bewitching temptations of sense are inspired by it. After death the soul passing into this living light goes on thinking, thinking, goes on aspiring, aspiring, creating unconsciously around itself its own circumstance in which all sweetest desires are self-fulfilled. When this dream-power is exhausted the soul returns again to earth. With some this return is due to the thirst for existence; with some to a perception of the real needs of soul."

"Do you really believe all that?"

"Oh, yes! But that is only a general statement."

"I wonder at your capacity for believing in these invisible spheres. As for me I cannot go beyond the world I live in. When I think of these things some dreadful necessity seems heaped upon me to continue here—or, as you might put it, an angel with a flaming sword keeps everywhere the avenues to the Tree of Life."

"Oh!" said Willie, "it seems to me a most reasonable theory. After all, what else could the soul do after death but think itself out? It has no body to move about in. I am going to dream over it now. Good-night!"

He turned into the tent and Robert followed him. "Well, I cannot rest yet," said Bryan, "I am going up for a little to the top of the hill. Come, Felix, these drowsy fellows are going to hide themselves from the face of night." We went up, and leaning on a boulder of rock looked out together. Away upon the dream-built margin of space a thousand tremors fled and chased each other all along the shadowy night. The human traditions, memories of pain, struggle, hope and desire floated away and melted in the quietude until at last only the elemental consciousness remained at gaze. I felt chilled by the vacancies. I wondered what this void was to Bryan. I wished to see with his eyes. His arm was around my shoulder. How I loved him—my nearest—my brother! The fierce and tender flame, comrade to his spirit, glowed in my heart. I felt a commingling of natures, something moved before my eyes. "Look, Bryan!" I whispered, "this is faery!" A slight upright figure, a child, stood a little apart shedding a delicate radiance upon the dusky air. Curiously innocent, primeval, she moved, withdrawn in a world only half-perceived of gorgeous blossoms and mystic shadows. Through her hair of feathery brown drifting about her the gleam of dust of gold and of rich colour seemed to come from her dress. She raised her finger-tips from the flowers and dashed the bright dew aside. I felt something vaguely familiar about the gesture. Then Bryan said, "It is one of the Children of Twilight." It was a revelation of his mind. I had entered into the forms of his imagination.

"This is wonderful, Bryan! If I can thus share in the thought of one, there can be no limit to the extension of this faculty. It

seems at the moment as if I could hope to finally enter the mind of humanity and gaze upon soul, not substance."

"It would be a great but terrible power. As often as not we imagine ourselves into demons. Space is thronged with these dragon-like forms, chimaeras of the fearful mind. Every thought is an entity. Some time or other I think we will have to slay this brood we have brought forth."

But as we turned backwards I had no dread or thought of this future contest. I felt only gay hopes, saw only ever-widening vistas. The dreams of the Golden Age, of far-off happy times grew full of meaning. I peopled all the future with their splendour. The air was thronged with bright supernatural beings, they moved in air, in light; and they and we and all together were sustained and thrilled by the breath of the Unknown God.

As we drew nigh to the tent, the light of the fire still flickering revealed Robert's face within. He was sleeping. The warmth of the sun had not yet charmed away the signs of study and anxious thought.

"Do you know the old tradition that in the deepest sleep of the body the soul goes into itself. I believe he now knows the truth he feared to face. A little while ago he was here; he was in doubt; now he is gone unto all ancient things. He was in prison; now the Bird of Paradise has wings. We cannot call him by any name, for we do not know what he is. We might indeed cry aloud to his glory, as of old the Indian sage cried to a sleeper, 'Thou great one, clad in white raiment; Soma: King!' But who thinking what he is would call back the Titan to this strange and pitiful dream of life? Let us breathe softly to do him reverence. It is now the Hour of the King,

"Who would think this quiet breather
From the world had taken flight?
Yet within the form we see there
Wakes the Golden King to-night.

"Out upon the face of faces
He looked forth before his sleep;
Now he knows the starry races
Haunters of the ancient deep;

"On the Bird of Diamond Glory
Floats in mystic floods of song;
As he lists, Time's triple story
Seems but as a day is long.

"When he wakes—the dreamy-hearted—
He will know not whence he came,
And the light from which he parted
Be the seraph's sword of flame;

"And behind it hosts supernal
Guarding the lost Paradise,
And the Tree of Life eternal
From the weeping human eyes."

"You are an enchanter, Bryan. As you speak I half imagine the darkness sparkles with images, with heroes and ancient kings who pass, and jewelled seraphs who move in flame. I feel mad. The distance rushes at me. The night and stars are living, and—speak unknown things! You have made me so restless I will never sleep."

I lay down. The burden of the wonder and mystery of existence was upon me. Through the opening of the tent the warm night air flowed in; the stars seemed to come near—nearer—full of kindly intent—with familiar whispering; until at last I sank back into the great deep of sleep with a mysterious radiance of dream showering all about me.

Æ.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

EDITOR *Irish Theosophist*:

The matter of charges against me seems not yet to be at an end, as I am informed that *The Westminster Gazette* has made a long story of the whole thing, as it was once before given in California and other places, and has added to it various falsifications of fact. All this has led some European members of the T. S. to say that they think I should make a reply and explanation. One would suppose that the legal maxim that a man is called innocent until he

is proven guilty is but a form in England, and that a man's friends are not obliged to defend him when accused until he has made all his proofs.

All I have to say for the present is this: that at the proper time and place I will have to say what I wish and find right and proper. Let us wait until all the innendos, charges and accusations are fully presented. One who knows, as I do, that he is guided and helped by the Masters, knows also that there is a time and a place for everything, and is able to bide his time. That is what I am doing. When the true moment comes I will be able to speak, and then facts and circumstances will join in speaking for me.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, Nov. 20th, 1894.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

WE have had a visit from Bro. E. T. Hargrove, whom we kept busy the few days he was with us. He lectured at the Lodge Room on December 5th on *The Practice of Theosophy*, next evening at the Dublin Ethical Society on *Mysticism—The Doctrine of Common Sense*, and on the Saturday at the Fabian Society, on *The Evolution of Society*, finishing later by joining in a discussion on theosophical matters at the Contemporary Club. A conversazione was held on the Friday evening.

The H. P. B. Training Class (Mondays, 7-45 p.m.) goes on merrily; some members attend outside meetings and put in a word or two.

The Wednesday discussions during the ensuing month are: Dec. 19th, *Theosophy and Asceticism*; Jan. 2nd, 1895, *Some Aspects of Pessimism*; 9th, *How to help the Theosophical Movement*.

FRED J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The series of letters by Jasper Niemand (of which the second appears in this issue) will be continued in future numbers. Each letter deals with questions of vital interest to all Theosophists.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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III.

COMRADES :

You ask me for a fuller interpretation of the idea that the White Lodge Acts on the expanding force, and the Dark on the contractive. I understand this as follows :—

The spiritual forces, following the action of the Great Breath, flow outwards and downwards periodically, and periodically withdraw into their own centre. This is known as the “descent and reascent of the gods.” It is for men to lift themselves in aspiration towards the descending gods. When the spiritual forces are in full play of activity they are to be felt on *all* planes, even on the physical and most objective, where they are not indeed always sensed by men who may yet act with them from some interior perception not cognised by brain-mind. Of course you will see that this is again quite different from the action of those amongst mankind who do cognise the spiritual activity, in any degree whatever, and who apprehend the meaning of right action at such periods.

Following the method of that Planetary Spirit who imparts the vibration of truth for the Manvantara, the White Lodge acts with the expanding force, and, like it, and with it, withdraws into its own plane and centre, to work no more actively (externally) when the contractive force is on. On the spiritual plane there is always activity so long as the Great Breath is in manifestation at all. Roughly speaking, at such times the Adept of the White Ray, the white sexless Unity, acts in Samadhi, &c., only. You will see that when the spiritual expansion is on in great force all planes of nature feel it, according to the higher or lower evolution of the beings of that plane. But when the spiritual currents withdraw, each plane sets up its own action and reaction in the substance of that plane.

The dark powers, on the contrary, act with the contracting force. That is to say, they act with and increase the action and reaction especial to each plane ; such planes are the physical and lower astral.

Master has said : " It is impossible to worship both sides of nature at once." The word " worship " should be deeply underscored. For by " worship " is meant exclusive devotion to both Eros, the One Ray, the expansive compassion, and to the differentiated action and reaction of Jiva-prana especial to physical nature. Some great occultists have erred in this respect. As take the example of Paracelsus. Such men have thought that they could work on the higher manasic and other planes at favourable cyclic moments, and could then act in the body in separative physical and other extremes, supposing that by this they were copying the example shown by the manifested duality. They failed to discern Karma as a universal law, and to learn that Reaction really means that the spiritual forces are withdrawn to their own plane, to their own centre, and that the action then observed by men in nature is an action of a differentiation of force common to nature alone. Hence these men failed to reach the great truths.

When the spiritual forces expand from within outward, all nature thrills responsive ; even the hierarchies of lower powers can only assert themselves on those among mankind already predisposed to their influence. But the word Reaction is one which covers, in fact, that action referred to as coming from the unprogressed Planetaries, with all their hierarchies down even to the unprogressed elementals, with tendency to limitation, to fix and arrest thought-moulds, as to fix and arrest the worlds hanging suspended in minor pralaya.

Heed now the danger of this spiritual current to those amongst you whose thought-forms, whether of creed or plan, or what not else, are fixed. Were such a current forced into a sphere largely insensible, so far as mind may reach, to noëtic action, the result would only be that these erroneous ideas of rigid mould would more actively vibrate, would more vividly impress the brain-mind. Herein lies the danger of forcing the evolution of a man. Even when Karma permits, this process is one dangerous to the co-ordination of the various bodies ; and danger, great and grave danger, is incurred either to the physical body or in the reaction set up in the mind itself.

In the case of some the danger is in large part that of the physical body. They may feel reaction in the mind also ; but forewarned is fore-

armed, and if they have been taught—and in some measure have grasped the teaching—to observe this reaction in brain-mind as the action of the dark quality in nature (tamo-guna); to check pictures, even thoughts, and not to regard this effect of reaction on the lower mind as an expression of the real self, they have lessened little by little and in part the tendency to be carried away by it.

In other cases the danger lies less in the physical than in the brain-mind, which may feel the reaction of which I speak, in so far as there may be these mental pictures of rigid mould, which require time ere they can be dissolved in that Light which fluxes all things, and which works to more rapid purpose as men increase its power by looking to it alone. The dark powers can make fierce assaults in ways not generally understood, but which are felt in the form of terrible mental reaction. That reaction awakens the pictures of erroneous ideas to fresh life, and casts their vivid images anew upon the brain : bewilderment results. If at these times we set all down to the reaction common to nature, and induced by the force of our aspirations, avoiding meanwhile our own fixed mental preconceptions, we soon find that a time comes in which the Readjustor does his great work. This Readjustor may be the Higher Self, its messengers, or Karmic circumstance, or a Master, and even our own inner man : in all these cases it is the Self.

On this plane the dark powers rely upon their ability to create a Maya. If they see that we are not to be trapped in the prominent lines of work, they lay their hands where our currents exist but in some very small matter. Let me suppose a case, and one common enough. X. may have indulged in some criticism of another, small, and coupled with sincere and kind thoughts up to his lights. The dark powers could seize upon these pictures (vivified already by sound and its objectivizing power), could dress them up with more subtle matter, could enlarge them, enliven them with elementals and also could assume X.'s image, making all appear very large and bitter to the brain, whose nervous matter they would then proceed to impress with these images more than half their own creation. The object is to make it appear that all these things came from X., and the impression of other minds and repetition by them causes the evil to grow and spread. How are we to avoid this? We should refrain from all criticisms, especially in times of disturbance, when the etheric tension is great, and when all our spheres are tense as harp strings which feel every stir of the air. We must not manage, precipitate, nor force. We may work on and leave results to the

Law and its wiser servants. Let us each assume that the others do not think harshly nor critically of us, but put it all against the dark powers of lower Nature. We may and must defend others, when necessary, but let us do so upon a basis of principle and fraternity of *the whole*. By gentleness, detachment, strict attention to duty, and retiring now and then to the quiet place, bring up good currents and keep back all the evil ones. There must be silence in heaven for a time, or the dark ones rejoice to so easily get good, malleable images for annoying us. Remember it is the little things this work is done through, for they are not noticed and their effects are not traced to them, while larger things draw the eyes and minds of all, and hence are not good "blinds."

Self abnegation and charity may yet save the day for that nucleus of the Light, that child of the cycle and of our hope, whom we have created to give forth the great blessing of the Spiritual identity of all being, and will project the T. S. into the next century as a living wedge to cleave the darkness of the darkest age. Watch then and stand, but not as men who stand in a desperate cause. Stand as those stand in whose hearts the living Light has awakened, has burned and has borne witness to the truth. Stand calmly, stand serenely ; bear witness yourselves to that Compassion which is that Light itself. Give heart to those feeble ones amongst you whom the time and great Karma may well shake, by a fraternal quiet support which is beyond all loud asseveration, which needs no defence of self, but which waits upon the Hope of the ages, the Spiritual Light which "lighteth every man in the world " if that man will.

Beware of brain pictures which partake of the chains and delusions of matter. Their oscillations in the form of brain-mind action and reaction we may largely avoid. When you are not sure, stand still. Turn the peaceful heart away from all sharp clamour and await the hour of right action, resting meanwhile on the duties of the moment. Thus shall we baffle those hierarchies which have place in the duality of manifestation, upon which the great White Lodge cannot expend those high energies of which it is the guardian and evolver, since those powers must disappear with nature when the Great Breath shall be manifest alone. But it is *our* part to wage that war, since we have given them within our spheres a home, dwelling places and a power. Ours to evolve every atom, to drive the dark dwellers from their homes dissolved by the fluid mind which yields readily to the spiritual influx, and to the changes it brings in the akasic substance. Masters have long since left that task—once their task, too—behind.

Neither should we judge those who have interpreted events, bewilderment, suffering according to their karmic tendency. Enfold them also in the divine Compassion. All we have to do is to work and to wait in silence of the lips and of the brain. If we succeed in this, ours will be the great reward of hearing more clearly from that Light within ourselves which will guide us to action when the right moment for that action shall have arrived.

Do you not now see that power is only attainable by man on condition of his being able to work with either one pole of force or the other ? With spirit which finds manifested fruition only in going forth, and not in withdrawal. Or with nature which fructifies only in so far as she is able to contract, indraw and to retain some portion of that ever-acting spirit. Man, having power to choose, makes the first right steps when he acts only through the heart-perceptions of fraternity, resignation, patience, courage, altruism, all evolved by the high magic of the great name of Humanity ; all strengthened and broadened when attained and used for love of that race which shall be the temple of the Spirit if it will, and by the help of those amongst us who have the ideal of service with and for the Elder Servitors. Otherwise you strengthen the intellect only ; intellect the perceiver of form and formulated ideas ; intellect whose proper service is to verify in Nature the *facts* of the continuity of spiritual laws, as intuition holds the office of verifying those laws with the Buddhi eye when Nature sleeps in man. Thus in every act in life you have a choice ; each tells for or against spiritual evolution. Each choice is a step : the aggregate of these steps impels you to or from right choice in all the crises of great tests when the karmic hour strikes. You should use all the knowledge given to you to interpret the action and reaction of life about you. Thus only can you have a real and living compassion, thus only can you draw nearer to that ever-living Spirit contained by no moulds but container itself of the whole. Faithful to this trust you shall be able to understand the perplexities of events, letting "action and reaction have place in you, the body active, the mind as tranquil as the summer lake." Interpreters, without being judges in the least, you shall stand firm on ground of your own, amidst the tide of the world, able to remain yourselves inactive until the inner voice shall indicate the presence of the descending gods. Then listen greatly, will greatly, and obey. This done, the blessing of the great White Lodge shall indeed be yours, won by you in that service in which they won the right to bestow it.

JASPER NIEMAND,

THE CLOSING CYCLE.

In the November number the "expiring Cycle" is referred to by Mr. Sinnett, and members are rightly warned not to be so absurd (though that is my word) as to think that after 1897 "some mysterious extinguisher will descend upon us."

Who is the person who gave out the concrete statement that 1897 was to be the close of a cycle when something would happen? It was H. P. Blavatsky. There is not the slightest doubt about it that she did say so, nor that she fully explained it to several persons. Nor is there any doubt at all that she said, as had been so long said from the year 1875, that 1897 would witness the shutting of a door. What door? Door to what? What was or is to end? Is the T.S. to end and close all the books?

Nothing is more plain than that H. P. Blavatsky said, on the direct authority of the Masters, that in the last twenty-five years of each century an effort is made by the Lodge and its agents with the West, and that it ceases in its direct and public form and influence with the twenty-fifth year. Those who believe her will believe this; those who think they know more about it than she did will invent other ideas suited to their fancies.

She explained, as will all those who are taught (as are many) by the same Masters, that were the public effort to go on any longer than that, a reaction would set in very similar to indigestion. Time must be given for assimilation, or the "dark shadow which follows all innovations" would crush the soul of man. The great public, the mass, must have time and also material. Time is ever. The matter has been furnished by the Masters in the work done by H. P. Blavatsky in her books, and what has grown out of those. She has said, the Masters have said, and I again assert it for the benefit of those who have any faith in me, that the Masters have told me that they helped her write the *Secret Doctrine* so that the future seventy-five and more years should have some material to work on, and that in the coming years that book and its theories would be widely studied. The material given has then to be worked over, to be assimilated for the welfare of all. No extinguisher will fall therefore on us. The T.S., as a whole, will not have the incessant care of the Masters in every part, but must grow up to maturity on what it has with the help to come from those few who are "chosen." H. P. Blavatsky has clearly pointed out in the *Key*, in her conclusion, that the plan is to keep the T.S. alive as an active, free, unsectarian body during all the time of waiting for the next great messenger, who will be herself beyond question. Thereby will be

furnished the well-made tool with which to work again in grander scale, and without the fearful opposition she had without and within when she began this time. And in all this time of waiting the Master, "that great Initiate, whose single will upholds the entire movement," will have his mighty hand spread out wide behind the Society.

Up to 1897 the door is open to anyone who has the courage, the force, and the virtue to TRY, so that he can go in and make a communication with the Lodge which shall not be broken at all when the cycle ends. But at the striking of the hour the door will shut, and not all your pleadings and cryings will open it to you. Those who have made the connection will have their own door open, but the public general door will be closed. That is the true relation of the "extinguisher" as given by H. P. Blavatsky and the Master. It seems very easy to understand.

"Many are called but few are chosen," because they would not allow it. The unchosen are those who have worked for themselves alone; those who have sought for knowledge for themselves without a care about the rest; those who have had the time, the money, and the ability to give good help to Masters' cause, long ago defined by them to be work for mankind and not for self, but have not used it thus. And sadly, too, some of the unmarked and unchosen are those who walked a long distance to the threshold, but stopped too long to hunt for the failings and the sins they were sure some brother pilgrim had, and then they went back farther and farther, building walls behind them as they went. They were called and almost chosen; the first faint lines of their names were beginning to develop in the book of this century; but as they retreated, thinking indeed, they were inside the door, the lines faded out, and other names flashed into view. Those other names are those belonging to humble persons here and there whom these proud aristocrats of occultism thought unworthy of a moment's notice.

What seems to me either a printer's error or a genuine mistake in Mr. Sinnett's article is on page 26, where he says: "will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the *cultured classes*." The italics are mine. No greater error could seem possible. The cultured classes are perfectly worthless, as a whole, to the Master-builders of the Lodge. They are good in the place they have, but they represent the "established order" and the acme of selfishness. Substitute *masses* for *cultured classes*, and you will come nearer the truth. Not the cultured but the ignorant masses have kept alive the belief in the occult and the psychic now fanned into flame

once more. Had we trusted to the cultured the small ember would long ago have been extinguished. We may drag in the cultured, but it will be but to have a languid and unenthusiastic interest.

We have entered on the dim beginning of a new era already. It is the era of Western Occultism and of special and definite treatment and exposition of theories hitherto generally considered. We have to do as Buddha told his disciples : preach, promulgate, expound, illustrate, and make clear in detail all the great things we have learned. That is our work, and not the bringing out of surprising things about clairvoyance and other astral matters, nor the blinding of the eye of science by discoveries impossible for them but easy for the occultist. The Master's plan has not altered. He gave it out long ago. It is to make the world at large better, to prepare a right soil for the growing out of the powers of the soul, which are dangerous if they spring up in our present selfish soil. It is not the Black Lodge that tries to keep back psychic development ; it is the White Lodge. The Black would fain have all the psychic powers full flower now, because in our wicked, mean, hypocritical, and money-getting people they would soon wreck the race. This idea may seem strange, but for those who will believe my unsupported word I say it is the Master's saying.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.



SOUL-DEATH.

(Continued from October issue.)

It is strange indeed that with such possibilities before it as hath the freed soul of man : the power to soar aloft among the Gods, returning to Earth laden with its experiences and the light of truth, and the power to wander amongst the Heavens and the Hells, learning therefrom the *why* of pleasures and of sufferings—it is strange, I say, that so few just now seem inclined to acquire their freedom. If we look back over the history of all the older and greater nations, we shall find that each had a definite system of freeing the soul from the body, and the religious schools of the past were one and all organised with this intent—notably amongst the Egyptians, and this is the more pronounced the further we go back in research. Were the writer to go through as much as is known of the Egyptian Religious Systems, he could show very clearly that they had very definite methods and occult knowledge. The sacred books of the Hindoos refer their philosophy to the same, although I do not know that any one school stands out

more prominently than the rest. Essentially all their works contain this one science, and the number of schools existing show traces of a common origin. In more modern times we find the Gnostics, from whose systems it is abundantly evident the Christian doctrines have sprung.

But it is quite unnecessary to bring forward the system of the ancients as evidence of the Science of the Soul: whether we speak of the arcane lore of the Chaldees, Babylonians, or Egyptians; of the ancient philosophers of India and China; of Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Taoism; of the Gnostics and Greeks; of the Pythagorean School of Philosophy; or even of the Hebrews—it matters little! Judging from appearances, there are few just now who are fitted to receive Soul-knowledge—and why? Is it because they *fear* to know? Or is it because they are physically and mentally unfitted to comprehend? Ears they have and they hear not. Eyes have they, yet they see not—and all the while there is much to be heard and seen. One is inclined to fancy that the search after Truth is not so great as we would fain be made to believe. Few, indeed, have attempted the solution of the problem of existence, and still fewer have solved it. Nevertheless, it has yet to be done by all.

Now with regard to our first question—is it *fear* which prevents persons from acquiring Soul-knowledge? The answer is difficult. We do not accuse many just now of being afraid. There are men who would go the furthest distance in most things to gain their end, and who could hardly be said to “fear.” And again, since it is rapidly becoming the fashion to differ from everybody else in one’s way of thinking, and yet to maintain the courage of the opinion, moral fear is not prevalent. Self-reliance and independence, indeed are the essential characteristics of the age, from the housebreaker up. But there is, I fancy, in all this a recklessness, rather than a cool, calculating courage. People have an absolute horror of facing the real problem. Those who are brave enough to separate themselves from their inherited religions, straightway entangle themselves in some political cause or some work for the “*good of poor suffering humanity*.” The good they wish to do is often the unspoken and unconscious resolve to lose themselves in some movement or excitement the easier to slay the giant gnawing at their hearts, and the mistakes they make in the service of mankind are phenomenal. Their endeavours are almost all directed toward such emotionalisms as the brightening of England’s hearths and homes, and in their struggle they utterly miss the real cause of suffering—the natures of the people themselves. In brightening the home they are apt to forget

the inmate, and to show how purely superficial is their desire to do good, one has but to point out how the rich are neglected—the poor alone considered. Verily, the upper classes require more looking after than the lower, for it is hard for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Let us alter the minds of men, and shortly their surroundings will undergo a like metamorphosis.

But who will face our problem in its entirety? Let a person set himself down to determinately find out the truth and solve the arcane problem, "Why here at all, and wherefore as thou art?" Useless our laboratories, useless our most delicate weights and scales, useless the last words of our chemists, before such a mystery. Of only one thing can a man be certain that *he* is alive. We cannot tell that our surroundings, our friends, our very forms, are not the mere figments of our imaginations. Who can say that he does not dream? And what difference is there between that which we call dreams and that which we call reality? It does not cost us much metaphysical knowledge to be aware that two or more persons can never see precisely the same thing at the same moment; and that the noumenon, the thing-in-itself, can never be perceived objectively. So that to this extent, at least, appearances are merely the robings of our creative thoughts. Carried just a little further, and we will be perforce compelled to question how much reality lies around us. And then the sudden awakening to the vital question—the startling appeal—"Am I alone?" Does *one* person only live, who dreams, dreams unceasingly, and that person I?

(*To be continued.*)

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THE "ROW" IN THE T. S.

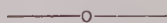
The present "row" in the T. S. will prove invaluable as a means of winnowing out the substantial from the evanescent element in that body, and has doubtless been arranged by the Masters for that very purpose. The evil forces, which sought to destroy the T. S., have been chosen as the means of purification; for Satan, though he thinks himself the enemy of God, is in reality only God's scavenger. Great must be his chagrin when walking abroad on the earth to seek whom he may devour, he is sent back to the lower regions with a bundle of refuse to burn. We have preached to a materialistic world spiritual law, and set intuition above materialistic "common-sense"; now we shall see whether we have imbibed enough of our own teaching to guide our conduct in this crisis. Many of the bold

assertors of the spiritual soul in man will deny their Lord thrice, and hail their teachers before the tribunal of that same dull, doubting intellect they have so long decried before the world. "O, my Masters, who have taught me to despise my lower mind, I cannot believe in thy servant, because my lower mind says he is a cheat! Ye send me a teacher to teach me how to crush my lower nature, but I cannot accept him because my lower nature objects."

There are some who suspend their judgment and declare that they have no means of knowing whether Mr. Judge is innocent or guilty. In plain words, *they are not able to discern who is their teacher and who is not*. Such a plight, while excusable in a man of the multitude, is not creditable to a student of occultism. I have not the least doubt that the chief object of this probation is to sort out those members who *can* tell their teachers from those who cannot.

O, thou mighty Lower Manas, great is thy day, for many shall leave the T. S. at thy command! Many have asked to be tested, and now their prayer is granted. The Sphinx has propounded her riddle, but they want to have the answer told them.

H. T. E.



"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT." *

(PART II.)

"There is no need for you to be a despairer. Reflect on that old verse, 'What room is there for sorrow and what room for doubt in him who knows that the self is one, and that all things are the self, only differing in degree?' This is a free rendering, but is what it means. Now, it is true a man cannot force himself at once into a new will and into a new belief but by thinking much on the same thing—such as this—he soon gets a new will and a new belief, and from it will come strength and also light. Try this plan. It is purely occult, simple, and powerful. I hope all will be well, and that as we are shaken up from time to time we shall grow strong."

"Let us all be as silent as we may be, and work, work; for as the enemy rages, they waste time, while work shines forth after all is over, and we will see that as they fought we were building. Let that be our watch-

* Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.

word. . . . I hope no weak souls will be shaken off their base. If they get on their *own* base they will not be shaken off."

"Every Chela (and we are all that once we determine to be) has these same difficulties. Patience and fortitude! For an easy birth is not always a good one. The kingdom of heaven is only taken by violence, and not by weakness of attack. Your constant aspiration preserved in secret has led you to that point where just these troubles come to all. Console yourself with the thought that others have been in the same place and have lived through it by patience and fortitude. . . . Fix your thoughts again on Those Elder Brothers, work for Them, serve Them, and They will help through the right appropriate means and no other. To meditate on the Higher Self is difficult. Seek, then, the bridge, the Masters. 'Seek the truth by strong search,' by doing service, and by enquiry, and Those who know the Truth will teach it. Give up doubt, and arise in your place with patience and fortitude. Let the warrior fight, the gentle yet fierce Krishna, who, when he finds thee as his disciple and his friend, will tell thee the truth and lighten up the darkness with the lamp of spiritual knowledge."

". . . We are all human, and thus weak and sinful. In that respect in which we are better than others they are better than we are in some other way. We would be self-righteous to judge others by our own standard. . . . Are we so wise as never to act foolishly? Not at all. . . . Indeed I have come to the conclusion that in this nineteenth century a pledge is no good, because everyone reserves to himself the right to break it if he finds after a while that it is galling, or that it puts him in some inconsistent attitude with something he may have said or done at some other time. . . . in ———'s case. . . . Everyone should never think but the very best, no matter what the evidences are. Why, if the Masters were to judge us exactly as they must know we are, then good-bye at once. We would all be sent packing. But Masters deal kindly in the face of greater knowledge of our faults and evil thoughts from which none are yet exempt. This is my view, and you will please me much if you will be able to turn into the same, and to spread it among those on the inside who have it not. It is easy to do well by those we like, it is our duty to make ourselves do and think well by those we do not like. Masters say we think in grooves, and but few have the courage to fill those up and go on other lines. Let us who are willing to make the attempt try to fill up these grooves, and make new and better ones."

"What a petty lot of matter we spend time on, when so much is transitory

After a hundred years what will be the use of all this? Better that a hundred years hence a principle of freedom and an impulse of work should have been established. The small errors of a life are nothing, but the general sum of thought is much. . . . I care . . . everything for the unsectarianism H. P. B. died to start, and now threatened in its own house. . . . Is it not true that Masters have forbidden their Chelas to tell under what orders they act for fear of the black shadow that follows innovations? Yes. . . ."

" . . . Keep your courage, faith and charity. *Those who can to any extent assimilate the Master, to that extent they are the representatives of the Master, and have the help of the Lodge in its work.* . . . Bear up firm heart, be strong, be bold and kind, and spread your strength and boldness."

(*To be continued.*)



THE MYSTIC NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

(*Continued.*)

NIGHT THE SECOND.

The skies were dim and vast and deep
 Above the vales of rest ;
 They seemed to rock the stars asleep
 Beyond the mountain's crest.

Oh, vale and stars and rocks and trees,
 He gives to you his rest,
 But holds afar from you the peace
 Whose home is in His breast !

THE massy night, brilliant with golden lights enfolded us. All things were at rest. After a long day's ramble among the hills, we sat down again before our fire. I felt, perhaps we all felt, a mystic unquiet rebelling against the slumbrous mood of nature rolled round her hills and valleys.

"You must explain to us, Bryan, why it is we can never attain a real quiet, even here where all things seem at peace."

"We are aliens here, and do not know ourselves. We are always dreaming of some other life. These dreams, if we could only rightly interpret

them, would be the doors through which we might pass into a real knowledge of ourselves."

"I don't think I would get much wisdom out of my dreams," said Willie "I had a dream last night; a lot of little goblin fellows dancing a jig on the plains of twilight. Perhaps you could tell us a real dream?"

"I remember one dream of the kind I mean, which I will tell you. It left a deep impression upon me. I will call it a dream of

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

I awoke from sleep with a cry. I was hurled up from the great deep and rejected of the darkness. But out of the clouds and dreams I built up a symbol of the going forth of the spirit—a symbol, not a memory—for if I could remember, I could return again at will and be free of the unknown land. But in slumber I was free. I sped forth like an arrow. I followed a secret hope, breasting the currents of life flowing all about me. I tracked these streams winding in secretness far away. I said, "I am going to myself. I will bathe in the Fountain of Life;" and so on and on I sped northwards, with dark waters flowing beneath me and stars companioning my flight. Then a radiance illumined the heavens, the icy peaks and caves, and I saw the Northern Lights. Out of the diamond breast of the air I looked forth. Below the dim world shone all with pale and wintry green; the icy crests flickered with a light reflect from the shadowy auras streaming over the horizon. Then these auras broke out in fire, and the plains of ice were illumined. The light flashed through the goblin caves, and lit up their frosty hearts and the fantastic minarets drooping above them. Light above in solemn array went forth and conquered the night. Light below with a myriad flashing spears pursued the gloom. Its dazzling lances shivered in the heart of the ice; they sped along the ghostly hollows; the hues of the orient seemed to laugh through winter; the peaks blossomed with sparry and crystalline flowers, lilac and white and blue; they faded away, pearl, opal and pink in shimmering evanescence; then gleams of rose and amethyst travelled slowly from spar to spar, lightened and departed; there was silence before my eyes; the world once more was all a pale and wintry green. I thought of them no more, but of the mighty and unseen tides going by me with billowy motion. "Oh, Fountain I seek, thy waters are all about me, but where shall I find a path to Thee?" Something answered my cry, "Look in thy heart!" and, obeying the voice, the seer in me looked forth no more through the eyes of the shadowy form, but sank deep within

itself. I knew then the nature of these mystic streams ; they were life, joy, love, ardour, light. From these came the breath of life which the heart drew in with every beat, and from thence it was flashed up in illumination through the cloudy hollows of the brain. They poured forth unceasingly ; they were life in everyone ; they were joy in everyone ; they stirred an incommunicable love which was fulfilled only in yielding to and adoration of the vast. But the Fountain I could not draw nigh unto ; I was borne backwards from its unimaginable centre, then an arm seized me, and I was stayed. I could see no one, but I grew quiet, full of deep quiet, out of which memory breathes only shadowiest symbols, images of power and Holy Sages, their grand faces turned to the world, as if in the benediction of universal love, pity, sympathy, and peace, ordained by Buddha ; the faces of the Fathers, ancient with eternal youth, looking forth as in the imagination of the mystic Blake, the Morning Stars looked forth and sang together. A sound as of an " OM " unceasing welled up and made an aureole of peace around them. I would have joined in the song, but could not attain to them. I knew if I had a deeper love I could have entered with them into unending labours amid peace ; but I could only stand and gaze ; in my heart a longing that was worship, in my thought a wonder that was praise. " Who are these ? " I murmured ? The Voice answered, " They are the servants of the Nameless One. They do his bidding among men. They awaken the old heroic fire of sacrifice in forgetful hearts." Then the forms of elder life appeared in my vision. I saw the old earth, a fairy shadow ere it yet had hardened, peopled with ethereal races unknowing of themselves or their destinies and lulled with inward dreams ; above and far away I saw how many glittering hosts, their struggle ended, moved onward to the Sabbath of Eternity. Out of these hosts, one dropped as a star from their heart, and overshadowed the olden earth with its love. Wherever it rested I saw each man awakening from his dreams turned away with the thought of sacrifice in his heart, a fire that might be forgotten, but could never die. This was the continual secret whisper of the Fathers in the inmost being of humanity. " Why do they not listen ? " I marvelled. Then I heard another cry from the lower pole, the pit ; a voice of old despair and protest, the appeal of passion seeking its own fulfilment. Alternate with the dawn of Light was the breath of the expanding Dark where powers of evil were gathered together. " It is the strife between light and darkness which are the world's eternal ways," said the Voice, " but the light shall overcome and the fire in the

heart be rekindled ; men shall regain their old angelic being, and though the dark powers may war upon them, the angels with their love shall slay them. Be thou ready for the battle, and see thou use only love in the fight." Then I was hurried backward with swift speed, and awoke. All I knew was but a symbol, but I had the peace of the mystic Fathers in my heart, and the jewelled glory of the Northern Lights all dazzling about my eyes.

"Well, after a dream like that," said Willie, "the only thing one can do is to try and dream another like it."

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(To be continued.)

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LOTUS CIRCLE.

For Little Folk.

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THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

(Continued from October issue.)

And he began at once :

I told you that the fairies died in their own way ; they do not die as men and animals die, because their bodies are made of dew and sunlight and are not thick and heavy like ours ; but because they are so clear and soft, they can be melted like mist and made up into other shapes, and these shapes are always better than those that went before. An elf of the shore takes care of the pebbles, or of the sea-weed ; and this particular elf used to make the brown weed grow upon the rocks below ; now that he does that no longer, an elf whose duty it once was to take care of the pebbles, looks after the sea-weed. Now, the elves do not know of the changes that lie before them, though the dryads and the spirits who build the high mountains do ; they remember the time when they took care of the stones and the mosses and the lichen ; but the elves do not know that they will ever be anything different from elves ; they go on with their work, till at last one day they fall asleep, and in their sleep they are changed. Most of them are contented as elves, but this particular elf was not.

He was a funny little brown creature, the colour of the sea-weed, and he was named Ety's ; and for very long he was contented and made the orange brown sea-weed, with its pleasant salt smell, grow beautifully on

the rocks ; but one day Etys went up the rocks and over the glistening sands at full moon, when the shadows fell blackly upon the amber-coloured shore, and away into this wood.

Etys sat down at the foot of an oak tree, and watched the moon set and the stars pale ; a pink flush came upon the horizon, a lovely yellow streamer of light shot up and lit the green of the oak, and then Etys saw a wonderful, beautiful thing ; through the rough, brown stem of the oak came forth a glorious creature, and turned its face to the sun and laughed for joy ; it was beautiful, and on a sudden it looked down and saw little Etys crouching at the foot of the tree.

" I beg your pardon, little brother," said the dryad. " I nearly brushed you away with my robes, but it was because I did not see you."

" You could not see anything so small," said Etys. " O beautiful creature—who are you ? and what do you do here in the wood ! "

" I make my oak tree grow," said the great dryad, smiling.

" And you make the pretty salt weed grow up on the shore."

" How did you know ? "

" O, very well—for once I took care of those weeds myself, and I loved them dearly, only I love my oak tree better ; at first I never thought I should love anything better, but now—I have a hope."

And the eyes of the dryad were like the rising sun in their warmth and joy.

" You !—— you took care of the weeds ? "

" Yes. Did you not know ? Ah ! you elves do not know, and perhaps if I tell you, you will not believe."

" I will try and believe."

" It does not much matter whether you do or not, so that you make the good brown weed grow just as nicely as you can, dear little brother ;—but I will tell you, and you shall believe as much as you can believe, and be patient."

So the great dryad sat beside the little elf, and told him something of the great secret, and when the dryad paused, Etys said :

" Then I might—O, I might one day be a great oak dryad, like you ? "

" Yes ; if you take good care of the weed, and love it with all the love that is in you."

" O, I shall try," said Etys, " for I long to be an oak dryad."

" Do not think of it too much ; think of the brown, scentless weed upon the shore."

"I will try, but I long to be like you. You can have nothing left to long for."

"Dear little brother," replied the gentle dryad, "I, like you, longed to be an oak, but since I have been an oak I have ceased to long for anything, and in the minute that I ceased, Etys, I knew something I never knew before—I shall not always be an oak, and when I am an oak no longer you shall take my place."

"And where shall you be?"

"Away over the sea there is a high, cold mountain peak, where the snows lie always, and where the spirit of the snows must live alone, and there I shall live and keep the snow white and pure."

"Horrible! You will be alone."

"Yes, little brother—for the air is so clear that the dryads and elves wither in it, but the sun's rays touch the mountain and the snow shines; and then, when the mist on the water is not too thick, the sailors who live on the sea can see the mountain shine, and then they think of home, so you see it is worth living alone, because the mountain peak shines so far, though no one can live there who is not "a spirit of the summit."

"And that is where you will go?"

"Yes—then if you are called to nothing better, Etys, you will come here?"

"To anything better! I would rather be an oak than anything."

"Yes, I used to think that, too. Good-bye, Etys, but do not neglect the sea-weed. If you do the oak will wither when you have it, and insects will prick the leaves through and through.

(To be continued.)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"OCCULTISM AND TRUTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

An article under the above heading having appeared in *Lucifer* for September, and being also reprinted in the September *Path*, and deeming it in point of fact, though perhaps not by intention, both a breach of good faith, and an impeachment of the moral standards of every member of the T. S., save the "seven" who signed it, I wrote a general protest to that effect and sent it to *Lucifer* for publication. It was declined, partly because the senior editor was absent, and for the reason that its admission would open up a fresh discussion which it was thought desirable to avoid. Acquitting, as I did, the sub-editor

from any *intentional* unfairness, I thought then, and still think it unfair, that not a word of protest should be allowed to such sweeping inferences as were, in two articles named, laid against the moral precepts held by members of the T. S., excepting only the seven who had forestalled these inferences by signing the article.

From another standpoint the article is open to the charge of breach of good faith. In Mrs. Besant's "statement" published in *Lucifer* on page 459, occurs the following paragraph: "But there is another way, which I now take, and which, if you approve it, *will put an end to this matter*: and as no Theosophist should desire to inflict penalty for the past, even if he thinks wrong has been done, but only to help forward right in the future, it may, I venture to hope, be accepted." (The italics in the above quotation are mine.) The plan was accepted without protest, it being understood, as Mrs. Besant expressed it, that the action taken was to "*put an end to this matter*." My contention is that the article, "Occultism and Truth," was a breach of good faith, some of the signers having been exceedingly hostile to Mr. Judge, and that by insinuation it was another blow at Mr. Judge, and by inference an impeachment of the ethical code of all who had not the opportunity to affix their signatures and so run to cover.

I do not believe that Mrs. Besant was conscious of any such motive, but I cannot so readily acquit some of the signers who had showed a personal hostility worthy of a political contest. None of the signers, therefore, can escape the logical inference. After describing a truckling spirit in which occultism and truth become sadly mixed, "mere worldly morality" is held at a discount, and the doctrine that "the end justifies the means" is held up to just censure, occurs the following: "Finding that this false view of Occultism is spreading in the Theosophical Society, we desire to place on record our profound aversion to it," etc., etc. Fortunate, indeed, is it for the T. S. that there are yet *seven* who are not contaminated by such false views! I deny emphatically that any such false views and loose codes of ethics prevail anywhere in the T. S. Had the opportunity been given for repudiating such a false code, there is not a member of the T. S. I believe in the whole round world who would not have signed it as readily and as consistently as any of the *seven*.

The Convention had adjourned. The difficulties pending had been formally settled on the best basis acceptable to all parties. There was still some stress of feeling and with some bitterness and hostility to Mr. Judge, and this under guise of a general lesson on morality found an outlet in "Occultism and Truth." So far as it can in any way refer to matters that had been considered and "put an end to"—it was a breach of good faith, though doubtless not so regarded by the signers. So far as the insinuation of lax moral ethics is laid to the whole Society, I deny it in toto. It is not true; it is mistaken judgment. Therefore I hold that the whole article is misconceived, out of place, and should never have been printed. I agree fully with Mrs. Besant's statement in the paragraph already quoted; "No Theosophist should desire to inflict penalty for the past, even if he thinks wrong has been done." Had this precept been generally adopted not only much of the trouble that has arisen later might have been avoided, but those who *do not* "*think wrong has been done*" would have discovered more of that Spirit of true Brotherhood which we regard as in no sense inferior to love of truth. All such accusations and insinuations must cease, and we must bear patiently with each other's infirmities if we are not to fall apart and disintegrate. No one man or woman, no one country has all the virtue or love of truth, and he who has it in largest degree is ever the most charitable toward the mistakes and follies of others.

He who believes in the law of Karma need not trouble himself to bring a brother, no matter how guilty, to open shame. If, however, the accused be conscious of no wrong, Karma re-adjusts the scales and the accuser becomes the self-accused.

J. D. BUCK, F.T.S.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The following letter explains our somewhat changed appearance this month :—

42 Henry Street, Regent's Park, N.W.,

London, 1st January, 1895.

DEAR EDITOR,—The order came from Mrs. Besant and Bertram Keightley this morning to close the Press. Accordingly it is closed, and now regretfully we return the copy of the *I. T.*—Sincerely yours,

THOS. GREEN,
For the H. P. B. Press.

—————o—————

NOTICE.

An important letter from Dr. and Mrs. Keightley *re* "Letters that have helped me," has been unavoidably held over till our next issue. [ED.]

—————:o:—————

IN THE WOMB.

Still rests the heavy share on the dark soil :

Upon the dull black mould the dew-damp lies :

The horse waits patient : from his lonely toil

The ploughboy to the morning lifts his eyes.

The unbudding hedgerows, dark against day's fires,

Glitter with gold-lit crystals : on the rim

Over the unregarding city's spires

The lonely beauty shines alone for him.

And day by day the dawn or dark enfolds,

And feeds with beauty eyes that cannot see

How in her womb the Mighty Mother moulds

The infant spirit for Eternity.

G. W. R.

—————o—————

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

At the end of December, Bro. J. J. Nolan was successful in arousing fresh interest in Theosophy among the Limerick people, and discoursed for some two hours on the subject at a local club. The undersigned took the opportunity of the Christmas holidays to become personally *en rapport* with the new London Centres of activity at 6 St. Edmund's Terrace, N.W., where many of our best workers now reside, and, at 62 Queen Anne Street, where numerous activities are being rapidly developed, and new schemes for propaganda initiated. Cheerful enthusiasm is the order of the day here as there. The Wednesday evening meetings here during ensuing month are to be occupied as follows :—January 16th, *The Inner Man* ; 23rd, *Theosophy and Christianity* ; 30th, *Racial and Individual Evolution* ; February 6th, *Conceptions of the Divine* ; 13th, *Comradeship*.

FRED J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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IV.

COMRADES,—While I am glad to answer the questions which you put to me in so far as I may be able to do so, I cannot of course pretend to say the final word upon any of them. You must judge for yourselves of the relative value—if any—that my replies may have for you, while my part is to say what I have been taught and have verified to a greater or lesser extent; the extent varies according to the various matters dealt with. You ask:

“What is the difference between the ‘psychic faculty’ and the ‘psychic power,’ to use a current phrase?”

Ans.—The “psychic faculty” is that which is born with any individual, it inheres in the Skandhas, in such astral atoms as have been brought over from previous lives. It is a rudimentary trait, undeveloped, latent, or semi-latent, and its exercise is not controlled by will.

The “psychic power” is the trained and developed use, through will, of that faculty latent in all mankind.

The “faculty” is native, inborn, and arises from the evolution—in the race—of a more complex nervous system. The “power” consists in expanding, grasping, educating and governing that faculty.

“The difference between a man born a psychic and one who is made is that the former is a rough, unpolished jewel, reflecting light superficially (and usually they do not wish to learn), while the other has a perfect polish all round, reflecting equally on all sides; each man must polish himself. The inborn psychic faculty, being more sensitive, comes in contact with more force in Nature.” (*Letter of Master K. H.*)

The haphazard awakening of the “faculty,” due to mere sensitiveness of nerve fluid, makes of the born psychic a playground for astral forces. The orderly unfolding of these microcosmic points of contact with universal forces (which gradual development can only be had by

one whose mind and will have been developed and purified), provides for the safety of the individual.

All mankind is destined to evolve to a point where the psychic life or germ will manifest, more or less, through the physical body. A few among the men and women of each century lay hands upon their inheritance and train themselves into "power." They are, as I said, those whose will and mind have been *previously* evolved through purification and concentration. Hence arises the occult saying, "the psychic plane must be entered from above by the white adept;" *i.e.*, from the *higher* Manasic plane. Entering by will-force from the lower or physical door is the Hatha Yoga of the black magician. Here the term "physical" includes all the gross lower astral plane, all below the "divine astral."

2. "Can one discriminate between the person possessed of the psychic faculty and one possessed of the power? If so, how?"

Ans.—That depends upon the identity of the questioner. Some can; some cannot. There are two ways of so discriminating, which two ways may be combined in one person. The first way is by the exercise of common sense. The second way is by knowledge of occult training. (You may also *know* the rules of training and not have the mastery of them as yet.) In regard to the first way: the born psychic may be of any grade of morality and intellect, just as any other person may be. But usually the powers of endurance, the will and self-control—especially control of self-esteem and self-seeking—are absent in the person of the psychic who is born and not made. He is minus, and not plus. Correctness of psychic vision or what not else is no proof; the psychic may be correct as a photographic plate is correct—because it is sensitized. But such a psychic will not be possessed of knowledge of life and character; there will be no control of events touching the personal life, nor will he correctly interpret what is seen. After all, it is indescribable, but surely you and I can tell a practical carpenter from the amateur by that indefinable but distinct something—the "*je ne sais quoi*" which radiates from one who knows what he is talking about. A book written by a man who has been in a country has what the critics call "atmosphere" and "local colour," which are never found in the writings of one who describes what he has not himself seen. Of course I have my own tests. And you must have your own, and mind this: first test your own tests before leaning too blindly upon them. You will come to better them too, if you yourself are upon this path. But the tests of another avail little or nothing *as regards this way*.

In regard to the second way, the way of knowledge, there the tests are indeed precise, exact, scientific. All who have passed an examination in, say mathematics, not only know the man ignorant of them, but they can also give you their reasons. Let me particularise, by illustration.

You tell me that you heard of some one who claimed to have a "psychic power of looking into people" and seeing what they really are. You do not name the person—and perhaps the person is imaginary—which leaves me free to criticize the phrase. So much the better. For this phrase displays ignorance and pretension, whether conscious or unconscious. Let me tell you why.

No *psychic* examination, that is, of the mind, or of the moral nature, or the emotions; in short, no examination of anything above the mere *physical* body is made *inside*. The clairvoyant who wishes to ascertain the state of health of the whole or a part of the physical organism, looks *inside*. The term physical organism here includes the nerves and blood and all the fluidic contents of the body belonging to the material plane.

The trained psychic who looks at the character of a person, the thoughts, the moral and evolutionary status must have: (a) control of the third eye, to some extent, at least; or, (b) control of a certain other centre in the head corresponding to the matters of psychic planes up to and inclusive of lower Manas; also, (c) knowledge of *what* to look at and *what* to look for. The person looked at, so far as the physical body is concerned, is, by an effort of will, brought before the eye quite flat, like a figure in a camera; this figure is not looked at. Regard is had to a certain emanation and to certain things—let us call them motor-changes—in that.

In some cases of partial training, the student-observer does not sense these changes as occurring in an image outside himself. He sees them as pictures of motor-change and so forth inside a centre of one of his brains (in the head). I cannot explain further. The use of the expression "inside," or "looking *at*" persons, or inside them, or at their "magnetic aura," at once shows the ignorance of the speaker.

Moreover—and this is of vital importance—no student who would speak of doing such a thing would continue under training. It is psychic spying, psychic pickpocketing. It would never be permitted except in certain instances for just reasons, and speaking of its exercise or results would promptly entail cessation of training.

As to appearances of Masters, about which you also ask. Voice, form, all can be simulated. There is one sure way by which it may be known whether such manifestations are from the Master or not, but H. P. B. apart, I never met but one person who had ever heard any-

thing of this scientific way. This person, needless to say, is Mr. Judge. He did not tell me of it. Can I give you any hint on it? Well, just the least hint. If you have opened a reflector within yourself, it reflects back an image of its own plane and only that. It is a deep question of mysticism. As to the Thought-Body of a Master, few persons living in the outer world could stand the energy pouring from that, unless an Adept were with them to temper the force to the atmosphere of the looker-on. Otherwise the pranic energy would have disastrous results indeed.

In my next letter I will reply to your further questions on this and upon the question whether Masters work upon this plane.

3. "Mr. Judge in *Irish Theosophist* for January, 1895, p. 55, says that those who have not made a connection with THE LODGE by 1897, will not afterwards be able to make one. Does this refer to audible hearing, to clairvoyant sight and the like?"

Ans.—Not at all. All these things are misleading unless the one who uses them has had at the very least seven years of rigid training. They may exist *pari passu* with the real "connection," but would not be relied upon. The real "connection" is not to be described. It is interior, it is Manasic in its operation so far as *objectivized* to the one who has it. Its root is in "Buddhi, active," more or less. I have known two cases where the person had a Lodge "connection" and did not know it to be that, but took the "connection" to be a very high order of inspiration, and, in another case, it was not realized at all by the possessor. Of course it was quite patent to *trained* observers. The "Companion" is always known by certain indubitable signs. The Masters speak through the *inner* (higher) planes of Being. It is better not to ask whence a thing comes, but examine whether it be good. If it comes from the Higher Self, it comes from the Masters, for *the* Higher Self is the One Self, the same for all. "It is a state, a breath, not a body or form." "The Master Soul is one." Under such inspiration of "The Presence," only one trained can consciously be and consciously *enter at will*. But many a man and woman, both within and without the T. S., are helped by the Masters in their work for the world. May we all reach up *consciously* to this Power, for connection with it, aye, and later, to become it, is our birthright and inheritance as souls.

Comrades and all, you, Companions, I salute in you the *embodied* Law.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(To be continued.)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

THREE GREAT IDEAS.

AMONG many ideas brought forward through the theosophical movement there are three which should never be lost sight of. Not speech, but thought, really rules the world; so, if these three ideas are good let them be rescued again and again from oblivion.

The first idea is, that there is a great Cause—in the sense of an enterprise—called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing. All efforts by Rosicrucian, Mystic, Mason and Initiate are efforts toward the convocation in the hearts and minds of men of the Order of Sublime Perfection.

The second idea is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, no doubt, when he said that we must be perfect even as is the father in heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries.

The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the Masters—those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow—are living, veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H. P. B. so often said, *living men*. And she said, too, that a shadow of woe would come to those who should say they were not living facts, who should assert that “the Masters descend not to this plane of ours.” The Masters as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

Let us not forget these three great ideas.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

TEACHINGS OF A WESTERN OCCULTIST.

[ELIPHAS LEVI'S *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie* is in two volumes—the *Dogma* and the *Rituel*—each with introduction and twenty-two chapters ruled by the twenty-two keys of the Tarot. It is proposed

here to quote from and comment on the chapters, as well as can be done in the brief space allotted. The books are published by M. Félix Alcan (late Germer Baillière), 108, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, and can be had from the T. P. S. for 18s.]

I.

THE NEOPHYTE.

THIS chapter, being under No. 1, deals with the neophyte himself; for the neophyte, or rather the essence of deity within him, is the prime mover in the Great Work. "Man, know thyself!" is the motto.

"Magic is made for kings and priests alone: are ye priests, are ye kings? The priesthood of magic is no common priesthood, nor has its kingship ought to dispute with the princes of this world. The kings of the science are the priests of truth, and their sway is hid from the multitude, as are their sacrifices and prayers. . . . The man who is the slave of his passions or of this world's prejudices could not be initiated, nor will he ever attain unless he reforms himself; he could not be an adept, for the word 'adept' means one who has attained by his will and by his works."

All who cling to their own ideas and fear to lose them, all who prefer to doubt everything sooner than admit ought on hazard, are exhorted to shut the book; it would be useless or dangerous for them. The science of magic is not for the weak-willed and prejudiced; it is for the strong and the free.

But there are black magicians as well as white, and many will be anxious to know what it is that distinguishes the one from the other. Some students have a vague idea that black magic is magic that one must not do, while white magic is, so to say, "goody-goody" magic; but to others this division of magic into "good" and "naughty" savours too strongly of Sunday-school ethics, and they prefer to distinguish it into wise and foolish. It is in this way that Lévi always treats it; he does not consider the sorcerer as a magician at all, but a mere blunderer playing with fire.

"There is a true and a false science, a magic divine and a magic infernal—that is, illusory and dark; we have to reveal the one and veil the other; we have to distinguish the magician from the sorcerer and the adept from the charlatan.

"The magician avails himself of a force that he knows, the sorcerer attempts to abuse a force that he does not know.

"The devil . . . gives himself up to the magician, and the sorcerer gives himself up to the devil.

"The magician is nature's sovereign-pontiff, the sorcerer is but her profaner."

Magic is defined as "the traditional science of the secrets of nature, which comes to us from the Magi." Four things are indispensable to the neophyte who enters on its study and practice: TO KNOW, TO DARE, TO WILL, TO BE SILENT. He must have "an intelligence made clear by study, a courage that nought can check, a will that nothing breaks, and a discretion that nothing can corrupt or mislead."

Practical occultism has often been described as a work of self-creation, of regeneration or rebuilding. The magician has to build himself an instrument wherewith to work. The following passage states this very clearly :

"The Magus is, in reality, what the Hebrew Cabalists call the *microprosopus*, that is, the creator of the little world. The first magical science being the knowledge of oneself, so the first of all the works of that science, which includes all the others and is the climax of the great work, is the *creation* of oneself."

This self-creation is explained in the ensuing part of the chapter, which treats of intelligence, will and imagination. The supreme truth is the only invariable principle, and in man the intelligence, which can identify itself with the supreme truth, is the only immortal principle. To be immortal, then, man must live according to truth and intelligence.

"It is evident that, to adhere invariably to truth, we must be made independent of all those forces which produce, by the swing of the fatal pendulum, the alternatives of life and death. To know how to suffer, how to abstain, how to die, such are the prime secrets that place us beyond pain, the greed of the senses and the fear of annihilation. . .

"Man cannot become king of the animals but by subduing them or taming them, otherwise he would be their victim or slave. The animals are the symbol of our passions, they are the instinctive forces of nature.

"The world is a battle-field wherein liberty disputes with the force of inertia, confronting it with the active force. The physical laws are mills in which thou shalt be the grain, unless thou knowest how to be the miller.

"Thou art called to be king of the air, the water, the earth and the fire; but to reign over these four symbolical animals, thou must conquer them and bind them.

"He who aspires to be a sage and to know the great enigma of nature must be the inheritor and spoiler of the sphinx; he must have its human head to possess the Word, its eagle's wings to conquer the

heights, the bull's flanks to plough the depths, and the lion's talons to clear the way right and left, before and behind.

"Thou, then, who would'st be initiated, art thou wise as Faustus? Art thou impassable as Job? No? But thou canst be so if thou wilt. Hast thou conquered the whirlwinds of wandering thoughts? Art thou free from indecision and caprices? Dost thou accept pleasure only when thou wilt it, and dost thou will it only when thou oughtest? No? It is not always the case? Well, it can be so if thou wilt it.

"The sphinx has not only a man's head, it has also a woman's breasts; canst thou resist the attractions of woman? No? and here thou laughest in replying, and thou boastest of thy moral feebleness, to glorify the vital and material force within thee. Well, I permit thee to do this homage to the ass of Sterne or of Apuleius; that the ass has its merits I do not deny; it was sacred to Priapus as was the goat to the god of Mendes. But let us leave it at that, and merely enquire if it is thy master, or if thou canst be master of it. He alone can truly possess the pleasure of love who has conquered the love of pleasure. To be able and to abstain is to be twice able. Woman enchains thee by thy desires; be master of thy desires and thou shalt enchain woman."

H. T. EDGE.

HISTORY REPEATED.

[THE following letter of H. P. Blavatsky, dated Ostende, March 19th, 1887, seems so applicable to the present hour that we have permission to repeat it thus in print.—ED.]

DEAR —,

Having heard from my dear old W. Q. Judge how kindly disposed you are toward me, and having received from him several messages on your behalf, let me tell you how grateful I feel for your kind expressions of sympathy.

Yes, the work has brought upon me contumely, ignominy of all kinds, hatred, malice and slander. Were it only from the outsiders I would mind very little. But, sad to say, it is the "Theosophists" chiefly who tear me to pieces. Our mystic *birds* are so wise as to soil their own nest instead of leaving it and choosing another. True, "there are many *mansions*" in our Father's house, but for the world we are one. And it does seem hard that I should have created a "Frankenstein" only to turn round and try to rend me in pieces!

Well, so be it, for it is my Karma. "Barkis is willing" even to become the manure for the theosophical fields, provided it does bring crops some day. Unfortunately, the "birds" peck out even the manure, and thus we had but *weds* so far.

. . . Ah, poor, blind, ambitious boy! Who loved him more than I did? He was more than a son in my heart. His great intelligence and metaphysical acumen made me hope the Masters had found

a strong and a powerful engine for the work in Europe. Adulation . . . turned his head and led him off the true Path.

Dear and far distant friend, that is private and strictly confidential. I open my poor old aching heart before you. If Judge has such a great esteem for you, *you must be worth all that he thinks.*

Have patience; *The Secret Doctrine* will teach you more definite things than *Isis* now ever could. The latter was only an "essay balloon." I hope you will be satisfied with the last and final work of my life.—Yours sincerely and truly gratefully,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Note.—The expression "Barkis is willing," H. P. B. said once was a mantram unconsciously made by Dickens. She used it upon occasion to certain persons on meeting (or writing) them for the first time. Spoken, it had such peculiar force as to alarm one who thus heard it from her lips and as she used it.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

I AM minded to put down some intuitions about brotherhood and trust in persons. A witty friend writes, "Now that I have made up my mind, I intend looking at the evidence." A position like that is not so absurd as at first it seems. It is folly only to those who regard reason alone and deny the value of a deep-seated intuition. The intuitive trust which so many members of the T. S. have in William Q. Judge, to my mind shows that he is a real teacher. In their deepest being they know him as such, and what is knowledge there becomes the intuition of waking hours. When a clamour of many voices arises making accusations, pointing to time, place and circumstance; to things which we cannot personally investigate, it is only the spirit within us can speak and decide. Others with more knowledge may give answering circumstances of time, place and act; but, with or without these, I back up my intuition with the reason—where the light breaks through, there the soul is pure. Says a brother truly:

"The list of his works is endless, monumental; it shows us an untiring soul, an immense and indomitable will, a total ignoring of himself for the benefit of his fellow-members. This is not the conduct of the charlatan, not of the self-seeker. It is that of one of those brave and long-tried souls who have fought their way down through the vistas of time so that they might have strength to battle now for those who may be weaker."

Others may have been more eloquent and learned, but who has been so wise? Others may have written more beautifully, but who with such intimations of the Secret Spirit breathing within? Others have explained intellectually tattvas, principles and what not, but who like him has touched the heart of a hidden nobility? Has he not done it over and over again, as here?

"Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying out anything but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon some other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will

find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. Then rejoice that another has been so fortunate as to make such a meritorious Karma."

Or he speaks as a hero:

"To fail would be nothing, but to stop working for Humanity and Brotherhood would be awful."

Or as one who loves and justifies it to the end:

"We are not Karma, we are not the law, and it is a species of that hypocrisy so deeply condemned by it for us to condemn any man. That the law lets a man live is proof that he is not yet judged by that higher power."

To know of these laws is to be them to some extent. "What a man thinks, that he is, that is the old secret." The temple of Spirit is inviolate. It is not grasped by speech or by action. "Whom the Spirit chooses, by him it is gained. The Self chooses his body as its own." When the personal tumult is silenced, then arises the meditation of the Wise within. Whoever speaks out of that life has earned the right to be there. No cunning can simulate its accents. No hypocrisy can voice its wisdom. Whose mind gives out light—it is the haunt of the Gods. Does this seem too slight a guarantee for sincerity, for trust reposed? I know of none weightier. Look back in memory; consider how you have gained the truths you hold most sacred. Out of the martyrdom of opposing passions, out of the last anguish came forth the light. It was no cheap accomplishment. If some one meets us and speaks knowing of that law, we say inwardly, "I know you have suffered, brother!" But here is one with a larger wisdom than ours. Here is one whose words to-day have the same clear ring. "The world knows him not." His own disciples hardly know him; he has fallen like Lucifer. But I would take such teaching as he gives from Lucifer himself, and say, "His old divinity remains with him still."

"After all you may be mistaken," someone says. "The feet of no one are set infallibly on the path." It may be so. Let us take that alternative. Can we reject him or any other as comrades while they offer? Never. Were we not taught to show to those on whom came the reaction from fierce effort, not cold faces, but the face of friendship, waiting for the wave of sure return? If this was a right attitude for us in our lesser groups, it is then right for the whole body to adopt. The Theosophical Society as a whole should not have less than the generous spirit of its units. It must exercise the same brotherly spirit alike to those of good or evil fame. Alike on the just and the unjust shines the Light of It, the Father-Spirit. Deep down in our hearts have we not all longed, longed, for that divine love which rejects none? You who think he has erred, it is yours to give it now. There is an occult law that all things return to their source, their cycles accomplished. The forces we expend in love and anger come back again to us thrilled with the thought which accepted or rejected them. I tell you, if worse things were true of him than what are said, if we did our duty simply, giving back in gratitude and fearlessness the help we had received from him, his own past would overcome the darkness of the moment, would strengthen and bear him on to the light.

"But," some push it further; "it is not of ourselves, but of this Society and its good name, we think. How can it accomplish its high mission in the world if we seem to ignore in our ranks the presence of the insincere person or fraud?"

I wish, my brothers, we could get rid of these old fears. Show, form, appearance and seeming, what force have they? A faulty face matters nothing. The deep inner attitude alone has power. The world's opinion implicates none of us with the Law. Our action may precipitate Karma, may inconvenience us for an hour; but the end of life is not comfort but celestial being; it is not in the good voice of the world to-day we can have any hope: its evil voice may seem to break us for a little; but love, faith and gratitude shall write our history in flame on the shadowy aura of the world, and the Watchers shall record it. We can lose nothing; the Society can lose nothing. Our only right is in the action, and half the sweetness of life consists in loving much.

While I wrote, I thought I felt for a moment the true spirit of this pioneer body we belong to. Like a diver too long under seas, emerging I inhaled the purer air and saw the yellow sunlight. To think of it! what freedom! what freshness! to sail away from old report and fear and custom, the daring of the adventurer in our hearts, having reliance only upon the laws of life to justify and sustain us.

Æ.

A REMINISCENCE.

ON Nov. 27th, 1888, there was a small gathering in a room at Charlemont Mall, Dublin, of a dozen earnest students of Theosophy. It was a memorable occasion, for although the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society was chartered in April, 1886, its active public life may be said to have been really inaugurated on the Tuesday evening referred to. Among those present were two who had already laboured long in fields theosophic—William Q. Judge and Dr. Archibald Keightley. It may be interesting to recall the words then uttered, jotted down by one present. Their value remains undiminished, though the years roll past all too swiftly. Perhaps they may help some now as they helped others at the time. Mr. Judge said, in the course of his remarks:

"It had been the custom of many, both within and without the theosophical world, to suppose that the investigation of the psychic powers in man, and occult study generally, were the chief objects of the Society. These, indeed, were important, but not by any means the most so. The first and the *vital* object of the Society was the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. This had been thought to be a mere Utopian theory; very desirable, indeed, but wholly impracticable. He, however, had discovered—and it had been frequently asserted by the Masters—that we are really bound together by an invisible bond which could not be severed even by death.

"Of every being whom we meet in the street we perceive only the dense, or tangible part. This material body is surrounded by other portions of the real man, of which the aura was, perhaps, the least limited in principle. This aura extended to a greater distance than we could conceive. If a developed man wished to examine any distant object, it was by means of this subtle part of him that he would do so. Thus if we could realize that our auras were continually interpenetrating each other, it would become obvious in what manner we were really *one*, though focalized, as it were, in different centres. But our very bodies, even, were not altogether separated. For when we approached any

ordinary person we could perceive the heat, and if of a sensitive nature, the magnetism of his body. Simultaneous sympathetic thought action of different people in a room, or even at a great distance from each other, was another instance of this Oneness. He would ask us to enquire into this; and he would refer us to the utterances of the Adepts in *Light on the Path*, which was dictated by one of them, for further examples. But the sooner we agreed that we were not separated from each other, the better for humanity, for that was the true basis of Universal Brotherhood.

"The general tendency of our thought must, he considered, affect the arrangement of the atoms of our bodies. And, as with an individual, so with a society banded together for a common object, each member was like an atom in the body. Paul was very clear upon this point. Hence if one member of that society should *become dogmatic* or indifferent, it must necessarily affect every other member.

"The atoms of a man were affected by his surroundings. But if a man devoted himself to the highest line of thought every atom must tend in that direction. Now the Theosophical Society was founded in the year 1875. And in a period of fourteen years a change, for better or for worse, occurred in every individual. If a large number of Theosophists were now of the same opinions, were influenced by the same ideas, they would be capable of receiving from higher sources the truth for which they were seeking; they would be conscious of a wonderful awakening.

"The Theosophical Society, it should be remembered, was founded by the Masters, who were only men. How had they become more spiritual? Not by leaving home and friends; not by retiring into forest hermitages; but by believing in the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. What were they doing now? Enjoying themselves, as some people thought? They were working everywhere for humanity in the correction of evil and in the dissemination of good. As Theosophists we should concentrate our minds on the feeling of Universal Brotherhood. It was indeed a palpable truth that—Charity covers a multitude of sins."

Dr. Keightley, in the course of his remarks, said:

"There was one point in the observations of Mr. Judge which he considered to be of paramount importance. Next year would complete one of those periods of which an analogy, in the body of the individual, had been shown. In what way could the activity of the Society be best directed? Many seemed to think that nothing was worthy of investigation but the psychic powers of man. The Universal Brotherhood was said to be a myth. But it was this point that the Masters had emphatically insisted upon, as being the essential object of the Society; and he was glad to see that the Dublin Lodge had recognized the fact by placing the notable quotation from *Lucifer* (November, 1887)—which was the utterance of a Master—upon its walls. ['He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist.'] It was necessary to remember that we should be absolutely united in the furtherance of such principles as were contained in that utterance.

"An attempt of this kind had been made in every century up to the present time. It was an attempt to deal with the increasing materialization of spiritual thought. It was a revolt *against dogma*.

"The various centuries, it was to be observed, had drawn to a close under similar circumstances. The end of the sixteenth century was marked by the Rosicrucians and Bruno. The end of the eighteenth by the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. The true originator of that Revolution was the Comte de St. Germain. He was an adept. The real object of that movement was quiet reform; but, owing to the unruly passions of men, this object was lost sight of, and the movement 'got out of hand.' The moral was overcome by the physical revolution. Still it was by no means a failure, for it overturned the old *régime* in France, and its influence was felt throughout Europe. We had now, he considered, entered upon a new order of things. Those of us who possessed true altruism would have to fight the selfishness of the age. If we held fast the movement would be far-reaching. The task was not one, however, to be lightly entered upon. The theosophical movement was one which, affected itself by the past, was affecting a great number in the present, and would affect a much greater number in the future."

Mr. Judge, during a few remarks at the close of the meeting, explained the method of study adopted in America.

Each Branch, he said, formed itself into sections for the purpose of studying a certain subject, such, for instance, as the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*. When the study was completed the sections compared notes, and produced, subsequently, a general statement of decisions upon which they could all agree. Without such a system as this the movement could not have solidarity. Moreover, it was the system adopted by groups of Chelas under the direct supervision of the Masters.

When he first heard of the Dublin Lodge he felt that it "rang" in his ears. When one heard of some Branches (and he was glad to think that they were few) the sound seemed to fall dully. In this case he felt that it was real. He hoped that it would become a living power in Ireland. He knew of no European race that was more naturally occult, especially the western Irish.

In conclusion, he said that he would counsel the Lodge to aspire to the principles of the Masters.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.]

III.

"... If we can all accumulate a fund of good for all the others we will thus dissipate many clouds. The follies and the so-called sins of people are really things that are sure to come to nothing if we treat them right. We must not be so prone as the people of the day are, of whom we are some, to criticize others and forget the beam in our own eye. The *Bhagavad Gîtâ* and Jesus are right in that they both show us how to do our own duty and not go into that of others. Every time we think someone else has done wrong we should ask ourselves two questions:

"(1) Am I the judge in this matter who is entitled to try this person?"

"(2) Am I any better in my way, do I or do I not offend in some other way just as much as they do in this?"

"This will settle the matter, I think. And in . . . there ought to be no judgments and no criticism. If some offend then let us ask what is to be done, but only when the offence is against the whole. When an offence is against *us*, then let it go. This is thought by some to be 'goody-goody,' but I tell you the heart, the soul, and the bowels of compassion are of more consequence than intellectuality. The latter will take us all sure to hell if we let it govern only. Be sure of this, and try as much as you can to spread the true spirit in all directions, or else not only will there be individual failure, but also the circle H. P. B. made as a nucleus for possible growth will die, rot, fail, and come to nothing."

"As before so now I will do all I can for you, which is not much, as each must do for himself. Just stay loyal and true, and look for the indications of your own duty from day to day, not meddling with others, and you will find the road easier. It is better to die in one's own duty than to do that of another, no matter how well you do it. Look for peace that comes from a realization of the true unity of all and the littleness of oneself. Give up in mind and heart all to the Self and you will find peace."

"Troubles are ahead, of course, but I rather think the old war-horse of the past will not be easily frightened nor prevented from the road. Do your best to make and keep good thought and feeling of solidarity. . . . Our old lion of the Punjab is not so far off, but all the same is not in the place some think or in the condition either."

"Let me say one thing I KNOW: only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity aroused in the soul of someone strong enough to stem this tide can carry us through to the close of next century and onward. For Love and Trust are the only weapons that can overcome the REAL enemies against which the true Theosophist must fight. If I or you go into this battle from pride, from self-will, from desire to hold our position in the face of the world, from anything but the purest motives, we will fail. Let us search our souls well and look at it as we never looked before. See if in us is the reality of the brotherhood which we preach, and which we are supposed to represent. Let us remember those famous words, 'Be ye wise as serpents but harmless as doves.' Let us remember the teaching of the Sages—that death in the performance of our own duty is preferable to the doing by us of the duty of another, however well we may do the latter; the duty of another is full of danger. Let us be of and for peace, and not for war alone."

(To be continued.)

LOTUS CIRCLE.

(*For little folk.*)

THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

(*Continued from p. 66.*)

THE lovely dryad smiled and melted back into the tree, while Etys went back to the shore and told the other elves, and the gnomes of the caves and the brownies and pixies; and they all agreed that it was quite absurd, since no one had ever seen an elf turn into a dryad.

The pixies, who are very clever, and live on the moor above the sea, but do not know anything about mountain peaks, told Etys that there were a great many explanations which might account for what they called (I told you they were very clever) "the singular and scientifically interesting hallucination" of Etys; it was probable, they said, that Etys had "inhaled too much ozone from the weed, and it had caused an over rapid vibration of the particles of dew of which his brain was composed, productive of a mode of cerebration causing a mere illusory impression to become an objective delusion," that was what the pixies said; and when Etys insisted that he had seen and talked with the dryad, the pixies replied that it was possible, but that the dryad was very likely mad, and if it was not so, it was probably very bad and untruthful; an impostor of the wickedest kind, otherwise it would not have pretended to know more than the pixies knew, for they lived on the highest ground there was; and as for mountains, they had never seen one, and the dryad had never been on one certainly, for oaks could not grow so high, and how could the dryad leave the oak; one could easily see that the dryad (if indeed there was such a creature) was bad and untrustworthy, or the branches of the oak would not twist into such odd shapes, quite unlike the whortleberry bushes.

Etys grew first angry and then sad, because he could not make them believe what he had seen; but he never doubted the dryad, and he went on taking care of the seaweed until it had a most beautiful golden shade on it, like the reflection of the dryad's smile.

He often wandered up into the wood and to this cottage, and in the cottage lived a tall woman, with angry eyes and mouth very firmly closed. She was always busy, reading and writing a very great deal.

Etys could see her through the windows, and he grew fond of her because she was all alone and seemed to be sad, and there was a look in her face as though she, too, was trying to make people believe something they would not believe.

One day he saw her come out and walk up and down beside the sea, and her eyes were very glad, though they were angry still; she held a letter, and she read it through, then she clenched her hands and laughed and went back into the cottage.

The next day she sat where the wild thyme grows now, and seemed to be waiting. This woman was going away to another country; she was very clever and wrote the most wonderful things, though they were so bitter and angry that they made people shiver. She was very lonely, for through the unkindness and untruthfulness of another woman (and

that woman her sister) those whom she had loved had turned away from her; but now there had come to her the means to punish that other woman, and she knew that she could make her just as sad and lonely and despised as she had been for years and years, until her cleverness had forbidden people to despise her; her sister, who was not strong and clever, would always be despised, and her punishment would last as long as she lived. So the woman was very glad, and sat by the shore and waited, and thought of how her sister would kneel there and plead for mercy—in vain.

And then she thought of her sister in the days when she had loved her—on the night of her first ball, and how they had gone into the garden of their old home and picked flowers for their hair, and brought them back to their old mother, and the gentle mother had fastened red roses in the woman's hair and jessamine in her sister's, and kept for herself a little bunch of pale perfumed flowers and variegated leaves.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD MESSAGE FROM THE MASTER.

THE following message was not among those which Mrs. Besant intended to use against me—because it was not known to the prosecutors—in the recent proceedings, which never should have been begun because unconstitutional. I obtained it Nov. 1st, 1891, in the distant State of Wyoming, U.S. It reads:

"We sent him to London and made him stay so long in order to lay down currents which have since operated, for inasmuch as 'sacred names' were assailed long ago the present réaction in England more than counterbalances the assault on us which you so much deplore. But the only thing we deplore is the sorrow of the world, which can only be cut off by the philosophy you were such a potent factor in bringing to the West, and which now other disciples are promulgating also. This is the age of the common people although you may not agree—but so it is—and as we see forces at work and gathering by you unseen, we must commend all efforts that give widespread notice to even one word of the philosophy.

"This is meant for A. P. S. Have you the courage to send it.

[*"Signed by M."*]

I had the courage, copied it at the time it was received, and sent the original to Mr. Sinnett by mail from Wyoming. He must have received it, because otherwise it would have come back to me in accordance with directions on the envelope. If there ever was a genuine message this is one. It refers to the great public excitement in England, about that time, about Theosophy, in the course of which the "sacred names" of the Masters were mentioned. The person referred to as being in London "to lay down currents" is myself. I invite the attention of the prosecutors to this message.

Very probably Mr. Sinnett will not contest the genuineness of the message, because he sent me, nearly about that time, a letter from himself addressed to the Master, requesting me to transmit it and procure the answer, if any. Many of us—those who accept the above as genuine—will find it of interest, seeing that it confirms what several hold, that this is the era of the masses, and that Master has more interest in efforts for their good than on the progress of any particular person or class.

Being under no obligation to secrecy I cannot be blamed for giving out the foregoing facts at this time, when I am attacked at every point; it will certainly derogate nothing from Mr. Sinnett's standing to admit the fact of his believing, at the time mentioned, that I could transmit a request or letter to the Master.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE DUBLIN LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting convened for the purpose of considering a Voting Paper issued by Mr. Mead on 1st inst., held this evening, it was

Resolved: That this Lodge declines to take action by voting either for or against the suggested "Resolution" for the following reasons, namely:

1. That Mr. Mead has exceeded the duties of his office in issuing such Voting Paper:
2. That the vote would be unconstitutional:
3. That it calls in question the decision of the Judicial Committee appointed under the Constitution:
4. And therefore that this Lodge declines to be bound by the result of any such vote.

The Secretary was instructed to convey this resolution to the Executive Committee of the European Section T. S.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin, Feb. 6th, 1895.

BRIXTON LODGE T. S.

At a specially summoned meeting of the Brixton Lodge held at 196, Clapham Park Road, S.W., on Friday, Feb. 1st, 1895, the following resolutions were carried unanimously, save for one dissentient:

1. That this Lodge requests William Q. Judge not to resign from the office of Vice-President of the T. S., it being imperative to the best interests of the Society that he shall remain in said office for the successful promulgation of Theosophy in America and generally.
2. That in the opinion of this Lodge there is no necessity for the further investigation of the charges made against William Q. Judge.
3. That this Lodge expresses its fullest confidence in William Q. Judge personally and as an official of the T. S., and also in his methods of work, and declares its determination to support him in his efforts therein.

(Signed) HERBERT CORYN, *Pres.*

THE CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

EDITOR *Irish Theosophist*:

A long and sustained attack has been made on me and charges have been brought forward by Mrs. Besant, and in *The Westminster Gazette*, which it is thought I should reply to more fully than I have as yet. A very good and decisive reason exists for my not making that full reply and explanation, and it is time Theosophists should know it. It is as follows:

I have not been furnished with copies of the documentary evidence by which the charges are said to be supported. These documents—being letters written by myself and some of them ten years old—have been in the possession of Mrs. Besant from about February, 1894, to July 19th, 1894, and open enemies of mine have been allowed to make copies of them, and also to take facsimiles, but they have been kept from me, although I have demanded and should have them. It must be obvious to all fair-minded persons that it is impossible for me to make a full and definite reply to the charges without having certified copies of those documents.

I arrived in London July 4th, 1894, and constantly, each day, asked for the copies and for an inspection of the papers. Mrs. Besant promised both, but never performed her promise. The proceedings and the Convention closed July 13th, and for six days thereafter I daily asked for the copies and inspection, getting the same promise with the same failure, until July 19th, when I peremptorily demanded them. Mrs. Besant then said she had just given them to Colonel Olcott, to whom I at once applied. He said he had sent them all to India. I at once told this to Mrs. Besant, saying I would give the facts to the daily papers, whereupon she went to Colonel Olcott, who said he had made a mistake as they were in his box. He then—I being in a hurry to leave from Liverpool on the 21st—let me hastily see the papers in Dr. Buck's presence, promising to send me copies. I had time to copy only two or three short letters. He has never fulfilled that promise.

These facts the members should know, as they ought at last to understand the animus under the prosecution. I shall not reply until I have full certified copies. It would seem that I am in this matter entitled to as much opportunity and consideration as my open enemies have had.—Yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, Jan. 25th, 1895.

OUR Æ.

"BUT who is Æ.? Those readers who have happened to visit the headquarters of the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society at any time, must have been struck by the extraordinary and wildly fantastic Blake-like frescoes adorning the walls of an otherwise commonplace room. These designs are pointed out as the work of a leading member of the Lodge, Mr. George Russell, an invariable debater at every meeting. Another former member of the Lodge, Mr. W. B. Yeats, inscribed the first book by which he became known, *Irish Fairy and Folk Tales* (Camelot Series), 'To my Mystical Friend, G. R.' Æ., then, is G. R., and G. R. is Mr. George Russell. Mr. Weekes formed another of this little band of Irish mystics, whose work is at length winning, by most unlikely methods, a sudden recognition."—*The Bookman*.

IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.

WITHIN the iron cities
 One walked unknown for years,
 In his heart the pity of pities
 That grew for human tears.

When love and grief were ended
 The flower of pity grew;
 By unseen hands 'twas tended
 And fed with holy dew.

Though in his heart were barred in
 The blooms of beauty blown;
 Yet he who grew the garden
 Could call no flower his own.

For by the hands that watered,
 The blooms that opened fair
 Through frost and pain were scattered
 To sweeten the dull air.

G. W. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—A report having arisen that William Q. Judge did not himself write *Letters that have Helped Me*, we ask your fraternal assistance in correcting this rumour. It is false. It attributes the letters to the dictation or the teaching of the Master "Hilarion," who is known to have been in daily (physical) intercourse with Mr. Judge in 1888 in New York. The letters began in 1886, and had ended in 1888, so far as those already published are concerned. The letters do, in fact, continue to the present day, and we are not the only persons to receive such, as extracts now appearing in your columns—none of them being from letters to ourselves—amply testify.

Those of us to whom the Master Hilarion is objectively, as well as psychically known, have the best of reasons for asserting that these letters were not from him, and we do so state now and here. Matter from him, whether "inspired" or objectively dictated, is in quite another style.

Moreover, on p. 78 of the little volume referred to, is a letter printed in italics, beginning, "Says Master." That letter is one written *through* H. P. B. by her Master, and is in the modification of her handwriting to which Colonel Olcott refers as being the form in which her Master first wrote through her. The "private directions" omitted from that letter assign to Mr. Judge the office of "*guide*," therein assigned to him by the Master, and specify the interior source of his inspiration:

" . . . He knows well that which others only suspect or 'divine.'"
 We shall be happy to show the original to any Esotericist whom you may indicate.

Your readers may be interested to hear that a second volume of such *Letters* will probably appear.

With thanks for the courtesy of your columns, we are,
Fraternally yours,

JULIA C. KEIGHTLEY,
ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.
London, Jan. 13th, 1895.

THE IDENTITY OF CHE-YEW-TSANG.

WE learn that Che-Yew-Tsang, the author of "Some Modern Failings," in the October and December issues of *Lucifer*, 1893, and of two more recent articles in *The Path*, is otherwise known as Ernest Temple Hargrove, a member of the new H. P. B. Lodge, which is meeting temporarily at 62, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. Mr. Hargrove was quite recently with us in Dublin. Further particulars are given in the February number of *The Path*.

"H. P. B." LODGE T. S.

OWING to the resolutions adverse to Bro. Judge, passed by the Blavatsky Lodge on Jan. 5th, certain members resigned from that body and met to discuss the advisability of forming a new Lodge. The meeting took place on Jan. 8th, at Dr. Keightley's consulting rooms at 62, Queen Anne Street, London, W., and it was decided to form a Lodge under the above name and to apply for a charter at once. Rules and regulations were adopted, and twenty members signed the application for charter, which was duly granted.

The Lodge meets on Mondays at 8 p.m. at the same address, and has added several new members to its roll. The names of those who signed the charter are as follows: Archibald Keightley (*Pres.*), Thos. Green (*Vice-Pres.*), H. T. Edge (*Sec.*), Basil Crump (*Treas.*), Miss Nellie Cuer (*Libr.*), Wm. Bruce, Mrs. Bruce, J. T. Campbell, Mrs. Cleather, Miss E. Amy Dickinson, Bertie Everett, F. Farmer, Miss A. File, Miss E. File, E. T. Hargrove, Miss Hargrove, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Monk, Jas. M. Pryse, Mrs. Raphael. H. T. EDGE, *Hon. Sec.*

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE meetings of this Lodge have been poorly attended during the past month, but the exceptionally severe weather is, perhaps, partly to blame.

The H. P. B. Press has surely reached high development, for it seems to have reincarnated without Devachanic break! Strong helpers have come to us. With Jas. M. Pryse and Miss North in our midst to supplement the activity of our other members, work tends to become reverberative and far-reaching.

The Wednesday evening meetings during the ensuing month are to be devoted to the following topics: Feb. 20th, *Comradeship*; 27th, *Wandering Fires*; March 6th, *Theosophy in Ancient America*; 13th, *Theosophy in Ancient Ireland*.
FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

The Irish Theosophist.

"TRUTH AND OCCULTISM."

IN *Lucifer* for February, 1895, p. 442, occurs the following statement by Mrs. Besant:

"Before I left England in July I had received from Dr. Buck the assurance of his conviction—reiterated by him to Countess Wachtmeister in America—that Mr. Judge had received so severe a lesson that there would be no more of these red pencil missives. . . ."

The following correspondence between Countess Wachtmeister and Dr. Buck covers the above and other assertions. Comment would be inadequate and useless.

[COPIES.]

"BRISTOL HOTEL, COLOMBO.

"Dec. 21st, 1894.

"DEAR DOCTOR BUCK,—Do you remember telling me that I was right in believing that W. Q. Judge had acted in a fraudulent and deceitful manner in sending out spurious orders and messages, that you intended to pull him through the convention at whatever cost to honour, but that afterwards you would give him a piece of your mind, telling him that such messages must cease for the future. You told me this in Dr. Jerome Anderson's house in San Francisco. You may imagine, therefore, my disgust when I saw your name attached to this unjustifiable attack of W. Q. Judge's on Annie Besant. You know her to be innocent and the other one to be guilty, and yet you can endorse this abominable lie. No words of mine are sufficient to express my indignation at such conduct. As you have said to Annie Besant exactly the same as you have said to me I do not feel myself bound to secrecy on this matter, for by telling her (the accused) you have made it public. Stand before Master's portrait and ask Him what He thinks of your

conduct, for Master is truth Himself; how, then, can He approve of that which is untrue and false. I am sorry for you with all my heart.

(Signed) "CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER."

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I have this day received a letter from Countess Wachtmeister, of which the above is a verbatim copy. Aside from the insulting tone of the letter, which I pass by, I hereby declare upon my honour that the above statements are from beginning to end fabrications. There is not a word of truth in any single statement therein contained. I not only made none of the above statements to the Countess or to anyone else, but no such conversation ever occurred, nor did the Countess ever say to me or in my hearing that she herself believed Mr. Judge guilty. She was entirely non-committal on the subject when I saw her in San Francisco, and when, later, she was entertained for a week at my house in Cincinnati. By what means, or with what motive, the Countess has arrived at her present attitude and made these statements, is beyond conception. To the present day I do not know and have no means of knowing the source or methods of Mr. Judge's communications with Masters, but have supported Mr. Judge solely on my own knowledge of his work and character, deeming the matters involved in the said communications incapable of proof or disproof. I have never said to anyone that in these matters Mr. Judge is 'guilty' or 'innocent,' because I do not *know*, and as I see no means of knowing I have no 'belief' and do not care, but go on with the legitimate work of the T. S.

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK, M.D., F.T.S.

"*Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Jan. 21st, 1895.*"

"MY DEAR COLONEL (OLCOTT),—You are at liberty to make what you can and whatever use you please out of the foregoing. Further communication from me is unnecessary and would evidently be useless. If I had made those statements I should stand by them, for where I am known I have never been accused of cowardice, or of being a liar or a sneak. Strangers will, of course, believe what they please, as it is a matter of veracity between the Countess and myself.

"Sincerely and fraternally yours,

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK."

Mrs. Besant having written Dr. Buck under date of Dec. 25th, 1894, from Adyar:

"My poor friend, you told me you would take the karma of defending Judge even at the cost of truth."

Dr. Buck replied, drawing a line under the words, "*even at the cost of truth*":

"The underlined portion is not mine, as you will see by referring to my letter just before I sailed for London. That means, if words have meaning, that I would disregard known truth or wilfully prevaricate to uphold Judge. I never knowingly did such a thing, or said it, or thought it."

Dr. Buck then enclosed a copy of the above from Countess Wachtmeister, and continues:

" . . . See how these things go. When will we come to an end of them? This statement by the Countess is without a single fact to stand on, but taken with yours will be believed and go against Judge. I tried on several occasions to draw her out on the question, but she was as mum as an oyster, never once admitted Judge's guilt, only said, 'It will all come out right.' I never said to anyone that Judge was guilty or I believed him guilty, but always 'I do not know,' and have defended him solely from what I do know, viz., his great work and general character, leaving the rest without prejudice one way or another. It seems to me that you might understand this position whether you approve it or not. We are in an awful whirl, my dear good sister; let us not even unconsciously multiply difficulties. So in regard to Judge's statements in regard to you and Chakravarti. I do not *know*. It would have to be proven to become for me a basis of action, and had nothing to do with my going with Judge in E. S. Some of the things you have done I do not understand. I cannot reconcile them, therefore I do not condemn you or acquit you. I leave them absolutely in abeyance, believing you have 'tried to follow truth' and do right, and the motive is far more important than the act. The outer whirl of matter will vanish as soon as we all get right inside. May the good law hasten the day. Here is the statement, word for word, occurring in a letter I wrote you dated June 10th, 1894: 'I would take the karma myself of *condoning a fault in Judge*, rather than see him humiliated so he could work no more, or to have the T. S. divided on the question of his guilt or innocence, as there is great danger of its becoming if we are not very wise and prudent.' We have not been 'wise and prudent,' and the division that I saw and tried in every way to prevent has come. But you must see the difference between 'taking the karma of condoning a fault to save a brother and save the society,' and as you quote me, 'You (I) would take the karma of defending Judge *even at the cost of truth*,' or, as the Countess puts it (out of whole cloth, for I never said anything of the kind to her), that I 'intended to pull him through the convention *at whatever*

cost to honour.' I did not 'pull him through the convention' or try to; there was no occasion, as the convention was unanimous in his support. Of course if you and the Countess so repeat these statements they will seem to justify your course, and strengthen your cause and hurt Mr. Judge and his supporters. Need I say more than *they are wholly untrue* and that you and the Countess have either entirely forgotten, or are willing to so entirely misconceive and therefore misrepresent my motives and sentiments. I am not personally aggrieved, because I am not in the front, only a worker in the background, trying to help all who work in Master's cause. But these things intensify the feelings against Judge, and seem to justify the attack by showing how mean are the motives and basis of action of his supporters.

"America will disregard all these *accusations* (not 'disregard truth and honour') and support Judge for his splendid work and character as we know it. The evidence we have for him is far stronger than the evidence yet brought against him. . . .

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK."

On page 456 of *Lucifer* Mrs. Besant says:

"Let me say I had drawn up six charges to lay before the committee. Under each of these charges I had drawn up the evidence on which the charge depended. I had made what would be called a brief; the charges were the indictments, and the evidence was practically the speech of the counsel stating what the charges were. My only deviation from the legal action was this—that I sent a complete copy of the whole statement that I proposed to make, to Mr. Judge; that, I knew, was outside the legal duty, but I did it in order that the case might be met upon its merits, that he might know everything I was going to say, every document I was going to use, and every argument I was going to employ."

Much virtue is continually claimed for sending Mr. Judge the little that was sent him in regard to the charges. The course followed is alleged to be a deviation from the legal procedure for the benefit of Mr. Judge. It was a deviation, but not in the sense implied by Mrs. Besant. Quite the reverse. I am professionally informed that the procedure in an action of law is as follows:

1. A statement of the complaint must be sent to the defendant. This Mrs. Besant did, though vaguely. Her statement consisted of the six charges and a specification of documents upon which they were based.
2. A full statement setting forth the purport of all the documents upon which the complaint is founded must be sent to the defendant.

This Mrs. Besant did not do. She sent a partial statement insufficiently setting out *some* of the documents only and entirely omitting others which, according to the specification, were intended and therefore had to be used, unless the defendant consented to their withdrawal. This partial statement Mrs. Besant calls her prosecutor's brief. Here, therefore, she departed from legal procedure and entirely in her own favour.

3. The defendant must put in what is called a "defence." This Mr. Judge did even before the second item of procedure was taken by the plaintiff.

4. The plaintiff must give full opportunity for the defendant and his agents to inspect and take copies and extracts and facsimiles or photographs of all documents intended to be used against him, and no document can be used except those produced. This Mrs. Besant did not do and never has done.

5. At least six weeks, sometimes six months or more, are allowed before the trial for the preparation by the parties of their respective evidence and witnesses. It has been forgotten that the genuineness of all documents has to be proved on oath unless admitted to be genuine by the opposite party. If evidence is required from abroad the Court will postpone the trial until it can be obtained. The fact is that Mrs. Besant delayed taking procedure No. 2 until Mr. Judge was actually leaving the U. S. A. to attend the trial, the date of which had already been fixed. This was a flagrant injustice which would not be tolerated in any Court of Law. No opportunity whatever was given for inspection and copying documents before the trial. This also is a gross breach of even legal procedure.

And now Mr. Judge is (*vide Vâhan*, March, 1895) arraigned before the whole Society on charges which it has not seen, on evidence supplied neither to the Society nor to the defendant.

I suppose it to be upon the strength of Mrs. Besant's statement in *Lucifer*, as above quoted, that Mr. Mead is issuing an official statement, advance copy of which has been sent to me, as member of the Executive Committee, in which, in reply to Mr. Judge's official letter saying that he has no copies of the evidence, Mr. Mead replies that Mr. Judge has copies of all that was to be used against him. I at once notified Mr. Mead that the above statement was not true, and gave my reasons (in part) therefor. But as I now find other advance copies have been sent out, and Mr. Thomas Williams has published the same incorrect statement in *Light*, I am obliged to make public contradiction of the above. The facts are as follows:

Mrs. Besant sent Mr. Judge: (a) a rough specification of some

seventy-eight exhibits (letters, telegrams, etc.) as evidence in support of six charges. I say "some seventy-eight," because such items as the following occur:

"Various sentences written in Judge's letters to A. B., Babula, Olcott, Tookeram, Cooper-Oakley." Allotting in all such cases *one* letter to each person named, there are seventy-eight pieces of evidence. But there is nothing to show whether there are one or a dozen such letters to each person. This specification in my hands is a certified copy of the original one sent to Mr. Judge in New York.

(b) Mrs. Besant sent also what she calls "a brief." It contained many arguments based upon many assertions. In this brief were quotations from a few of the seventy-eight pieces of "evidence." I am told by three persons who have seen this brief that there are under a dozen pieces of evidence given. These latter are *all* the copies of evidence which Mr. Judge has or has had, and this is the way in which Mr. Judge has known "every document I was going to use," or has had, as Mr. Mead says, copies of all that was to be used against him. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Besant intended to use against him all the seventy-eight or more pieces of evidence quoted, for the six charges and rough specification were the official documents to be used before the T. S. Judicial Committee, not one of which could subsequently be withdrawn by Mrs. Besant, or anyone else, at their own discretion. I have not seen this brief, as Mrs. Besant required Mr. Judge to give his word of honour that he would show it to no one (Dr. Buck having previously seen it), and told several of us that she had ordered it to be burned when the matter was supposed to be settled. It now appears that Miss C——, who is not a T. S. official, has it in charge and has shown it to members. Three members who have seen it pledge their honour to the statement that it contains under a dozen of the pieces of evidence.

Moreover, Mr. Judge has not even *seen* all the evidence. None of that which is the property of Mr. Bertram Keightley was even shown to him!

Furthermore, Mrs. Besant at Richmond, in July, 1894, promised Mr. Judge, in the presence of Mr. Mead, Dr. Buck, Mr. B. Keightley, Mrs. A. Keightley and myself, that he should have copies of all the evidence. Why did she so promise if, as is now said, Mr. Judge had knowledge of every document and copies of the evidence before leaving America? As a portion of this conversation is now being used against Mr. Judge and is distorted, I here give the real context. *Other parts of that conversation have yet wider bearing.*

Mr. Judge asked Mrs. Besant if she would then give him back his

letters, which were the so-called evidence, seeing that the closing of the matter was under consideration. It was evidently useless to talk about bringing the matter to a conclusion, if the alleged evidence was to be promptly handed over to one of his avowed enemies, who would naturally have continued the office of prosecutor, even if that office had been laid down by Mrs. Besant. In reply to Mr. Judge's question, Mrs. Besant said that they were not all hers to give. The question was not so strange as it is made to appear, as Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. Keightley were, with Colonel Olcott, owners of the bulk—if not all of the evidence so-called. Colonel Olcott had been and was consulted on this head. Mr. Judge then said, in almost these exact words:

"Well, Annie, if the case was reversed, I would take the consequences of returning you *your* letters under the same circumstances. However, will you give me copies?"

Mrs. Besant consulted Mr. Mead by a look and Mr. Mead said:

"Why, yes, Annie, I think Judge ought to have copies."

Mrs. Besant then agreed that the copies should be given. Four of the seven persons present remember this as here set forth. The copies NEVER have been given, and the statement made by Mr. Judge in his letter, published by Mr. Mead in *The Vahan*, and in *The Irish Theosophist* for February, 1895, is in every particular correct.

Mr. Judge is being asked to reply to charges based upon letters and telegrams beginning 1875 down to the present day, often very vaguely specified, as in the extract above, part of which he has not even seen. And when he makes his very natural and necessary demand, untrue statements are made in regard to him.

In any case it is not only unjust, but contrary to every code of common fairness, to endeavour to prove charges such as those brought against Mr. Judge on the strength of brief extracts from supposed letters. Everyone must know that carefully selected extracts can be made to prove almost any villainy. It is significant that Mrs. Besant admitted to many persons in July, 1894, that she was aware these charges could not be actually proven against Mr. Judge.

Mr. Judge has not at his command the lists of the Theosophical Society kept at Adyar, as have his accusers, the statements even of Mrs. Besant and my step-uncle, Mr. Bertram Keightley, being circulated all over the world by those lists, so that I must ask members who receive this statement of Dr. Buck and myself to circulate it as widely as possible.

Lucifer, p. 466, Mrs. Besant again says: "Further, by the carelessness of Mr. Judge's agents, this circular has been sent to an expelled

member of the E. S. T. in India. . . ." There is also much being said about a "quasi-private" circular and so forth.

I beg to say that copies of a circular were sent to Mrs. Besant's E. S. T. Council (ten, I think, in number) and the I. G., with the exception of Mrs. M——. These were the only copies signed—and in an unusual manner—by Mr. Judge. One of these *signed* copies was published in part (I do not say whether correctly or incorrectly) by *The Westminster Gazette*, and the exact signature reproduced. These were *the only signed copies* except my own. Mrs. Cleather and Messrs. Pryse and Coryn had and have their copies. Therefore one of the remaining members of Mrs. Besant's own E. S. T. Council published the circular to which she refers. Moreover, if any such circular was sent—and of this we have no proof—to an expelled member in India, that is the fault of Mrs. Besant's London agents, who failed to notify the American office of such expulsion—as is both the rule and necessity. I have the lists, with every name marked, by which a circular was sent out, and if Mrs. Besant will give the name to impartial referees, I am willing to place the lists in their hands. It remains to be proven (*a*) to whom the circular was sent and (*b*) by whom; for the member of Mrs. Besant's Council who published a circular in England may have also sent it to India.

In the above I do not commit myself to any statement as to whether the document referred to by Mrs. Besant as in the public prints is or is not a paper of the E. S. T., as publication and reference to such paper by Mrs. Besant or any other do not justify me in breaking my pledge. I do, however, feel justified in saying that all the nonsense about the "circulation of private slanders under the sacred obligation of secrecy" comes grotesquely from Mrs. Besant, who circulated a "private" statement, with special safeguards against discovery, as to Mr. Judge's guilt over six months ago, and after promising to say nothing to anyone until Mr. Judge should be in England. And I positively deny that there is, either in the two circulars so published or in any E. S. T. document or circular, any statement that Mrs. Besant is *consciously* doing wrong, or under black magicians, or more than a "*possible* vehicle," or is one herself. There are no "appalling" statements, and there is decided tribute to the original intention and the work of Mrs. Besant. All that is said on this head by Mrs. Besant is quite hopelessly exaggerated. I would urge members who are interested in the matter to compare Mrs. Besant's version of these "appalling" statements with whatever has actually been written by Mr. Judge. Let them go over the papers for themselves and then decide.

In regard to the so-called Council message of "Judge's plan is right," I have Mrs. Besant's own statement, written, dated and signed *at the time*, to the effect that no one had or could have had access to the papers among which this missive was found, but herself. She made also statements at various times—the last one in May, 1893, to Messrs. Main, Patterson and Hyatt, of Brooklyn, Mr. Crosbie, of Boston, Mrs. A. Keightley and myself, that it was absolutely impossible for Mr. Judge or anyone else to have access to those papers and place the slip among them. With the exception of Mr. Crosbie, I have the statements of the above persons attested, and all are in writing. I could produce over a score more by simply asking for them. Mrs. Besant has never defended Mr. Judge from this charge.

At the Adyar Convention, December, 1894, Miss Müller publicly accused Mr. Judge of having tried, some years ago, to force Col. H. S. Olcott to resign the Presidency of the T. S. This is utterly untrue. Both Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott knew it to be untrue. They knew who it really was who took action against Colonel Olcott with a view to force him to resign from the Presidency. They knew it was not Mr. Judge, and that the action in no way originated in America; but Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott permitted this false charge to be publicly made against Mr. Judge, in their presence at Adyar, and said no word to exonerate him.

These are some of the discrepancies which I and others shall later be called upon to point out. Very much to my regret—for all must be wearied with the constant reiteration of charges against Mr. Judge, and the consequent necessary defence—I cannot longer remain, by my silence, an accomplice in a great wrong. But the action of Mr. Mead in canvassing the European Section, and that of Mrs. Besant in her *Lucifer* publications, compel me to point out one or two of these misstatements, which, together with personal attacks, by letter and otherwise, upon almost all those who openly express belief in Mr. Judge's innocence, compel me to break—in some degree—my silence before the general public.

After the above had gone to press I received the March *Vahan*. Mr. Mead says on p. 3 that his "memory is defective" as regards the request made by Mr. Judge, at the meeting of the Judicial Committee, for copies of the evidence. The memories of Messrs. Kingsland, Firth and Sinnett are also, he says, defective on this point. Against this I can only place my own positive recollection and the equally positive recollection of Mr. E. T. Hargrove and Mr. Jas. M. Pryse.

I would further state that the conversation I have referred to as

taking place at Richmond, at which the special demand was made for at least copies of the evidence, is that which Mrs. Besant refers to in her letter in *The Review of Reviews* for February, quoted by Mr. Mead in *The Vahan*. This meeting, in a sense private, has been made use of as against Mr. Judge by Mrs. Besant in the above letter. I cannot, of course, remain silent in regard to it any longer, and have given a part of the conversation as it actually occurred.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.]

IV.

"DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—I do not think that you will take it amiss that I again intrude myself before you. I am so far off, and the place where my old friend and teacher—the one who pointed out to me the way that must bring us, if followed, to the light and peace and power of truth—is so dear to me, I fain would speak with those my fellow-workers who now live where she worked and where her mighty soul left the body it used for our advantage. This is surely sufficient reason.

"Refer to the Master's letter in *The Occult World* and you will find him saying that the Masters are philanthropists and care only for that. Hence, the very oldest F. T. S. who has been selfish and not philanthropic, has never come under the notice of the Masters, has never done anything, in fact, toward the development of the soul in his possession, nothing for the race of man. It is not membership in the T. S., or any other mystical body, that brings us near the Masters, but just such philanthropic work with just the pure motive.

"Then I know, and say plainly—for as so close to each other we should plainly speak—that some of us, may be all, have waited and wondered and wished and hoped, for what? Various expressed thus: one wants to go to the Masters, not knowing even if it be fitting; another wants to know what is the vague longing inside; another says that if the inner senses were but developed, and hopes the Master would develop them, and so on; all, however, expressed by what the Master himself has written, 'You want to find out about us, of our methods of work, and for that you seek along the line of occultism.' Well, it is right for us to seek and to try and to want to reach to Them, for otherwise we never will in any age get where such Beings are. But

as wise thinkers we should act and think wisely. I know many of you, and what I am saying should help some as it does me also.

"You are all on the road to Masters, but as we are now, with the weak and hereditarily diseased bodies we have, we could not live an hour with Masters did we suddenly jump past space to Them. Some, too, have doubt and darkness; the doubt mostly as to themselves. This should not be harboured, for it is a wile of the lower man striving to keep you back among the mediocre of the race. When you have lifted yourself up over that level of the race, the enemy of man strikes and strives at all times to bring clouds of doubt and despair. You should know that all, everyone down to the most obscure, who are working steadily are as steadily creeping on to a change, and yet on and to other changes, and all steps to the Master. Do not allow discouragement to come in. Time is needed for all growth, and all change, and all development. Let time have her perfect work and do not stop it.

"How may it be stopped? How many have thought of this I do not know, but here is a fact. As a sincere student works on, his work makes him come every day near to a step, and if it be an advance then it is certain there is a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. Then he may stop all by allowing despair to come in with various reasons and pretexts; he may thus throw himself back to where he began. This is not arbitrary law but nature's. It is a law of mind, and the enemies of man take advantage of it for the undoing of the unwary disciple. I would never let the least fear or despair come before me, but if I cannot see the road nor the goal for the fog, I would simply sit down and wait; I would not allow the fog to make me think no road was there and that I was not to pass it. The fogs must lift.

"What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is **DUTY**, Selflessness. Duty persistently followed is the highest yoga, and is better than mantrams or any posture or any other thing. If you can do no more than duty it will bring you to the goal. And, my dear friends, I can swear it that the Masters are watching us all, and that without fail when we come to the right point and really deserve, They manifest to us. At all times I know that They help and try to aid as far as we will let Them.

"Why, the Masters are anxious (to use a word of our own) that as many as possible may reach to the state of power and love They are in. Why, then, suppose They help not? As They are Atman and therefore the very law of Karma itself, They are in everything in life, and every phase of our changing days and years. If you will arouse your

faith on this line you come nearer to help from Them that you will recognise.

"I send you my love and hope and best thoughts that you may all find the great light shining round you every day. It is there.

"Your brother,

"WILLIAM Q. JUDGE."

(*To be continued.*)

THE T. S. CONSTITUTION.

THERE are a few points in March *L'ahan* which seem to need a little comment in a friendly way. In the first place it is well to note the admission of our General Secretary that last year's Judicial Committee "proved the disability of the Constitution to grapple with the difficulty." The obvious inference—especially in view of action taken by the Aryan Lodge, to which Mr. Judge belongs—is that we have to go *outside* the Constitution "to grapple with the difficulty" (of keeping up the hue and cry?). This agrees well with Mr. H. Burrows' recent declaration to the Blavatsky Lodge that "we make a mistake in applying theosophical principles to the present crisis."

Now those who are styled "Mr. Judge's adherents," whether members of the Executive Committee or private members in Europe or elsewhere, are merely people who believe in upholding the Constitution of the T. S. in letter and spirit, at all costs. For that alone Mr. Judge successfully stood last July, and for that alone let us stand. We shall be accused of quibbling, of entering "demurrers," of being "under his thumb," and what not, but what matters it? There is no complaint by the Aryan Lodge against W. Q. Judge as a private member of that Branch; there is none by the American Section against him as General Secretary of that Section, nor is there one against him *quâ* his actions as Vice-President, as proved by decision of Judicial Committee last year.

As if conscious of this hitch in the man-hunt along *constitutional* lines, the General Secretary of the European Section now humorously attacks the Aryan Lodge by the remark that "it has not the courage to face the problem."

Poor Aryan Lodge! I extend you my sympathy in your present distressing condition. But stop, it may not yet be too late. Do, please, try and summon up a little courage. The European Section—nay, the Theosophical Society—is in danger unless you act boldly. Ask him to defend himself—at his peril! And please state a time limit. We can't afford to wait, you know. Never mind waiting for certified copies of documents to be put in evidence—and which nobody has yet seen. (Besides, why not try and *collect* some? Quite easy if you really apply your minds. Make it dovetail as nicely as you can, but don't show it to anyone.) You have delayed far too long already. Oh, how terrible! To keep us all waiting and reining in our fiery steeds, merely because *you* won't jump the fence. Be men, and don't put yourselves under anyone's thumb. Attack! Throw theosophical principles to the winds. Sound the charge! Attack! attack!

FRED. J. DICK.

THE LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EIRE.

A REVEREND and learned professor in Trinity College, Dublin, a cynic and a humorist, is reported once to have wondered "why the old Irish, having a good religion of their own, did not stick to it?" Living in the "Celtic twilight," and striving to pierce backward into the dawn, reading romance, tradition and history, I have endeavoured to solve something of the mystery of the vast "Celtic phantasmagoria," I can but echo the professor. In these legends, prodigal of enchantment, where Gods, heroes and bright supernatural beings mingle, are at league or war together, I have found not misty but clear traces of that old wisdom-religion once universal. There are indeed no ancient Irish Scriptures I am aware of, but they were not needed. To those who read in the Book of Life, philosophy and scripture are but as blinds over the spiritual vision. But we to-day—lost children of the stars—but painfully and indirectly catch glimpses of the bright spheres once our habitations, where we freely came and went. So I will try to tell over again some of these old stories in the light of philosophy spoken later. What was this old wisdom-religion? It was the belief that life is one; that nature is not dead but living; the surface but a veil tremulous with light—lifting that veil hero and sage of old time went outwards into the vast and looked on the original. All that they beheld they once were, and it was again their heritage, for in essence they were one with it—children of Deity. The One gave birth to the many, imagining within itself the heaven of heavens, and the heavens, and spheres more shadowy and dim, growing distant from the light. Through these the Rays ran outward, falling down through many a starry dynasty to dwell in clay. Yet—once God or Angel—that past remains, and the Ray, returning on itself, may reassume its old vesture, entering as a God into the Ancestral Self. Every real scripture and every ancient myth, to be understood truly, must be understood in this light. God, the angelic hierarchies, the powers divine and infernal, are but names for the mightier Adam in whose image man was made and who is the forgotten Self in humanity. Mystic symbolism is the same the world over, and applying it to the old Celtic romances, phantasy and faeryland are transformed into history and we are reading about the ancient Irish Adepts.

Ireland was known long ago as the Sacred Island. The Gods lived there; for the Tuatha De Dannans who settled in Eire after conquering the gigantic races of Firbolgs and Fomorians (Atlanteans) were called Gods, differing in this respect from the Gods of ancient Greece and India, that they were *men who had made themselves Gods* by magical or Druidical power. They were preëminently magi become immortal by strength of will and knowledge. Superhuman in power and beauty, they raised themselves above nature; they played with the elements; they moved with ease in the air. We read of one Angus Oge, the master magician of all, sailing invisibly "on the wings of the cool east wind"; the palace of that Angus remains to this day at New Grange, wrought over with symbols of the Astral Fire and the great Serpentine Power. The De Dannans lived in the heart of mountains

(crypts for initiation), and to-day the peasant sometimes sees the enchanted glow from the green hills he believes they still inhabit. Perhaps he believes not foolishly, for, once truly occult, a place is preserved from pollution until the cycle returns, bringing back with it the ancient Gods again.

The cycle of the Gods is followed in Irish tradition by the cycle of the heroes. The Gods still mingled with them and presumably taught them, for many of these heroes are Druids. Finn, the hero of a hundred legends, Cuchullin, Dairmud, Oisín and others are wielders of magical powers. One of the most beautiful of these stories tells of Oisín in Tir-na-noge. Oisín with his companions journeys along by the water's edge. He is singled out by Niam, daughter of Mannanan, king of Tir-na-noge, the land of the Gods. She comes on a white horse across the seas, and mounting with her Oisín travels across the ocean; after warring with a giant Fomor he passes into Tir-na-noge, where for a hundred years he lives with Niam and has all that heart could wish for. But desire for Eire arises within him and returning, he falls off the magic steed, and becomes an old man weary with years. It is purely occult. Oisín, Niam, her white steed, Tir-na-noge, the waters they pass over, are but names which define a little our forgotten being. Within Oisín, the magician, kindles the Ray, the hidden Beauty. Let us call it by what name we will, so that we spare the terms of academic mysticism or psychology. It is the Golden Bird of the Upanishads; the Light that lighteth every man; it is that which the old Hermetists knew as the Fair or the Beautiful—for Niam means beauty; it is the Presence, and when it is upon a man every other tie breaks; he goes alone with It, he is a dying regret, an ever-increasing joy. And so with Oisín, whose weeping companions behold him no more. He mounts the white horse with Niam. It is the same as the white horse of the Apocalypse, whereon one sits called Faithful and True. It is the power on which the Spirit rides. Who is there, thinking, has felt freed for a moment from his prison-house, and looking forth has been blinded by the foam of great seas, or has felt his imagination grow kingly in contemplation—he has known its impelling power; the white horse is impatient of restraint.

As they pass over the waters "they saw many wonderful things on their journey—islands and cities, lime-white mansions, bright greenans and lofty palaces." It is the mirror of heaven and earth, the astral light, in whose glass a myriad illusions arise and fleet before the mystic adventurers. Haunt of a false beauty—or rather a veil hung dazzling before the true beauty, only the odour or incense of her breath is blown through these alluring forms. The transition from this to a subtler sphere is indicated. A hornless deer, chased by a white hound with red ears, and a maiden tossing a golden lure, vanishes for ever before a phantom lover. The poet whose imagination has renewed for us the legend has caught the true significance of these hurrying forms:

"The immortal desire of immortals we saw in their eyes and sighed."

"Do not heed these forms!" cries Niam. Compare with this from another source: "Flee from the Hall of Learning, it is dangerous in its perfidious beauty. . . . Beware, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light. . . . It shines from the jewel of the Great Ensnarer." There are centres in

man corresponding to these appearances. They give vision and entrance into a red and dreadful world, where unappeasable desire smites the soul—a dangerous clairvoyance. But in the sphere beyond their power has to be conquered, and here Oisín wars with the giant Fomor. De Dannan and Fomorian passed from Éire wrestle still in the invisible world, say the legends. We, too—would-be mystics—are met on the threshold of diviner spheres by terrible forms embodying the sins of a living past when we misused our spiritual powers in old Atlantean days. These forms must be conquered and so Oisín battles with the Fomor and releases the power—a princess in the story. This fight with the demon must be fought by everyone who would enter the land of the Gods, whether in conscious occult adventure or half-consciously after death, when the strange alchemist Nature separates the subtle from the gross in the soul in this region which Oisín passes through. Tir-na-noge, the land of Niam, is that region the soul lives in when its grosser energies and desires have been subdued, dominated and brought under the control of light; where the Ray of Beauty kindles and illuminates every form which the imagination conceives, and where every form tends to its archetype. It is a real region which has been approached and described by the poets and sages who, at all times, have endeavoured to express something of the higher realities. It is not distant, but exists in earth as the soul within the body, and may be perceived through and along with the surface forms. In a sense it corresponds with the Tibetan Devachan, and in this region Oisín lives for a hundred years, until desire to see Éire once more arises and he parts from Niam. For the details of his return, the drowsy land in which he slumbers; how he fell off the white horse and became an old man with the weariness of his hundreds of years upon him—I must refer the reader to the legends. He will read not alone of Oisín, but of many an old hero, who, hailed by the faery (divine) voice, went away to live in the heart of green hills (to be initiated) or to these strange worlds.

Dear children of Éire, not alone to the past but to to-day belong such destinies. For if we will we can enter the enchanted land. The Golden Age is all about us, and heroic forms and imperishable love. In that mystic light rolled round our hills and valleys hang deeds and memories which yet live and inspire. The Gods have not deserted us. Hearing our call they will return. A new cycle is dawning and the sweetness of the morning twilight is in the air. We can breathe it if we will but awaken from our slumber.

Æ.

THE PERSECUTION OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE OBJECT IN VIEW.

THE design from the beginning was to get me out of the way to the Presidency of the T. S. Mrs. Besant was to demand my resignation, after that Colonel Olcott was to resign his office, then Mrs. Besant was to be nominated as President; Vice-Presidency probably to go to Bert. Keightley, though on that the outer proofs are not yet definite. In London last July Mrs. Besant said several times that the object of the proceeding was to prevent my succeeding to the Presidency. But here are a few samples from her letters:

"*Calcutta, Jan. 11th, 1894.*—You must resign the outer headship (of E. S. T.) held jointly with myself, or the evidence which goes to prove the wrong done must be laid before a committee of T. S. . . . And you must resign the position of President-elect."

"*Delhi, Feb. 14th, 1894.*—He [Chakravarti] endorsed the idea that I should take sole charge of the School. . . . Indeed, he told me last summer [about August, 1893. —J.] that it had to be so presently."

"*Agra, Feb. 8th, 1894.*—As you know, I refused the offer to nominate me as President; since then I have been told [by whom?—J.] 'not to oppose,' so I remain passive and wait."

"*Agra, Feb. 14th, 1894.*—That you had made an intellectual blunder, misled by a high example. [This means H. P. B.] . . . X. would not take the Presidency at any price. *If I have to, pity me.*" [Italics are mine.—J.]

In July she told me the first day, as explaining the sentence above quoted about a "high example" and another, that I was "largely a victim," that her theory was *first*, that H. P. B. had committed several frauds for good ends and made bogus messages; *second*, that I was misled by her example, and *third*, that H. P. B. had given me permission to do such acts. She then asked me to confess thus and that would clear up all. I peremptorily denied such a horrible lie, and warned her that everywhere I would resist such attack on H. P. B. These are facts, and the real issue is around H. P. B.

RESIGNATION ASKED.

Some European Lodges and the Indian Section have asked me to resign as Vice-President. I have refused and shall refuse. The attempt to force me by saying "all honourable men resign when attacked" is silly nonsense. No office in the T. S. has any attraction for me, but I will not be forced. An "Anniversary Meeting" in India, with no power and being, in fact, only an extra meeting of the Indian Section, passed resolutions asking my resignation. To that I replied that I do not recognize either the meeting or the resolutions. T. S. Anniversary Meetings are unknown to our Constitution.

WHY NO EXPLANATION YET.

By reading the Vice-President's letter to the European General Secretary printed hereunder (see *Vāhan*, March, 1895), members will see that I cannot make any explanation without copies of my letters and alleged memoranda. In addition, I find that some of the documents have up to this day been kept back from me, so that I have not seen them at all. It is quite true that Mrs. Besant gave me a copy of her proposed statement as prosecutor; but that contained only references and a few garbled extracts, and besides, it did not cover the items they have since added to the number.

W. Q. J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS AND HER ACCUSERS.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—Wide publicity having recently been given to attacks on the late Mme. Blavatsky, will you be so good as to allow us, her only relatives in England, to say a few words on the other side.

Like the rest of Mme. Blavatsky's relatives, we have long ceased to wonder at any criticism of her wonderful life; have almost ceased to feel resentment at any misunderstanding of her almost incomprehensible personality.

It is not, therefore, with resentment that we regard these attacks on Mme. Blavatsky, but rather with wonder that, in any valuation of her life and work, there should be such complete blindness to realities, not incomprehensible at all, but very patent to everyone who has eyes to see.

It appears to us a fact, altogether undoubted, that Mme. Blavatsky made thinkable to tens of thousands the ideal of spiritual life, of the real Self that stands above the ocean of birth and death. And in making thinkable the idea of the higher Self, she has also made thinkable the inferior worth of this life of storm and sorrow.

Then again she has made tangible to thousands the theory of repeated births; of the development of the enduring Self through a long series of personal selves. Or, as she herself would say, the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, the doctrines to which she invariably linked the sanative ethical principle—whatever a man sows, the same shall he also reap.

These two teachings—the real Self and the series of rebirths—are the heart and head of Indian philosophy, and Mme. Blavatsky has made them thinkable and tangible to tens of thousands whom the transcendental works of Kant and Schopenhauer, and the academic studies of the Orientalists, have never even touched.

We are also assured by the greatest popularizer of psychic studies that “she did more to imbue the mind of her day and generation with psychic truths than any man or woman of her time.”

All this she has done, not so much by original research and speculation—these she never claimed—but rather by the sheer force of her personal power, that first seized these ideas with tremendous vividness, and then presented them with tremendous vividness to the minds of her age. She was a force, the like of which we shall not see again.

Is it a small thing to have made this immortality of the soul a thinkable, tangible reality to tens of thousands? To attempt this would have been a splendid thing; Mme. Blavatsky did more—she actually accomplished it.

If even a tithe of this be true—we think it falls far short of the truth—then Mme. Blavatsky has deserved very well of her time. And, in view of this real work done, we cannot but consider all personal attacks on her as ridiculous—not to use a harder word.

To turn for one moment to the attacks themselves. Mr. Solovyoff's volume, *A Modern Priestess of Isis*, contains two elements—private

letters of Mme. Blavatsky and the narrative of Mr. Solovyoff. In the letters, somewhat unscrupulously published, there is no proof of Mme. Blavatsky's "fraudulence." As to the narrative of Mr. Solovyoff, it is abundantly proved that he has given two quite discrepant accounts of his own attitude and doings, and a witness who does this is hardly believed when he testifies about others. We are justified in saying that the whole of Mr. Solovyoff's narrative is so completely coloured by his subsequent ideas, that it is practically a work of fiction, the only one of his popular romances that Englishmen are ever likely to read. So much for Mr. Solovyoff's book: the private letters of a dead woman, genuine and honest; the narrative of a living romancer, largely fictitious.

The second accuser, Mr. Lillie, has gracefully availed himself of the labours of others; the foundation of his work is the attack of Mme. Coulomb on Mme. Blavatsky—an attack based on letters asserted by Mme. Blavatsky to be forged. Now the most famous political trial of our days should have opened our eyes to the danger of believing in this kind of evidence, especially when the "revealer" is paid for his "revelations."

It is a noteworthy fact, that has never been sufficiently insisted on, that in no case has it been claimed that any of Mme. Blavatsky's psychical "phenomena" were "exposed" at the actual moment of occurrence; while even Mr. Solovyoff testifies to real and undoubted psychical phenomena—physical forces directly controlled by her will. Then again Mme. Blavatsky is accused of wrong and faulty literary methods. Very likely; her work was not for literary methods, but for human life. And, if her words are sometimes inconsistent, her will was perfectly, strongly consistent all through, and will is better than words.

In view of her splendid achievement, most plain people will probably agree with us that, if the failings pointed out by her accusers were real, it would have been far more generous to have left them to silence; while, if they are largely false, as we believe, then these railing accusations that made a long martyrdom of the evening of her life are something worse than ungenerous.

Mme. Blavatsky may have been wrong in many things, perhaps, but, in a few supreme things, she was splendidly right. We are,

Yours truly,

VERA JOHNSTON.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

27, LEINSTER GARDENS, HYDE PARK, W.

February 26th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to an article by Mr. Judge in the last number of *The Irish Theosophist*, I feel reluctantly compelled to deny that I regard the message he sent me as genuine. It is a pity he challenged my testimony on this matter. He does not fairly put the facts when he says "about that time" I sent him a letter for transmission to the Master M., and must therefore have believed him in communication. The letter in question was merely a reply to the "message" spontaneously sent. At the time I merely *doubted* its authenticity and thought it best to send a reply on the hypothesis that there might be some genuine origin for the message, however it might have been dis-

torted. Later on I obtained what I consider to be certain assurance that the message, and some others Mr. Judge sent me about the same time, were not genuine.

May I rely on you to publish a statement from me to this effect, in which case I will not trouble to answer the article in your pages in any other way. Indeed if you print this letter that will suffice. But though I have not thought it my duty to take any part so far in the public controversy about Mr. Judge's claims, I cannot remain silent when an attempt is made to show that my testimony would be in their favour if it were given.

Yours very truly,
A. P. SINNETT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L.—I do not wonder at your being in doubt. To me the position seems clear. It is *really* the Constitution of the T. S. that is being attacked. Apart from the personality of Mrs. Besant, or Mr. Judge, there is a *principle*. No charges have been brought against Mr. Judge in his capacity of Vice-President. Mrs. Besant states that point to have been rightly held good by the Judicial Committee in July last, and she states also that Mr. Judge is responsible only to his own Branch, in New York, who, as you know, have voted confidence in him. It becomes, then, a question of whether we are to uphold the Constitution or not. If attention was directed more to this aspect of the case, and less to the personal element, much confusion would be saved. As you say, no proofs have been brought forward in support of the charges, and besides, Mr. Judge has promised a reply. We should resist every attempt to undermine the Constitution; drop all this insanity; go on with our work, and leave time to prove all things. Is it too late?

G. L.—The statement that Masters are too high for this plane; that They do not descend to this plane, is one fraught with much danger. It could, if accepted, do away with H. P. B. and all else. (See "Three Great Ideas," February number.)

C. R.—Thanks. I have seen a great deal of what has been said about the "demise" of the T. S. "Sepharial" (W. R. Old), in giving the horoscope of the T. S., in *The Astrologer's Magazine* for March says, "the Society has not long to live." Mr. Sturdy has written about its helpless condition and "disbanding Branches" in *The Unknown World*. In the same journal Mr. Cattanaach, writing for the President of the Scottish Lodge, talks of a "lamentable upset," and says the S. L. stands serenely apart unmoved. "No propaganda" has been its watchword from the first, and consequently it displays none of the "weaknesses" of "those provincial Lodges, who have been told what to read and think by itinerant lecturers from Avenue Road." It, of course, warmly supports the lines advocated by Mr. Sturdy as being those it has "consistently followed" all along. Can you see the humour of it? It is almost necessary to ask: what is the first object of the T. S.? Meantime the drift of events is being watched closely by *The Unknown World*. Mr. Sturdy has suggested a book depôt at Headquarters. Significant, isn't it? Like you, I was much surprised to see no exception taken to the bitter language used by Mr. Sturdy about Mr. Judge. Any suggestion put forward by such personal animus could not result in good if acted upon.

M.—In reply to your question I would like to point out that in 1889 H. P. B. gave Mr. Judge a photo, on which are the following words: "To my dear and loyal colleague, W. Q. Judge." This bears the Master's signature. I believe Mrs. Besant has seen it, and declared it to be genuine. Others also have seen it. I think the talk about East and West misleading, and grossly exaggerated in the aspect you refer to. No one disputes that the East is a storehouse of "old wisdom," which we in the West can and do use. In the light of reincarnation the problem seems simple enough. Facts bear out the statement that the cyclic wave of spiritual evolution is in the West. That India is not to-day an active spiritual centre anyone can see. The fact, too, that the T. S. is a movement started by Westerns, is significant, surely. It is not a matter of race distinction, but of *law*. Think it over for yourself.

E.—You will find on referring to *The Path* for April, 1894, that the exact words used by Bertram Keightley are as follows: "Moreover, H. P. B. spoke of her friend Mr. Judge as the 'exile,'" and Annie Besant wrote later on: "You are indeed fortunate in having W. Q. J. as chief. Now that H. P. B. has gone it is the Americans who have, as immediate leader, the greatest of the exiles." In an article in one of the old numbers of *The Theosophist*, signed "An Ex-Asiatic," H. P. B. has a footnote, "W. Q. Judge."

O.—"The Cause of Sublime Perfection." Glad you liked the new name of Theosophy. I intend to use it now and again. Others may, no doubt, do the same. So should you. It may do good. Pleased, too, that you liked those articles of Bryan Kinnavan in *The Path*. It will interest you to know that it is another name for W. Q. Judge.

H. H.—The *I. T.* is not the official organ of anyone.

J. McK.—Poem received. "No room." Suppose you send it to some of the other T. S. magazines.

M. F. L.—Article received. Will try and find room for it soon. Glad to cement the bonds of brotherhood with the U. S.

E. C.—Thanks for MS.; have a great deal in the same strain.

KATHORAS.—Your letter was not inserted, because the circular to which it referred did not appear in our columns.

D. N. D.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

WE hope to reproduce some notes on Bro. Jas. M. Pryse's lecture, *Theosophy in Ancient America*. The subject is a fascinating one, in view of future development predicted in *The Secret Doctrine* for that land. The next lecture on *Theosophy in Ancient Ireland*, was ably treated by Bro. Russell. Some of our distinguished archæologists, who seem to delight in belittling the dignity and antiquity of man, might have got a wrinkle or two at these lectures. *Quién sabe?*

Discussions for ensuing month: March 20th, *Cagliostro*; 27th, *The Dream of Ravan*; April 3rd, *Occult Training*; 10th, *The Communion of Saints*.

FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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V.

COMRADES,—This moot question, as to whether Masters (Mahâtmas) descend upon or manifest upon this material plane, is at present acting as a kind of ferment in many minds. And I would, in many cases, let it continue to ferment in order that students may, as is beneficial, reach their own conclusions.

Yet there are members of the T. S. who are undergoing much searching of soul upon this point, a point which, it appears to me, has been raised artificially and before its time. And it was not improbably raised for controversial and destructive purposes. This probability appears to me as very great, for the reason that members who have spoken to me upon the subject have in every case gone on to say that decision upon points now in controversy hung upon the answer.

But we shall never arrive at truths relating to spiritual evolution by seeking for them as controversial weapons. The cause of search, the spirit in which any search is undertaken and the thing really looked for (whether truth, or mere argumentative success), will infallibly colour the result, as Mind colours all it looks upon. It is not with the Mind, but with the Intuition that spiritual truths are discerned. Mind reports what Intuition has seen, in cases such as this.

It would appear sufficient that the student should accept the idea of the existence and functions of the Mahâtma in evolution as a bright hope, a light in the darkness, a beacon upon the hills of the hereafter. Whether They do or do not descend upon this plane would seem to be of small moment to him, as he, assuredly—were he of the student nature in the least, were he ever so little of a seeker after truth—would not expect their aid to extend to matters purely of this material plane, at all. This is to some extent true. And being a half-truth, it is used to

colour the personal conclusions of some minds, and to lend to incomplete expositions a weight not properly their own. Yet the question is raised before its due time, in my opinion, and for this opinion I have the following reason, to wit: Almost all Theosophists are content with the ideal of the existence of Great Souls who help the upward course of the race, and I find them caring but little about the exact plane from, to or by which that help comes. Students who are striving to live the life, to help themselves and others, mystics seeking deeper and ever deeper, ever more inwardly, for the hidden Self, are very rarely scholiasts or precisians. The Mahâtma *is*. Intuition has revealed thus much to Mind. The humble seeker bends his head, reaches upward and inward, aspires, loves and believes. What to him are planes? He knows that he *is* helped, and knows no strife to verify the exact point in Mother Space from which that god-like aid descends to fill his brimming soul. He hears that the Mahâtma may be that help and yet be also a living man, and in the fact—if fact it be—he sees new proof of great Nature's mysteries. Withdraw the fact—he feels no sense of loss; you have withdrawn from him a body, not a soul, and it is Soul he seeks, and would penetrate, even to those hidden deeps where the All-Soul merges into the One-Spirit.

Thus the mystic who seeks alone. But all mystics do not seek thus. Others there are who received the initial impulse from without, rather than from within; some soul in casement other than their own passed on to them the vibratory music of the spheres, causing them thus to tremble into consciousness of their interior world. This office was filled—for many of us—by a Soul whom we name H. P. B.

It will be evident that those who have followed such a messenger, whether as followers, as students, as pupils or as observers, will be more or less affected, according as her office as witness and messenger is clear or obscure to their eyes. And H. P. B. did most clearly assert, both in print and in private letters, that the "Masters" were also "living men." The present denial of that statement has its origin, as has so much else, in a more or less organized effort to destroy H. P. B. as messenger. Let us, therefore, keep this fact well in view. I have myself seen letters from India which put the statement very clearly as follows: "these high beings do not ever descend to this plane." The pupils of *modern* India are also repeating the statement in writing and otherwise, and it does absolutely contradict the teaching of H. P. B., which teaching I accept.

It is necessary to put this point very plainly, for the reason that it explains why I shall not put forward any statements by H. P. B. at all,

Nor shall I quote from eastern literature. This has been done before; moreover, translations may be questioned. Long ago I pledged myself to speak only to you of what I knew; that is to say, of things discoverable within my own consciousness, coupled with an explanation of their bearing and the method or mode of their existence, as this came before my mind.

Now I believe that the Mahâtma is possible; that He is necessary in evolution; that He exists; that He may or may not be using a human body amongst men. It is, to my mind, quite true that the Mahâtma, *as such*, does not descend upon this plane; but you must lay stress upon those words "*as such*." Atma, spirit, does not *directly* function upon this plane. What does that mean? It means that when you are dealing with the things of Spirit you are not dealing with this material plane, nor yet when you are dealing with the Intuition, nor when you deal with Mind, nor even when you deal with nerve fluid. None of these things are of this physical plane. Take a sentence attributed to a Master: "Buddhi does not act on this plane, where the acting agent is Manas." This is simply saying that the action of Intuition—any grade of its action—is not of the material plane, and that the Intuition acts through the Mind, which again is not of this plane, but is an acting agent for this plane, just as Intuition is an acting agent for spiritual truths. The Mahâtma, or great Spirit, touches from afar the fire-soul of man, and truths are born into the womb of the hidden, mystic brain. Whether the Mahâtma is or is not inhabiting a human body in full and conscious volition, this mode of action above described is the same. You and I deal with one another after the same fashion, though so far less potent for good. Mental intercourse, spiritual perceptions, the widening experience of love or art or duty are none of them attributes of the material body; they are seen by the Mind, they are verified by mental experience, they are not of the earth, earthy. On the physical plane, as such, they are not observable. Occultism also teems with examples of bodiless entities, disembodied entities, minds of a kind, all invisible to us, yet all eyes, as it were, to see our surroundings and our physical selves. Is it not, then, clear that, in very truth, the Mahâtma *as such* descends not to this material plane?

This does not mean, however, that the Mahâtma may not be using a human body. I take it that the conscious and perfected soul may use and does use some particular body, or several bodies in as many different places. It is a question of degrees. The Spirit acts through Intuition, and that through Mind, and that again through body by means of a reflecting mirror, or brain. Just as the Breath may or may not have

condensed itself into a planet or world, formed and visible, so the Maha-Atma may or may not have adopted a human form.

There is a reason for this adoption and a very simple, because a very natural one, having to do with evolution. The races evolve, but require the aid of the Spirit in evolving. The Elder Brothers turn and help. But how? Not all men are to be reached by purely psychical and spiritual methods, making of the world a vast forcing-house and developing a race of irresponsible mediums. The self-evolved and self-initiated (though really naught is done by self alone), require to be met at a certain point with instruction in the orderly training of the bodies and the minds they use. It is clear that, if we omit from the chain of human development which stretches from man to the Arch-angels or Chohans, one stage of development which we may call a perfected soul using a body and acting upon and for men with that body, we miss out one of the links of that chain. It is as if we missed out Buddhi acting through Manas; as if we omitted Manas and said that Buddhi must act through body or not at all; or that Mind, having freed itself from the trammels of bodily necessities and limitations, must become Atma without passing through the fire-mist of the electric Intuition which alone receives from Spirit the light of the world.

There is a further reason. A perfect body is at once a reflector and a dynamo. The fully conscious soul inhabits it, and observes through its medium all the currents affecting the race. In even the most perfect body there is, locked up in its molecules, that force which represents the karmic tendency of that race. Upon the mirror of the body these forces and currents are reflected, and the Great Soul is "*in touch*" with the men of the race. He does not identify himself with his body, not in the least; but it is to him as a harp upon which the cyclic forces play and by means of which he is able to verify the notes which move the human beings of that race and period. It is a difficult idea to put clearly, but you can all the better work it out for yourselves. Body—a house to dwell in—is at first useful to the evolving soul itself; later on body becomes, to the fully evolved soul, a thing useful to the evolution of other souls, a medium by and through which to act upon and aid them. While there are men living in bodies, they will be accessible to psycho-physiological force; they cannot neglect it, it is one of the steps; hence the need, on the part of a Great Soul intending to meet and help them at a certain given point, for a storehouse or dynamo.

All the same, that Maha-Atma is not *itself* acting upon this plane or descending upon this plane. It is like a general who acts through the private soldier by means of a graded series of officers. It is also

true that the *highest* office of the Mahâtma lies upon the spiritual plane and is not experienced by the disciple *when in the body*. True, too, that a man may live with or near a Mahâtma—say as a servant, being a man of a type and order as yet quite unevolved—and never come in contact with the Mahâtma *as such* at all. This servant may be, so to say, one of the necessities of the situation, as much as food, or clothes, or a shelter may be so. Undoubtedly there are Mahâtmas who need none of these things; they are appendages to certain conditions of life, which conditions are, in their turn, necessary to that situation which I have called being “in touch” with mankind. For to touch Maha-Atma you must be Maha-Atma. You only touch, in the Mahâtma, those planes which you have developed within yourself.

We think at once too much and too little of body. The soul *needs* no body. Some birds need no nests. Yet the body and the nest are alike necessary to a certain set of conditions. Those whose most interior need it is to help the evolution of mankind, atoms of that One-Spirit-Soul which evolves all things, require a vehicle of action, a means of communication, of a certain kind, because at certain stages of progress some given evolutionary link is necessary, and the free, perfect, conscious Soul, acting through a series of vehicles of which body is one, is just that specified link. Of course these bodies would be very perfect engines and of a higher order of “matter” than that which we take up in our present bodies. And it is one of the duties of the Great Souls, one of the many duties which arise along the pathway of evolution, to evolve just such perfect atoms of “physical” matter by becoming their indwelling force or evolver; which atoms are taken up again and again by the building forces, ever at work to provide forms composed of a higher order of matter for the higher orders of men as they evolve.

For “body” is a term for a congeries of forces; the human body is the highest achievement of the building forces, and by the means of a perfect body these builders themselves may be guided (by the perfect and conscious Soul indwelling) to a still higher development of their building powers. These powers, too, must evolve; building higher and still higher forms for the evolving races to inhabit. Do not forget that Soul owes a duty to matter; that these physical atoms, so-called, are not really physical at all and are Lives, and that the sublime and perfect Maha-Atma owes a duty to all that is, for all is Himself and He is, not body or soul or even spirit, but That Self; That thou art.

JASPER NIEMAND,

(*To be continued.*)

TEACHINGS OF A WESTERN OCCULTIST.*

I.—THE NEOPHYTE (*continued*).(*Continued from p. 76.*)

II.

To call a man a coward is the greatest insult we can give him; yet we are *all* cowards to a greater or less degree. A coward is a man who mistrusts the omnipotence and wisdom of his divine Self and allows himself to cringe to the forces of nature and of fate. Although it is perfectly natural to fear and to flee in the presence of danger, we despise the man who does so, because our intelligence recognizes a higher law—that of defiance and command. Hence courage amounts to an affirmation of the Higher Self, and cowardice to a denial thereof. There are many professed materialists who belie their own professions by their noble and heroic actions, which demonstrate their *real* trust in something higher than their body. There are not a few professed believers in higher law and the spiritual nature of man, whose timid and calculating policy in actual life proclaims their failure to realize the trustfulness they teach. How hard it is for the poor neophyte to yield his fate entirely into the hands of God—of the Law—and to relinquish all anxiety, all precaution, all worry over details! Yet only cowardice prevents him; cowardice born of his blindness. The life of Socrates is a priceless lesson to us cowards. We profess to believe that our chariot is driven by a trusty charioteer, yet how often do we grab the reins!

“Every man who is ready to die sooner than forswear truth and justice is truly alive, for he is immortal in his soul.

“All the ancient initiations had for their object the finding or forming of such men.”

But, adds Lévi, when the dark age came the initiators became few, and the initiations degenerated into mere ascetic practices and macerations. The blind led the blind, and both fell into the ditch of greater doubt and despair.

“On the path of the great science it behoves us not to set foot rashly; but, once on the march, we must arrive or perish. To doubt is madness; to stop is to fall; to recoil is to be hurled into a gulf.”

* From *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, by Eliphas Lévi. Paris: Félix Alcan, 108, Boulevard St. Germain. 18 frs.

Our author warns the reader to beware how he reads further, for the book will be a blessing or a curse to him, according as his motives are pure or impure. In either case, once read it cannot be forgotten or ignored. Let us remember the fate of Glyndon in *Zanoni*, and beware how we set a soiled foot on the ladder's first rung.

Eliphas Lévi then speaks of the relation of words to ideas and to forms, enunciates the aphorism, "As above, so below," and dwells on the correspondence between the macrocosm and the microcosm; a procedure which will at once recall the teachings of H. P. B. In man the creative powers are the Intelligence and the Will; but these twain have an ally "too little known and whose all-potency belongs exclusively to the domain of magic"—the Imagination, called by Kabalists the "diaphanous" or "translucid." The functions of the Imagination, and its connection with the two other powers, are of primary importance in the study of occultism. It is the eye of the soul, with which we see the reflection of the work we are to execute. It determines the form of the child in the mother's womb. It embodies the will and enables it to affect our body and our actions. "Are you in danger in a battle? Believe yourself invulnerable like Achilles, and you will be so," says Paracelsus.

The chapter ends with some remarks on faith and superstition which, though invaluable for export, may safely be recommended to Theosophists for home consumption also. The man of faith is accused by the sceptic of superstition, and by the superstitious of credulity. The Theosophist, who knows better, will recognize that no man of real faith can be either sceptical or credulous.

"To believe is to acquiesce in that which we do not know yet, but which reason assures us beforehand that we shall know, or at least acknowledge, some day.

"Absurd, then, those pretended philosophers who say, 'I will not believe that which I do not know.'

"Poor fools! if you knew, would you have any need to believe?

"But can I believe on hazard and without reason? Certainly not. Blind and rash belief is superstition and folly."

H. T. EDGE.

(*To be continued.*)

A FAMILY OF MYSTICS.

WHILE all the world has heard of H. P. Blavatsky, and while the talent of her sister, Madame Jelihovsky, and of her niece, Mrs. Vera Johnston, has appreciators upon two continents, the deep vein of mysticism, with its poetical and spiritual insight, which runs through this family, is less widely known. Therefore the following letter from Mrs. Johnston, with its enclosure, will doubtless interest your readers. What mysterious karmic lines, threading this material existence as a silver vein threads the dark one, has led these several Egos, with their spiritual tendency already formed and glowing, into the one family? Who can answer? The question is wrapped up in the underlying subject of the relation of souls to their vehicles. However, here are the letters.

“Hallein, Jan. 10th, 1895.

“I enclose a letter I got from my brother when in India in 1889. As it was written about things your heart holds dear, I have translated it and send it to you and to all who may be interested to read it. My brother does not know any English and so the theosophic literature, except *Light on the Path* and part of the *Stanzas of Dzyan*, which I have translated for his especial benefit, is a closed book for him. In spite of this he certainly is one of us. I found this letter, arranging my things before leaving London, and thought it especially interesting, as it really seems to be a kind of prophecy as to things which are going on in London, six years after it was written. My brother is generally appreciated, for soldiers and officers alike love him in his regiment—but as to being understood, this is a luck which seldom befalls him. And no wonder. His interior life is so intense as not to leave him much outward energy. I have just read for the first time *Letters that have Helped Me*, with your commentaries, and so I know you will understand what my brother is talking about. When we were children, we each of us had our little garden in Tiflis, and I remember, once we were watering our flowers, and the waterdrops coming out of the can sparkling in the sunlight, he said to me: ‘Look up into the sky—the sun is God, and all these little reflections in these little drops are human souls.’ This probably happened a quarter of a century ago, and yet I often think of it as if it were only yesterday. Is it not a splendid illustration of the oneness of the human race, that he, who lives thousands of miles away, all alone in the mountains of the Caucasus, should

find such a ready echo of his thoughts in you, who never knew of his existence up to now. He was greatly amused when I asked his permission to send his letter to you, and says I may do what I like about it, as it could not do either good or harm unless people have it all in themselves already, when they would not, he says, want any of his rubbish."

"St. Petersburg, Jan. 10th, 1889.

" . . . As usual, I have been a very long time about writing to you. Now I have begun, at last, but I do not know in the least what news to give, as there is none. As before, I go to my school,* ride and stay at home. To be frank, it is in the latter occupation that I find the most interest and variety. I think, were I to live by myself in St. Petersburg, I would have forgotten how to speak, as it would be perfectly superfluous. At school, during lessons, the art of talking is practised very little, and even this as an unnecessary luxury, having nothing to do with real business. But out of service, communion with fellow creatures fast loses its attraction for me. And unfortunately so.

"I begin to understand that, when withdrawn into one's own shell and examining it closely, one may find in it a world much wider and brighter than the one outside; but still I say unfortunately, because I am only catching glimpses of it, and God alone knows whether I shall ever find it.

"The only thing one may rely upon is: 'Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

"I firmly believe that, as soon as that world is able to influence a man, be it ever so slightly, it will give him peace before all other boons that it may reveal after. This beginning is the most important; the rest being altogether dependent upon the man's greater or lesser capacity of reflecting light, that is to say, his personal powers and gifts from above.

"You write that the theosophical movement in India looks considerably different† when one is near to it. It is always so. Examining a picture at a distance, you lose the greater part of details and receive an impression of a more perfect finish. Theosophy—or rather what we long to find in this word—is bound to exist in a limited circle only, not conditionally, but because of its very essence.

"The Society may be scattered all over the world, but in spirit it

* The writer is a dragoon officer and was at the time master of riding at a cavalry soldiers' school.—V. J.

† I was greatly disappointed with it. I was young and foolish, don't you see, still expecting help from outside, not understanding that the "kingdom of heaven is inside us."—V. J.

has gathered into a very limited body, lit up with the light of truth, reflecting light like silver; the light in whose disjointed rays wander all kinds of human societies from the days of Adam, seeking the path to this light in knowledge, religions, sciences and various systems. But it is rare for a man to turn to the one instrument that can give knowledge, and, entering the road of painful reconstruction, to find the path within himself. Only having conquered oneself, only having reached the depths, and felt oneself in one's reality, one may give light-sensitiveness to the *feeler*, or organ, if you like it better, which is hidden deep within us; is crusted all over with our coarse materiality, is hardly ever recognized.

"Only then we shall be given free entrance into the mysterious body, which is the earthly abode, one of the many in the house of 'the Father.'

"This mysterious body exists, has existed, and will pass away only with humanity.* Where it is I do not know, because that is to be known only by him who has entered it. But I know that its work is in spirit and truth, and also that it is in spheres far above all religious sub-divisions. In spheres which may be opened to an uneducated man, who has unconsciously followed the path of religion only through the strength of his own faith, and has reached one of the promised abodes, having got rid, at last, of his own flesh, this accumulation of living cells, of the so-called microbes and bacillæ, which teem in a heap of all kinds of rubbish, to the wonder and sometimes the delectation of our scientific world. This accumulation of all kinds of substances and organisms† carries on an independent work; it has soiled all that makes a man; it has spread a thick cloud over all our finest organs of highest perception.

"To get rid of this 'original sin,' to wipe the dirt off the receptacles of the light of truth is possible only through the path of faith, which purifies our interior reasoning, or through the path of constant labour within oneself, which shall reveal to us, at the end, the man in us restored to sight in the light of truth; that light which is to show us the essence of true being in every archi-microscopic particle. Not every one is able to carry on this kind of labour, for it is hard and obscure, and difficult it is to get access into the mysterious body.

"I am little acquainted with the Theosophical Society and know it mostly on its exterior side. And yet I am in sympathy with it, and yet it seems to me it is an old story being told over again. The career of

* "*The Lodge*," where people are to ask for Chelaship, as I understand it.—V. J.

† The so-called elementals?—V. J.

this Society will be similar to those of many preceding ones; it is not itself which is meant to go ahead, but a *few are meant to progress through it*. As to itself, it will remain, having lost its precious kernel, a mere empty shell in the hands of lodges, which have multiplied and divided until they have become perfectly unlike each other. And its very essence will become an unintelligible hieroglyph, with no more meaning to it than the key of Peter the Apostle in the keeping of the Pope of Rome.

"The same thing happened to the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians and many other societies that existed still earlier. Can it not be that Theosophy is also this sort of filtering? Besides, religions also are filters, only with a more constant basis. But I have written so much, I may be writing nonsense. . . ."

Here ends the letter. But the thoughts it awakens are not thus ended!

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

THE LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EIRE.

II.

IN the recently published *Story of Early Gaelic Literature*, attention is directed to the curious eastern and pantheistic character of some archaic verses. Critics are for ever trying to show how some one particular antique race was the first begetter of religion and mystic symbolism: Perplexed by the identity between the myths and traditions of different countries, they look, now here, now there, for the original. But it was not in any land but out of the Christ-Soul of the universe that true wisdom at all times was begotten. Some ignorant peasant, some Jacob Boehme, is pure and aspires, and lo! the God stirs within him and he knows the things that were taught in elder days and by unknown people. Our own land, long ago, had its Initiates in whom the eye of the seer was open. This eye, concealed in the hollow of the brain, is the straight gate and the narrow way through which alone the mortal may pass and behold the immortal. It is now closed in most men. Materialism, sensuality and dogmatic belief have so taken the crown and sceptre from their souls that they enter the golden world no more knowingly—they are outcast of Eden. But the Tuatha De Dannans were more than seers or visionaries. They were magicians—God and man in one. Not alone their thought went out into the vast, but the Power went along with it. This mystic Power is called the Serpentine Fire. It is spiritual, electric, creative. It develops spirally in the ascetic, mounting from centre to centre, from the navel to the

heart;* from thence it rises to the head. He is then no more a man but a God; his vision embraces infinitude.

The action of this Power was symbolized in many ways, notably by the passage of the sun through the zodiacal signs† (centres in the psychic body). A stone serpent was found a little while ago in Ireland marked with twelve divisions. The archaic verses alluded to have the same meaning:

"I am the point of the lance of battle. [The spinal cord, the Sushumna nadi of Indian psychology.]

I am the God who creates in the head of man the fire of the thought.

Who is it throws light into the meeting on the mountain?
[The meeting of the mortal and the immortal on Mount Meru, the pineal gland.]

Who announces the ages of the moon? [The activity of the inner astral man.]

Who teaches the place where couches the sun?" [Spirit.]

The Serpentine Power is the couch of the sun, the casket of spirit. Hence the Druids or Magi who had mastered this power were called Serpents. Though St. Patrick is said to have driven the serpents out of Ireland, traces still remain of the serpent wisdom. Lest the interpretation given above should seem arbitrary I will trace further explicit references to the third eye. Diarmuid, the hero and darling of so many story-tellers, whose light with Grania forms one of the most mystic episodes in Celtic romance, is described as having a spot in the centre of his forehead which fascinated whoever gazed. He is called the "Son of the Monarch of Light." He is the Initiate, the twice-born. This divine parentage has the sense in which the words were spoken, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." In the same sense a Druid is described as "full of his God." From the mystic Father descends the Ray, the Child of Light. It is born in man as mind, not reasoning; earthly nor sensual, but as the heaven-aspiring, thinking mind. In itself it is of the nature of fire. The man who knows it become filled with light, aye, he moves about in light within himself.

The following description of a giant, taken from the story of Diarmuid, refers to still another aspect of our occult nature.

"He has but *one eye only* in the fair middle of his black forehead. . . . He is, moreover, so skilled in magic that fire could not burn him, water could not drown him, and weapons could not wound him. . . . He is fated not to die until there be struck upon him three blows of the iron club he has. He sleeps in the top of that Quicken tree by night, and he remains at its foot by day to watch it. . . . The berries of the tree have the virtues of the trees of faeryland."

The Quicken tree is the network of nerves in the magnetic astral body. Readers of the Upanishads will remember the description of the arteries, thin as a hair split a thousand times, which proceed from the heart, and in which the Ego rests during deep sleep. It has just the same significance in the legend. The meaning will be still better

* "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters. *This spake he of the Spirit.*"—John, vii. 38.

† "The twelve signs of the Zodiac are hidden in his body."—*Secret Doctrine*, II. 619.

understood by a comparison of the youthful Finn in his encounter with a similar one-eyed Titan. There is a most interesting version of this in Curtin's *Irish Myths and Folk-Tales*. Too long to quote in its entirety, the story runs as follows. Finn meets a giant who carries a salmon in his hand. This Titan has "but one eye as large as the sun in the heavens." He gives the fish to Finn to cook. The moment the giant closed his eye he began to breathe heavily. "Every time he drew breath he dragged Finn, the spit, the salmon, and all the goats to his mouth, and every time he drove a breath out of himself he threw them back to the places they were in before." While Finn is cooking the salmon he burns it, and in trying to hide the blister he burns his thumb. To ease the pain he put his thumb between his teeth, and chewed it through to the bone and marrow. He then received the knowledge of all things. He was drawn up the next minute to the giant's eye, and plunged the hot spit (a bar of red-hot iron, says another account) into the eye of the giant. He passes the infuriate giant at the door of the cave something after the fashion of Ulysses, by driving the flocks out and himself escaping under the fleece of the largest goat or ram.

The meaning of this story, with all its quaint imagery, is not difficult. It is an allegory describing the loss of the third eye. The cave is the body. The fish is a phallic symbol, and the cooking of it refers to the fall of the early ethereal races into generation and eventually into gross sensuality. The synthetic action of the highest spiritual faculty, in which all the powers of man are present, is shown by the manner in which everything in the cave is dragged up to the giant's head. When Finn destroys the eye by plunging into it a bar of red-hot iron, it simply means that the currents started in the generative organs rose up through the spinal cord to the brain, and, acting upon the pineal gland, atrophied or petrified it. The principle of desire is literally the spirit of the metal iron, and a clairvoyant could see these red fires mounting up by the way of the spinal canal to the brain and there smothering any higher feelings. The escape of Finn under the fleece of the ram means that, having destroyed the spiritual eye, he could only use the organ of psychic clairvoyance, which is symbolized here, as in the mysticism of other countries, by the ram.

This symbolism, so grotesque and unmeaning to-day, was once perfectly lucid and was justified in its application. A clairvoyant could see in the *aura* of man around every centre the glow, colour and form which gave rise to the antique symbol. One of the Gods is described as "surrounded by a rainbow and fiery dews." Cuchullin, whose hair, dark (blue?) close to the skin, red beyond, and ending in brilliant gold, makes Professor Rhys elaborate him into a solar myth, is an adept who has assimilated the substance of the three worlds, the physical, the psychic and the heavenworld; therefore his hair (*aura*) shows the three colours. He has the sevenfold vision also, indicated by the seven pupils in his eyes. Volumes of unutterably dreary research, full of a false learning, have been written about these legends. Some try to show that much of the imagery arose from observation of the heavenly bodies and the procession of the seasons. But who of the old bards would have described nature other than as she is? The morning notes of Celtic song breathe the freshness of spring and are full of joy in nature. They could communicate this much better than most of their critics could do. It is only the world within which could not be re-

dered otherwise than by myth and symbol. We do not need scholarship so much as a little imagination to interpret them. We shall understand the divine initiators of our race by believing in our own divinity. As we nourish the mystic fire, we shall find many things of the early world, which now seem grotesque and unlovely to our eyes, growing full of shadowy and magnificent suggestion. Things that were distant and strange, things abhorrent, the blazing dragons, winged serpents and oceans of fire which affrighted us, are seen as the portals through which the imagination enters a more beautiful, radiant world. The powers we dared not raise our eyes to—heroes, dread deities and awful kings—grow as brothers and gay children around the spirit in its resurrection and ascension. For there is no pathway in the universe which does not pass through man, and no life which is not brother to our life.

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MRS. BESANT AS A PROPHET.

"Sydney, Feb. 17th, 1895.

"DEAR JASPER AND JULIUS,—I address you in this way, for these are the names of the friend I have long respected and have grown to love. As the years roll on the bonds get closer, till now the time has come when this old silent friendship must take phenomenal expression. Just a word to express grateful thank-you's for the help you have given to aid me in seeing reflected that part of the Universal Soul I may call my own. I think Herbert Coryn's true ideal of a friend is a beautiful one (see "Heavenworld"). So here I am passing you the countersign right in the heat of the day of battle, for it is a glorious privilege to range oneself heart, soul and mind under the banner of our chief W. Q. J. Since then many letters have passed between us in which he honours me by calling me his friend.

"This *is* a big struggle, Jasper, isn't it? A struggle for the awakening of the soul in man. 'The spot of our own,' as Krishna says, that no one in the world can wrest from us. All the dark, abject centuries of blind authority, *form* and prejudice are rallying up for one wild, mad attack on the calm, still power of the awakening of Manas to rightful ownership in each one of us. But we can defy the hosts of superstition and credulity if we have but one grain of that immortal golden philosophy made verily *our own*, if we have not turned its power aside by doubts and suspicions.

"Ah, me! it is easy for us to write in this way from the free shores of America and Australia, where the evolutionary tendencies of a grander and better race are all helping us; with a crop of Irish elementals to aid us also in acknowledging no authority that does not pass the countersign to our own hearts. The racial difficulties of the English people are tremendous; the 'pious business,' the supposed immaculate virtues, the sole right to open heaven for the universe and to have *scapegoats*. The Englishman that pulls through all this is indeed a hero! I enclose a copy of our little piping shout from Australia that says we prefer to think for ourselves, and my own individual declaration of principles, which I have forwarded to Mead and Olcott and which I hope will see light in *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*. At present a dual debate has been going on, and now Australia claims to have a say with

no uncertain sound—at least, those who have found voices to speak in this country.

"In a few words, the whole situation is explained from A. B.'s present position, 'I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak let no dogs bark.' But the 'lion's whelps' will growl, even if they are forced to keep pretty silent so as not to play too much into the hands of the crafty ones.

"My salutations to all comrades, especially Archibald Keightley, Herbert Coryn, H. T. Edge, and that doughty old knight of the Middle Ages, James M. Pryse.

"I believe, after all, 'the sticks' will keep together in the bundle, and what a grand time we will have binding up each other's wounds and laughing at the whacks we gave each other in the dark.

"Ever eternally yours,

"T. W. WILLANS."

The above letter was followed on March 26th by the following cablegram, which, with other letters of the same tenor from New Zealand and Australia, are in sufficiently amusing contrast with Mrs. Besant's prophecy upon Australian matters as confidently expressed to the Adyar Convention last December.

"Vigilate, London. Sydney Branch votes in confidence Judge."

Foregoing received from Sydney.—*Reuter*.—[E.D.]

SOME QUOTATIONS.

FOR some time past we have heard a number of statements which may be summed up as follows:

1. H. P. B. never taught Western Occultism.
2. H. P. B.'s interest lay chiefly with India and the East.
3. Mr. W. Q. Judge has attacked the Brahmans as an entire caste and has tried to foment discord.
4. The idea of Mr. Judge, to wit, that the cyclic wave of evolution has at present forced America forward to a position of primary importance, is a part of the wily schemes of that gentleman.

In the light of these statements put forward by Mrs. Besant, Mr. B. Keightley and others, it may be of a curious interest to read the following quotations. Mohini and Damodar were very high caste Brahmans.

Occult World, p. 83 (Master K. H.):

"I cannot endure for any length of time the stifling magnetism even of my own countrymen. I have seen some of our proud old Sikhs drunk and staggering over the marble pavement of their sacred temple. I have heard an English-speaking Vakil declaim against Yog Vidya and Theosophy as a delusion and a lie, declaring that English science had emancipated them from such degrading superstitions, and saying that it was an insult to India to maintain that the dirty Yogees and Sunnyasis knew anything about the mysteries of Nature, or that any living man can, or ever could, perform any phenomena. I turn my face homeward to-morrow."

Lucifer, V. 86, October, 1889 (H. P. B.):

"These teachings [Theosophy] are most undeniably the back-bone of the Theosophical Societies *in the West*, but not at all in the East, where such Branch Societies number almost five to one in the West. Were these special doctrines the 'heart and soul' of the whole body,

then Theosophy and its T. S. would have died out in India and Ceylon since 1885—and this is surely not the case. For not only have they been virtually abandoned at Adyar since that year, as there was no one to teach them: but while some Brahman Theosophists were very much opposed to that teaching being made public, others—the more orthodox—positively opposed them as being inimical to their exoteric systems.’

Isis Unveiled, I. 589:

“When we say indiscriminately ‘India,’ we do not mean the India of our modern days but that of the archaic period. In those ancient times countries which are now known to us by other names were all called India. There was an Upper, a Lower, and a Western India, the latter of which is now Persia-Iran. The countries now named Thibet, Mongolia and Great Tartary were also considered by the ancient writers as India.”

Man : Fragments of Forgotten History, p. xi (Mohini):

“Man! man is thy brother! Give to thy brother what he has not and supply thy own deficiencies from what he offers thee. The right hand must aid the left; the East must unite with the West; the young must join hands with the old and the beauty of harmony will smile on the face of the earth.”

The Theosophist, I. 196-7, May, 1880:

Damodar K. Mavalankar leaves his caste, saying: “I saw that, if it were not for this distinction [of castes], India would not have been so degraded, for this distinction engendered hatred among her sons. It made them hate and quarrel with one another. The peace of the land was disturbed. People could not unite with one another for good purposes. They waged war with one another, instead of devoting all their combined energies to the cause of ameliorating the condition of the country. The foundation of immorality was thus laid, until it has reached now so low a point that, unless this mischief is stopped, the tottering pillars of India will soon give way. I do not by this mean to blame my ancestors, who originally instituted this system. To me their object seems to be quite a different one. It was based, in my opinion, on the qualities of every person. The caste was not then hereditary, as it is now. This will be seen from the various ancient sacred books, which are full of instances in which Kshatriyas and even Mâhârs and Châmbhârs, who are considered the lowest of all, were not only made and regarded as Brahmans, but almost worshipped as demi-gods simply for their qualities. If such is the case, why should we still stick to that custom which we now find not only impracticable but injurious?” Damodar belonged to one of the highest castes of Brahmans.

As it has been said by several persons, in public and in private, that H. P. B. never taught Western Occultism as such, but only spoke of the Eastern School, let us look at *The Idler* for March, 1895. We shall find there, on p. 280, in a review of Mr. Solovyoff's book, the following from the pen of W. L. Alden, who knew H. P. B. in the States and was present, I am told, when the T. S. was first formed. The gentleman is by no means a believer in H. P. B., which makes his testimony less suspicious, perhaps, to those who might doubt her friends. Mr. Alden says:

“Growing tired of spiritualism, she next pretended that she was a member of the Mediæval Society of the Rosy Cross, which, according to her, still existed and had its headquarters in Amsterdam, whence the brethren, who presided over the Society, frequently came to America to visit Blavatsky in their ‘astral forms.’”

A PROPHEMIC MESSAGE.

H. P. B. TO THE AMERICAN CONVENTION T. S., 1891.

"SISTERS and brothers of America, I thank and I bless you for your unremitting labours for the common cause so dear to us all. Let me remind you all once more that such work is now more than ever needed.

"The period which we have now reached in the cycle that will close between 1897-8 is, and will continue to be, one of great conflict and continued strain. If the T. S. can hold through it, good; if not, while Theosophy will remain unscathed, the Society will perish—perchance most ingloriously—and the world will suffer.

"The critical nature of the stage on which we have entered is as well known to the forces that fight against us, as to those that fight on our side. No opportunity will be lost of sowing dissension, of taking advantage of mistaken and false moves, of instilling doubt, of augmenting difficulties, of breathing suspicions, so that by any and every means the unity of the Society may be broken and the ranks of our Fellows thinned and thrown into disarray. Never has it been more necessary for the members of the T. S. to lay to heart the old parable of the bundle of sticks—divided, they will inevitably be broken one by one; united, there is no force on earth able to destroy our Brotherhood.

"On some . . . the effect is generally disastrous . . . at the present crisis of the Society a lack of self-control and watchfulness may become fatal in every case.

"If every F. T. S. were content to be an impersonal force for good, careless of praise or blame so long as he subserved the purposes of the Brotherhood, the progress made would . . . place the ark of the T. S. out of danger."

The last time I referred to H. P. B.'s words Mr. Sinnett replied, in effect, that she was an impetuous speaker and writer, and that the importance attached to her words was often much exaggerated. It may be so. But I think they have, even more frequently, been underestimated. To many the words quoted above will afford further evidence, if such were necessary, of the "wonderful insight and prophetic vigour" of H. P. B. Others may attach no significance to them. Some good brother "suspected something." He whispered his suspicions abroad. Everywhere they spread with amazing rapidity, gaining fresh impetus on the way. Mrs. Besant, whom we all loved, was chosen to voice these suspicions. They had now the required force. One brother is not satisfied. Mrs. Besant may fail in her duty, so he secures certified copies of the "evidence" without permission. He thinks he is justified in doing so. And for the good of the T. S.!

On it goes. All is done that can be done. A point is reached where the Constitution of the T. S. does not provide for further prosecution. Still suspicion must find some justification (so far it has had none). The "builders" of the Constitution did not foresee this deadlock to "truth and justice," so-called. It must, therefore, be amended or altered, so that penalty may be inflicted on a brother *suspected* of fraud.

Happily, recent events have proved that there exists in each Section (apart from America, which is solid) a nucleus, united in their loyalty,

love and devotion to William Q. Judge; who have been guided by theosophical principles in this matter, and who are prepared to carry the T. S. into the next century as H. P. B. left it. We have been asked to sacrifice one of our Founders, close up our ranks and go on without him. No, brothers, not this time.

Bales of "evidence" may be scattered around, but it does not *prove* guilt. That will be found impossible, I verily believe. If you wish to continue the prosecution outside the T. S. Constitution, you can, of course, do so. Fume, storm and rage as you will, you cannot destroy the "ark of the T. S." The real T. S. exists, and will continue to exist, prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding. It will expel no one. It will welcome all who wish to enter its ranks in the true spirit. That is the issue. The battle has been fought and won.

Those who clamour for a new Constitution and new Society should think twice before severing their connection with the old. They may form a new T. S., but I venture to prophesy it will be a "flapdoodle."

D. N. D.

TOLSTOI AND KARMA.

[Letter written by Count Tolstoi to the Editor of *The Northern Messenger*, in Russia.
Translated by V. J.]

"I SEND you a Buddhist tale entitled *Karma*, which I have translated from the American magazine *Open Court*. This tale has greatly pleased me with its naivety as well as with its profundity. The best part of it is the exposition of the truth, so often obscured in later times in various ways, that the getting rid of evil and acquisition of good can be got only with personal effort, that there is not and there cannot be any contrivance through which could be attained either individual or common good, save one's own personal effort. This exposition is especially good in this, that it immediately demonstrates that the good of every separate man holds true only in case it is common good as well. As soon as the brigand, climbing out of hell, wished good only for himself—his good stopped being good and he dropped back again. This little tale seems to shed light on a new side of the two fundamental truths revealed by Christianity: that life exists only in the renunciation of one's personality—'he that loseth his life . . . shall find it' (*Matt.*, x. 39), and that the good of men is only in their unification with God and through God with each other, 'As thou art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us' (*John*, xvii. 21).

"I read out this tale to children and they liked it. And amongst grown-up people its reading always gave rise to conversation about the gravest problems of life. And, to my mind, it is a very good recommendation."

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

I DESIRE to address a few words to your readers on the subject that is in all our thoughts. We must not lose sight of the future in the kâmic whirl of the present. The present is the vortex out of which the T. S. is to be reborn, if it is to exist at all in the coming century. We

in America have no shadow of doubt of that existence, as we stand squarely on the platform and are working persistently on the lines laid down for us by H. P. B., and that work is not interrupted by the present troubles. The reason for this solidarity is not far to seek. It is this sentence, backed by many others to corroborate and support it, from H. P. B., "The day W. Q. J. resigns, H. P. B. will be virtually dead for the Americans. W. Q. J. is the Antaskarana between the two Manas(es), the American thought and the Indian—or rather the trans-Himâlayan—esoteric knowledge." In America to retain confidence in H. P. B. and stand squarely by Mr. Judge means exactly the same thing, and America is a unit on this point. The question, then, is simply: what relations can we sustain, if any, in the future to our brothers of other Sections. If such association is to be determined by our joining the assaults on Mr. Judge, then the separation has already come, and more bitterness and criminations are worse than useless; they will only react on their authors. Much has been said in regard to a "committee of honour," and Mr. Judge has been charged with evading it. I declare and can prove that this is not true. He evaded it no more than did those arrayed against him, for all agreed that it would be *useless at that stage of the proceedings*, as the result in any case would be accepted by one party only. Had a committee of brothers been suggested and arranged, or even *tried*, before Mrs. Besant appeared as public accuser, can anyone doubt that matters would have taken very different shape? Should extreme measures among *professed* brothers be resorted to *first*, or after all other methods have failed? I leave each to answer this question from his own code of ethics. The *methods* employed from the beginning have been the most mistaken that could have been suggested. My object in saying this is not to locate blame, for when the karmic records are open none of us may be found without blame; but to suggest whether it be wiser to continue in evil lines fraught already with so much bitterness, or to let wiser counsels prevail. One of the latest offences charged against Mr. Judge is that he accuses Mrs. Besant of using black magic, and with great eloquence our Indian brothers were carried indignantly and "unanimously" by this point. But, my brothers, Mr. Judge *has made no such charge*, and believes no such thing. Can capital made inadvertently or designedly out of a charge that has no existence do anything but harm to all? Let anyone with a fair knowledge of English read what Mr. Judge *did* say, and let him read dispassionately that which contains no passion, and judge for himself.

But, say my English and Indian brothers, you in America may condone fraud and feel no shame in upholding and associating with it, but *we* will have none of it. Is, then, *accusation* equivalent to *proof*? Do you desire to be so adjudged yourselves? Does the shore of the ocean, be it east or west, determine the honesty or dishonesty of a race? Are all "dishonest" who disagree with you, my brothers, and is this where the ethics of brotherhood has landed you? If so, then had we not better return to barbarism at once?

Now what do your American brothers expect or desire? So far as I know, that you shall stop this crusade of accusation and denunciation. It will not "purge" the Society, it has already divided it, and if persisted in will make that breach irreparable. When passion has subsided and wiser counsels prevail, we may adjust our matters, perhaps, to the satisfaction of all; at least, adjust them like brothers and not like politicians.

Last June I wrote to a very dear friend in London a letter containing this sentence, *based on that friend's view of the case*; not mine, as it regarded Mr. Judge: "I would rather take myself the karma of *condoning a fault* in Judge than to see him broken and humiliated so he could work no more, or to see the T. S. divided on the question of his guilt or innocence, as it is very likely to become if we are not very wise and prudent." Have we been very "wise and prudent"? And now do you wish with eyes wide open to make the division permanent? Let each answer this question dispassionately for himself, and act accordingly.—Fraternally,

J. D. BUCK.

124, W. 7th Street, Cin., Ohio, Feb. 15th, 1895.

REVIEW.

PHANTASMS. By Wirt Gerrare. [The Roxburghe Press, Westminster. Price 3s. 6d.]

THE significance of the phrase, "taking the book by its cover," will be understood in future generations when reviewers, psychically trained, will be able to detect at a glance the nature and value of any book by its *aura*. The aura of this book is sooty; I can find no other word which quite describes it. There is plenty of ability in *Phantasms*, and much cold analytical power. But why the author should have stationed himself on these ghastly outposts of life—where not one feeling of human brotherhood warms, and where no shadow even can be found of that unearthly beauty which lights up the wildest tales of Poe—I cannot imagine. I feel like imploring him for his own sake to discontinue his gruesome nightmare thoughts, which glow like the interior of a chimney. The spook of such a person let loose in Hades would be a horror worse than anything he has imagined. To preclude any possibility of the author haunting me, I remain,

ANONYMOUS.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE meetings lately have been much better attended, and the discussions have improved in consequence. The paper on *Cagliostro* was full of instruction and information, provoking much dissent from some visitors, who blindly accept Carlyle's garbled account of this servant of the Great Brotherhood.

A discussion at a local club on the witch-burning at Clonmel enabled a member to show that the belief in elemental spirits never died, and that it could not so long as they existed; the much-abused peasants being nearer the truth, if lacking in discrimination. Bro. Pryse has taken himself off for a short trip; he is much missed.

The Wednesday evening meetings during the ensuing month are as follows: April 17th, *The Resurrection of the Body*; 24th, *West and East*; May 1st, *The Life Everlasting*; 8th, *Original Sin*.

FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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VI.

COMRADES,—One of the first questions which meets us upon this path of ours is the question of right action. Into the many details of this question we will not at present enter, but we will occupy ourselves with one aspect only, to wit:

How shall we learn to discover and to encourage that Intuition which alone leads to right action?

Now there are three phases of consciousness which students are prone to confuse with a fourth, which is Intuition. These three are Intellect, Impulse and Instinct. What we require is some clear idea of the distinction between these and the Intuition. With Intellect it is easy to deal, for we readily distinguish its action in the reasoning faculty. Intellect has so little in common with Intuition that no danger of confusion arises here. To study, to reason, to debate, to analyze, to think in detail—all this is not Intuition and we are in no danger of mistake.

A real difficulty arises when we come to Impulse. Very many students mistake their impulses for intuitions. Yet the distinction is really very marked.

Intuition is the synthesizing faculty carried to its highest power. Facts are marshalled and synthesized in a flash; their array passes too rapidly for the brain consciousness to take note of separately; it notes the sum total alone, as the optic nerve sees the ray of light only when it becomes objective and—so to say—stationary, and not during its long journey towards the eye nor in its many millions of vibrations. The Intuition is Buddhi-Manas. It synthesizes and perceives. Also it informs. Very often its light falls upon some truth of which in this life we had no previous knowledge, for Intuition gazes directly upon

the Real. It is, in fact, itself a ray of the One Light, and one of its highest aspects is, as you know, the Kundalini force. But to-day we are only dealing with that form of Intuition which the ordinary man and woman can trace in themselves.

The distinguishing trait of Impulse is an interior propulsion towards action. It differs from Intuition in that this is a seeing, is apperception, while Impulse is invariably a desire to do. Impulse is wholly kamic.

Instinct, on the contrary, is largely pranic. It is the interior selective faculty. By it the lower mind takes what the physical and animal self most needs in life. By it the cells on their plane select, reject, assimilate. By it the creatures live, move and procreate. From its action comes the automatic self-preservation which we notice even in states of unconsciousness. By its action also does the astral or vital body of all creatures attract or repel that which is needful or harmful to its preservation and development. By the aid of instinct the kamic principle chooses what the intellect most desires—or what it wills—be it high or low. By it also the purified Soul seeks the real source of Truth and Light. For Instinct is of all planes and is the unbiassed servant of the Mind and Will. Where these are not as yet evolved, the Instinct is guided by the Life principle and by Kâma, which is pure in the pure and mindless creatures, and in the lower elementary lives, animal, vegetable or mineral. Instinct is one and undivided, but desire is manifold. Desire—and later on, Will, if all goes well with man—is the driver of Instinct.

The chief difficulty, therefore, is to distinguish between Intuition and Impulse. The best present guide for the student is the fact before named, that Intuition sees, while Impulse drives forward. Intuition is the seer. Impulse is the actor. Instinct, and not Impulse, should be the vehicle of Intuition. It would be so if our minds were free from sensuous desire. For our Instinct would be guided by Intuition toward the higher life. Or to put it differently, what Intuition sees, Intellect should establish and Instinct should carry out. For Intuition sees by its own true light, it is self-luminous, and the Instinct of men who have developed their Intuition is of the same order of life and gravitates by its own nature towards that light which it needs in order to live the life desired. When the purified mind instinctively discovers the true path, the path of its true needs, this path is from time to time illumined by flashes of Intuition. Intuitive ideas rise, full-orbed and flashing, upon the expectant mind.

Impulse is the vehicle of human desire. Its invariable tendency

to action shows this. We never feel an impulse to sit still. We may feel an instinct to do so.

Intuition carried to its highest power is, of course, Buddhi. In manifestation upon this plane it is Manas. "Buddhi never acts on this plane, where the acting agent is the Manas." It is moved by the will-force of occultism. That shakti is a spiritual force which sets a certain centre (in the case of Buddhi) in motion. But, as was before said, we are not now concerned with this highest form of Intuition. Few are they who even know the approaches thereof.

The developing Intuition may be known by a flash of a certain color in a certain centre, accompanied by an impression of knowledge, of a sure conclusion, upon the brain. A great mystic once said that the Intuition might be known from the simplicity of its utterance, which was always, "Thus saith the Lord." Its action is instantaneous; it illumines the darkness of the intellect. It is *unaccompanied by any feeling or emotion whatsoever*; note this well. The flash is in the head centre; the stir arises in the heart as a rule, and is thence flashed into the head centre. But no hard and fast rule can be given. Such intuitive knowledge is a partial recovery of what the soul has seen during sleep or trance, or what it knew "when journeying with Deity." For the pure Soul is pure Light in its own nature and is itself the Truth which we seek. The flash spoken of here is the moment of registration of this intuitive knowledge, or recovery of Truth, upon the brain. This registration, in cases of trance, is said to occur at the last moment of the passage back from the spiritual state to the objective state, and through this registration the knowledge gained is "brought through." In the cases of students not adepts, the knowledge has more difficulty in getting through; it may occur some time later and is but partially recovered, and usually mixed with error, for reasons pertaining to scientific occultism into which we will not at present enter.

Many persons who might hear all this about Intuition might say: "Oh, yes, I know that Intuition." But it is far less frequently known than is supposed, because few discern its action from that of mere brain flashes ("flashes in the pan" literally), which often arise from a variety of causes, even physiological ones. The light of the Manas is not the light of Buddhi. Neither its color, its mode of motion nor its action is that of Buddhi. But even were I able to fully describe these, I would not do so, lest they be falsely imagined to exist where they do not.

Of Impulse again it may be said that the student will find it to be of an explosive nature. That is, an outward propulsion of force takes place, usually attended by more or less heat or warmth spreading

suddenly through the body, and, sometimes, a sudden heat in the brain. A swift quickening heat and an attraction towards action; thus can Impulse best be described by me.

Of Instinct again it may be said that the upper brain appears unconscious of its action. This action is felt in the lower brain, the centre of automatic action and the real "Home of Isis," if mankind only knew it. The self-preservation of the drowning; the leaping aside from a danger before the brain has cognized the fact of danger; the going unexpectedly to a place or to a person where we meet what we most desire, all these are instances of instinctual action. Generally speaking, we are led by Instinct just as we breathe the air, without conscious thought. Instinct is pranic and wholly impersonal, which Impulse never is.

The Intuition is only true for the average man when judgment, heart and conscience verify it. These three are the witnesses of Intuition. But Intuition is Lord over all. It affirms; the witnesses only attest.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE JUDGE CASE."

FINAL REFUSAL TO GIVE COPIES OF DOCUMENTS TO ACCUSED.

IN order to give the prosecutors every opportunity I wrote in February to Colonel Olcott, asking again for copies of the written documents in his possession forming the basis of Mrs. Besant's charges, and reminded him of his promise at London last July to send me the copies. While doubtful as to the result, I thought that perhaps he would see the propriety and wisdom of giving me the copies. But it is now quite evident that no intention ever existed to deal fairly. He replies under date of Feb. 26th, 1895, as follows:

"MY DEAR JUDGE,

" . . . I don't know where you get your law from, but hang me if I ever heard of an accused who has been furnished with a copy of the charges pending against him, expecting that the documentary proofs in the hands of the prosecuting attorney shall be given him before the issue is on for trial. . . . I have given copies to nobody; Old's copies were taken by him before the action began and *while he was the custodian* [italics mine.—J.] of the documents *prior* to their coming into my possession. He had no right to take them or to use them. How many duplicates he may have made and given out I cannot imagine. . . .—H. S. O."

The *law* requires inspection and copies of letters if demanded by the accused; Theosophy and brotherhood would not require less than law.

It is singular that Mr. Old was the "custodian before" Olcott got the letters, when many of them were letters to Olcott himself. This part of the letter is, of course, untrue—to call a spade by its name. He calmly admits that Old as an enemy was allowed to take copies—Olcott having handed the originals over to Old out of his despatch box—and shows he does not care really how many duplicates were made. But the accused cannot have the copies.

It may be that as Olcott is coming to London this summer "to settle the Judge case," as he says himself, he is keeping the copies from me because of some new campaign he is aiding the virulent prosecutors to begin.

The Theosophical Society has become, in Europe and India, a detective bureau, an organization for assaults on character, for punishments, and has ceased to be a portion of the real theosophical movement.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

ADEPTS AND MEDIUMS.

IN *The Theosophist* for April appears a "postscript" by Colonel Olcott, repudiating the letter sent by one of the Masters through H. P. B. to certain Brahmans, which was published by Mr. Judge in the April *Path* and declared by him to be genuine. Colonel Olcott asserts that the communication contains "palpable proof of fraudulency" in that he thinks it to be "an ill-tempered attack" on Brahman orthodoxy, and that, moreover, it "grossly violates that basic principle of neutrality and eclecticism on which the Theosophical Society has built itself from the beginning." There are many, however, who differ absolutely from the Colonel in their opinion of this letter, and consider it to be one of the finest of the series. It is reprinted in a recent pamphlet issued to many members of the T. S., who will be able to judge for themselves. It is a candid but just criticism, not of the spirit of the Brahmanic philosophy, but of the hard forms, castes and creeds which have grown up around it, and which it was H. P. B.'s mission to break up and sweep away from all religions.

Colonel Olcott twice misquotes from the letter a very important word. He says that it asks the Brahman to "repudiate his religious beliefs, cast aside his splendid Scriptures and *turn Buddhist*!" Italics are mine. And again he quotes a passage thus: "which of them is ready to become a Buddhist, a *Nāstika*, as they call us." The word used in the letter is "*Budhist*," not "Buddhist." Why does he so mis-

quote it when H. P. B. has so carefully explained the radical difference between the two words? Owing to the impression conveyed by the title of Mr. Sinnett's book, *Esoteric Buddhism*, that Theosophy was only a form of Buddhism, she explained in her Introduction to *The Secret Doctrine* that Buddhism is the religious system of ethics preached by the Lord Gautama, and named after his title of Buddha, "the Enlightened," while Budha means "wisdom" or knowledge (Vidya), the faculty of cognizing, from the Sanskrit root "budh," to know. She further said that Buddhism is not correctly spelt or pronounced in English, and should be Buddhaism. The word Nâstika means, according to *The Theosophical Glossary*, one who does not worship or recognize the gods and idols.

Colonel Olcott advances the theory, which both he and Mrs. Besant have already applied to the case of Mr. Judge, that H. P. B. was a medium not always responsible for what was given through her. He is driven to invent this miserable and insulting excuse in order to avoid accusing her of conscious fraud. This theory is untenable, and to prove it I cannot do better than quote from an article by Jasper Niemand, entitled, "Judge the Act, Not the Person," which appeared in *The Path* of July, 1889. The writer there says:

"What difference is there between the instrumentality of H. P. B. and that of any transmitting medium? There is that radical difference which exists between the two extremes called by us poles. H. P. B. is an Adept; the other not. The Adept is such by virtue of the active principle. The medium is such by virtue of the passive principle. . . . H. P. B. is an active, conscious agent, acting through will power, having attained the power of perfect registration and trained concentration, able *at all times* to give a full account of all she knows, and one fitted to the development of the questioner, one responding to his physical, astral or spiritual sense. She is learned, acute, profound; disease of the body has not impaired her work, its quality, quantity, or her fidelity to it. The great proof is thorough comprehension, to the fullest depth, of all she has taken or received, AND THE BODY OF H. P. B. IS HER OWN INSTRUMENT; SHE EVEN HOLDS IT BACK FROM DISSOLUTION." [Capitals mine.—B. C.]

The medium theory being disposed of, a second question arises out of the position taken up by Mrs. Besant, Colonel Olcott and others.

Granting that H. P. B. was a Messenger from the Masters, would those Masters Whose name had once been taken in vain ever use the same instrument again?

The answer is undoubtedly No. All that has been written by H. P. B., by W. Q. Judge, by Jasper Niemand and others on the rules of occult

training, on the qualifications necessary for real chelaship, on the sacred relations between Master and chela, prove that such a thing is utterly impossible. H. P. B. has written that all the so-called "occult" letters must stand together or fall together. Yet it is sought to get rid of what is not approved by inventing theories which throw mud at the Masters and Their Messenger, and which violate the cardinal rules of Occultism. This is a question for those to whom the existence of Mahâtmas is a fact or a matter of personal belief, and that is why the charges against Mr. Judge can never be tried without fixing the dogma upon the T. S. Those who take teaching and advice from one whom they believe to be a Messenger of THE LODGE cannot say that some is true and some false. They may test by their intuition and assimilate what they can, but they may not attempt to put the seal of their paltry condemnation upon that which does not seem to them to be good. H. P. B. once wrote in *Lucifer* that "a member of the E. S. who receives instructions emanating from the Masters of the Occult Philosophy, and doubts at the same time the genuineness of the source, or the honesty of the humble transmitter of the old esoteric doctrines—LIES TO HIS OWN SOUL, AND IS UNTRUE TO HIS PLEDGE." [Capitals mine.—B. C.]

Hear also this extract from "the words of great Teachers," given by H. P. B. to her pupils as "the golden stairs up which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom":

" . . . A LOYAL SENSE OF DUTY TO THE TEACHER, A WILLING OBEDIENCE TO THE BEHESTS OF TRUTH, ONCE WE HAVE PLACED OUR CONFIDENCE IN, AND BELIEVE THAT TEACHER TO BE IN POSSESSION OF IT. . . ."

We have, then, these definite facts before us at last—I speak to those only who believe in Mahâtmas and that they communicate through chosen disciples.

1. That both H. P. B. and Mr. Judge are accused of making bogus messages.
2. That it is admitted that genuine messages were delivered by H. P. B. and Mr. Judge *after* those which are alleged to be false.
3. That the charges cannot be gone into before the T. S. without fixing the dogma of the Mahâtmas upon it.

Finally Colonel Olcott asserts that the question of this letter to the Brahmans does not bear upon the issues which [he thinks] he will have to judicially dispose of in London. I say that it is the fundamental and only issue, the complaint in both cases being identical at the root, and the step that the President has now definitely taken shows more clearly than ever that H. P. B. is the real centre of attack, and through her the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

April 17th, 1895.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—April *Lucifer* calls for a word or two of comment. Mr. Bertram Keightley sets forth “with extreme reluctance” to “controvert” certain statements made by Dr. Archibald Keightley, who is at present in America. It is probably not for the first time in the history of the Theosophical Society that letters have been written “with extreme reluctance.” But Mr. B. Keightley, in his letter to *Lucifer*, is particularly careful to controvert nothing. He vaguely disputes Dr. Keightley’s account of the legal procedure which Mrs. Besant did *not* follow, but does not say which item set forth by Dr. Keightley—who had been professionally advised in regard to what he wrote—is, in his own opinion, incorrect; nor does he give what he considers to be the proper procedure.

Mr. B. Keightley next promises members that they will soon have “the whole of the evidence in their hands”—but in regard to this point I need only refer your readers to the pamphlet recently issued, *The Plot against the Theosophical Society*, where the nature of the proposed publication is explained. The “whole of the evidence” is, of course, nonsensical. Mr. B. Keightley is not reckless enough to assert that Mrs. Besant’s prosecutor’s “brief,” which Mr. Mead proposes to publish, contains copies of the seventy-eight and more exhibits specified as the “evidence” against Mr. Judge. Mr. B. Keightley *knows* that the “brief” does not contain copies of “the whole of the evidence.” Why does he go out of his way to make a statement which is not correct, and which is calculated to delude a number of members?

The next paragraph of his letter is ingenious. At the meeting at Richmond, in July, 1894, Mr. B. Keightley says that “Mrs. Besant did not ‘promise Mr. Judge that he should have copies of all the evidence’ *in the sense of any undertaking to provide him with such.*” Has Mr. B. Keightley discovered a way of promising to give something to someone, without implying an “undertaking to provide him with such”? That is what he asks us to believe. Must we believe it? That would be a Jesuitical promise; would it be Brahmanical?

Then in regard to what took place at the Judicial Committee: Mr. B. Keightley’s memory is “in entire accord” with the memories of Messrs. Mead, Kingsland, Firth and Sinnett. That is unfortunate, for a reference to the March *Vāhan* shows that he is in accord with emptiness. Mr. Mead there says that his “memory” is “defective” as to what took place, and the other members I have named were “defective” with him, if we are to accept Mr. Mead’s statement. But Mr. B. Keightley so phrases his assertion as to lead the unwary to imagine that he remembers something; whilst, in fact, he says that, like Mr. Mead, he remembers nothing. Is that Brahmanical? Mr. Judge, Dr. Keightley, Mr. James M. Pryse and myself have a positive recollection of a request being made by Mr. Judge for copies of the so-called evidence. Does Mr. B. Keightley imagine that his bad memory affects our statement?

Mr. B. Keightley wisely makes his next paragraph unintelligible. But in spite of italics and a "*verb. sap.*" at its close, he in no way disputes Dr. Keightley's statements that (a) the circular of Nov. 3rd was given to *The Westminster Gazette*, either directly or indirectly, by one of Mrs. Besant's own E. S. T. Council; (b) that if it was sent to an expelled member in India—a fact not yet proven—this was due to the carelessness or laziness of Mrs. Besant's London office, which did not inform the New York office of such expulsion, and (c) that in no case could Mr. Judge have had anything to do with sending it out.

I may add that such care was taken to avoid sending the circular to expelled members in India, that to this day some twenty Indian members have not received a copy for fear that they too might come under that head. This was done because those who sent out that circular, myself among them, were aware of much recent carelessness at the London office in Avenue Road, and were also aware that Mrs. Besant considered a large proportion of the members in India what she called "untrustworthy." Without knowledge of our own to go upon, we were obliged to trust to some extent to her opinion, and therefore did not send to a considerable number, as I have said.

But this should show that both Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. Keightley, in mentioning this circular at the Adyar Convention as "quasi-privately circulated," were either deceived, or were using what I will call personal imagination to further their end and aim and aspiration of expelling Mr. Judge from the Theosophical Society. Here I do not mean that Mr. B. Keightley has a positive aim and end of the sort; I refer to him rather as faithful Echo. But I do assert that Mrs. Besant has made the expulsion of Mr. Judge a clause in her creed. Does not Mrs. Besant's communication to the February *Lucifer* prove this? Did not Mrs. Besant write to London in a letter that was received on Feb. 4th, 1895, that "if the European Section will back up the Indian Section, Mr. Judge will be expelled from the Society in July, as he ought to be"? And this in spite of the emotion-moving conclusion to Mrs. Besant's *Daily Chronicle* letter, in which she said that Christ ate with sinners, and that she would take no part "in trying to ostracize him (Mr. Judge) from future work in the Society." Was this change in Mrs. Besant's attitude due to longer residence in India?

Mr. B. Keightley's last three paragraphs he perhaps intends as a joke, but I would suggest that joking has necessary limits, and that to speak of the "evidence *produced* against him (Mr. Judge) last July" savors too much of a "joke" once perpetrated on a man by his younger brother, who swore a criminal information against him "just for the fun of the thing."

Before leaving Mr. B. Keightley I should like to point out to him, as also to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Mead, a phrase in Colonel Olcott's letter published in the same issue of *Lucifer* (April), in which the Colonel lays down the following as one of the "conditions" under which he will confide to Mrs. Besant "the documents" to be used against Mr. Judge: "On the conditions of . . . your placing your statement and the evidence in the hands of the General Secretary of the European Section for distribution to Branches and members, AND OF HIS SUPPLYING A CERTIFIED COPY OF THE EVIDENCE TO MR. JUDGE FOR HIS INFORMATION AND USE." And so Colonel Olcott recognizes the fact that up to the present day Mr. Judge has no such copies, and that Mr. Judge's statement to that effect is correct. And will Mrs. Besant and

Mr. Mead (the latter acting on Mrs. Besant's assertion) now apologize for their reiterated misstatements to the contrary effect? I doubt it.

It is still possible to laugh heartily and good-naturedly at many of the absurdities committed by those who are so vigorously hounding Mr. Judge, as Dr. Keightley laughs in his "Luciferian Legends," but now and then it is not easy to restrain a feeling of great and almost irrepressible indignation at their method of carrying on this nineteenth century man-hunt.

It is, however, of interest to note that the prosecutors are not agreed as to the crimes (?) about which complaint is made. Compare the following statements:

MRS. BESANT.

It is stated by Mr. Judge that "I practised black magic on Mr. Judge and two others."—*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 11.

Mr. Judge's circular "contains unproven accusations of the most shocking character—namely, of black magic—against a T. S. member, . . . and against myself. . ."—*Lucifer*, p. 466, February.

MR. B. KEIGHTLEY.

"Now even Mr. Judge himself does not accuse Mrs. Besant of any wilful wrong-doing. . . . On the contrary, he throughout alleges that she is deluded, 'has had herself no conscious evil intention.' . . ."

It should be noted that the above statement was made by Mr. B. Keightley in his circular on *A Common-Sense View*, etc., AFTER the diametrically opposite statement had been circulated by Mrs. Besant. But the difference was adapted to support a different argument, it may be urged!

A word or two in regard to Mr. Mead. As junior editor of *Lucifer* he devoted much space in the March "Watch-Tower" to calling me many names. Now that did not interest me, and there is no reason why it should have done so. I wondered for a few moments whom it could interest, but presumed that Mr. Mead knew his readers better than I—for I am very rarely one of them—and so went on with my work. Mr. Mead praised my writings, but I have quite forgiven him that. It was the worst there was to forgive! But I have no intention of entering into that matter so far as Mr. Mead thought it concerned myself. I only wish to point out that he endeavoured to draw into his scurrilous and silly defence of himself the name of a lady who has taken no public part in any of these proceedings; that the lady's husband (Dr. A. Keightley) then wrote a letter of protest, utterly disproving Mr. Mead's attempted insinuation and showing that Mr. Mead's statements in regard to this lady were (a) untrue, (b) vulgar, (c) libellous. This letter appeared in the April *Lucifer*. Did Mr. Mead apologize for his previous misstatements? Did he withdraw his insinuation of deception? He did neither, and I hardly expected that he would. He thought the natural protest of a gentleman and a husband under such circumstances "too ridiculous to need a reply." It would, of course, appear to be so to Mr. Mead. Constant practice must make it a matter of trivial importance to accuse other people of fraud, deception and so forth. Protest against such false insinuations and accusations would certainly then appear absurd. For if one were to judge by a standard of ordinary behavior it would appear that Mr. Mead no longer takes into account the truth of the accusation he makes. That, to him, is of

no importance; what is of importance is *that the accusation shall be made*. Yet I am quite well aware that it would be foolish to judge Mr. Mead from the standpoint of ordinary behavior. Thank Heaven, it is not my duty to judge him at all, and I think that his action is largely explained by nervous over-strain and loss of balance. He is excited and does not think, so we will wish him a quick recovery and better luck in the future.

But a statement made by Dr. Keightley in his letter to the junior editor is disputed by "B. K.," apparently as co-junior editor. Dr. A. Keightley wrote: "Mrs. Besant was informed [as to the personal identity of Che-Yew-Tsäng] immediately on her return from the Chicago Congress, and it was by her express desire (reiterated in her letters from India) that you [the junior editor] were not told." To this "B. K." volunteers a footnote: "This last statement has been expressly and emphatically denied by Mrs. Besant in recent letters" (p. 160).

To this I can only say that I absolutely refuse to believe such a thing of Mrs. Besant until I see it clearly stated over her own name. If I ever see that I shall have something more to say.

It is a minor point, and certainly does not concern either myself or the morality of my past actions. But it concerns a clear statement made by Dr. Keightley which I know to be true, and to which a second-hand denial is given by "B. K." It would be superfluous to endorse Dr. Keightley's statement. If it is called in question at any time ample endorsement will be forthcoming.

But how I wish that *Lucifer* would check its down-hill career of licentious slander; how I wish it would return to its original purpose of propagating Theosophy! We must all hope that *Lucifer* may usefully survive, but the facts are ominous and call to mind the ancient saying that "those whom the god would destroy he first makes mad."

Faternally yours,

ERNEST T. HARGROVE.

25, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, London, W.

[It should be noted that the above was written on April 17th, being received in Dublin on the 18th—long before the appearance of the May *Vâhan* and of Mrs. Besant's "brief" against Mr. Judge. These further confirm several of Mr. Hargrove's statements.—ED.]

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

May 2nd, 1895.

DEAR BROTHER,—We send you herewith the monthly report of this Lodge and trust you will be able to find room for it in your magazine. Unfortunately we are precluded from the pages of *The Vâhan* by the censorship now being exercised by its editor; for this identical report was sent to *The Vâhan* for insertion, only to be mutilated by having every word that referred, in terms of trust and loyalty, to W. Q. Judge cut out.

We would take this opportunity of suggesting that you should at once start an "Activities Column," and invite reports from all those Lodges and Centres which, in supporting Bro. Judge, are unable to get their reports inserted in *The Vâhan*. It can no longer be said that *The Vâhan* is an official organ of the European Section. We trust you will see your way to adopting this idea.

We are, dear brother, fraternally yours,

193, Bow Road, London, E.

GORDON ROWE, } Hon. Secs.
WALTER H. BOX, }

BOW LODGE, T. S.

193, Bow Road, London, E.

ATTENDANCE somewhat low in number. The class for the study of Theosophy is now thoroughly remodelled, the subjects being all rearranged in better order; the Class is now much more interesting and active and is held *every* Saturday evening.

In view of the warring elements now seeking to disrupt the T. S. and to overthrow its members, this Lodge has started an informal class for the *heart's* consideration of Z. L. Z.'s invaluable *Letters that have Helped Me*. This choice of book is especially appropriate at a time when certain people are charging the author with vulgar fraud or irresponsible mediumship, and if proof were wanting as to the real and true status of William Q. Judge, one need not go further than a careful study of these helps to students; for they do unmistakably bear the stamp of one who is no stranger to the life of the Soul, do witness assuredly to one who sees the Heart of mankind with the unsealed gaze of the true disciple of the Great Brotherhood.

GORDON ROWE, {
WALTER H. BOX, { *Hon. Secs.*

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—As the Countess Wachtmeister has thought fit to publish in *Lucifer* part of a letter to her, written by me, together with some comments thereon, kindly allow the whole of the letter to appear in your columns, with a few remarks added.—Yours fraternally,

WM. LINDSAY.

London, Feb. 17th, 1895 (posted March 1st).

DEAR COUNTESS,—You will, no doubt, remember telling me the following some time ago, "*for use if at any time required.*" Please note, therefore, that I shall use it, should I think fit, in defending Mr. W. Q. Judge. What you told me was, that before H. P. B. died she showed you a box wherein was Master's seal, and that immediately after H. P. B.'s death you took the box with the Master's seal in it into your keeping, and that the box was not in *anyone* else's hands till given over by you to Annie Besant on her return from America. When the box was opened by Annie Besant the *Master's seal was not to be found in it*, and all this took place *before* Mr. W. Q. Judge came to England.

You may be hurt that I should take this action, but you must not forget that the above information was given me for the express purpose of defending Mr. Judge should it be needful. I know you now regard Mr. Judge in a very different way, but that is no reason why I should not now use the information.—Sincerely yours,

WM. LINDSAY.

Every F. T. S. knows by this time that there is no darker sin against the Manifold Deity who runs the European Section (for whom, I take it, G. R. S. Mead acts as Manifested Logos) than want of courtesy. I, remembering this, and wishing to live yet a little longer, wrote the above letter to the Countess Wachtmeister prior to using the information contained in it. By which act I am, at the earliest possible date, honored by the now rather common distinction of being called a liar in *Lucifer*.

The Countess practically confirms her statement to me in the remarks following the extract of my letter, though she puts it in new language, for which confirmation I beg to thank her. Following these remarks are some by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, Miss Cooper and Mr. Bertram Keightley, which is strange, seeing that the Countess addressed her letter to the Editor of *Lucifer* from India. How, then, is it that comments are made by these people, who are in England, in the same issue; unless it be, as I have for some time suspected, that *Lucifer* is, in fact, edited by a syndicate, trading, if I may use the term, under the title of G. R. S. Mead?

One thing, however, is worthy of note, viz., that a common cause has a wonderful power of drawing people together, however antagonistic they may have been toward each other in the past; for we find T. S. members who, while it was only a matter of forming the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood that they had in hand, were willing to wage war continually among themselves, now that a really congenial and worthy cause is to be upheld, *i.e.*, the persecution of a brother Theosophist (W. Q. Judge), are (apparently) ready, aye, are *anxious* to join hands, forgetting past differences, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight for this noble ideal.

Truly I have heard of many "experiences" in divers lands of Mr. Bertram Keightley, but of this particular one, relating to the seal in question, I have never before been told.

Of course I am not responsible for the truth of the statement made by the Countess, but only for the correct rendering of such, as told to me, which I maintain I have done, and, after all, the principal point remains unchanged, viz., *that the seal was gone before W. Q. Judge came to England.*

WILLIAM LINDSAY.

April 23rd, 1895.

REVIEWS.

THE DREAM OF RAVAN: a Mystery. [Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 2s. 6d.]

THIS reprint introduces to the public, practically for the first time, a most remarkable though unknown mystic. It purports to be an account of a little known Indian poem. There seems to be some occult allegory running through every detail of the fantastic narrative. But, even without understanding this, everyone can enjoy the most original humor and vivid descriptions of ancient Indian life. There are passages which, for mystical beauty, are not surpassed by anything in our later literature. I would instance the evolution of the Titanic Ravan's soul, the analysis of the three Gunas, of the four states or tabernacles of the Spirit, and also the interpretation of the mirages as being most perfect in their way. The freedom and clearness with which the varying states of consciousness are handled could only come from one who had vision over a wide field—one in whom there is no longer effort but perfect achievement. Though seemingly thrown off in play, *The Dream of Ravan* still compels attention, fascinates with its power, ideality and tenderness, and its note of occult familiarity. For all its inaccuracies of style, it has a great literary quality and should reach a wider public than the T. S. The publishers have sacrificed to the Gods by reissuing it, and deserve well of Karma on this account.

THE YOGA OF CHRIST, or the Science of the Soul. [Theosophical Publishing Society.]

WE have heard much and mysteriously lately of the modern Indian Teacher. His disciples have heralded him by quotations which were hardly self-illuminative, and which made us long for context to see if they definitely referred to anything. Now that he (perhaps it should be He) has come forth and unfolded himself, he turns out to be only a Sunday school teacher after all. *The Yoga of Christ* is the kind of thing we used to sleep under in church. We hear just such dreary sanctities droned out from many a pulpit. There is neither vigor of thought, observation, nor knowledge in it from first to last—neither Yoga nor Christianity. It teems over with maudlin ecstasies about the Lord, "Nothing seems felicitous except His loving presence." He sees "His Face and tears roll down his eyes (*sic*) for joy." As the poles of good and evil are apart so is it asunder from the teaching of Christ. "Love your enemies," taught the Master. Our Indian Sunday school teacher amends as follows: "Friends should be few and well selected, the human heart is not large enough to find room for many." The deadly dulness and lack of humor displayed amount to a more positive sin than the open licentiousness of other books. Witness the precious epistle in which the wisdom of Deity is applauded and our attention is called to an array of facts like the following:

"Man is strong—woman is beautiful.

"Man shines abroad—woman at home.

"Man has science—woman has taste," etc.

We might add to his list of things not usually perceived,

"Man parts his hair on the side—woman in the middle."

Let us practise concentration with regard to these things. The letter on punctuality would need a Mark Twain to do it justice, to set it so that its fatuousness would become a witty virtue. As it is, it is only painful reading these utterances of the second childhood of a race once wise and spiritual. The seal of the T. S. is on the cover of this book, which has been applauded in *Lucifer*; which things combined lead one to suppose that it is intended to bring Theosophy into disrepute and is part of the plot against the T. S.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE "man-hunt" along unconstitutional lines still proceeds. So far it has been a sickly clamor, devoid of one redeeming feature. Mrs. Besant has come back to England; "back to her work; back to her indictment against 'Brother Judge'."

* * *

In her "statement" to the delegates at the European Section Convention last July, Mrs. Besant said that in matters of controversy her vision was not always clear, and this confession is fully borne out in everything that has come from her pen, and in her utterances, in connection with "the present troubles."

* * *

Take, for example, the following from the interview that appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* a few days after her arrival in London:

"But what does Master Morya say to Mr. Judge's doings?" "He told me first that *the messages were forged*." [Italics mine.—D.]

"Yes, but the Master's words were such that they did not exclude the possibility of *the messages being automatic*."

Again, compare another statement made to this interviewer with one made on a previous occasion:

"I have had the full evidence against Judge for eighteen months, and I am now preparing it all, from the very first, for publication."—*To W. G. Interviewer.*

"It is no part of my duty, as a humble servant of the Lords of Compassion, to drag my brother's faults into public view."—"Neutrality T. S.," *Lucifer*, xiv. 458.

* * *

In the same interview, excusing herself for not having "cleared up the whole matter" earlier, "as directed by the Master," Mrs. Besant says: "I was glad to give the benefit of the *doubt* to the man who had done so much good and noble work for the Society." Does this "doubt" no longer exist? The conflicting statements as to "messages," quoted above, would indicate that it does still exist. It will be noticed also that Mrs. Besant does not scruple to use the names of "Those Who to some of us are holy" in support of her charge of "forgery" and "fraud," even in face of the striking admission that the "Master's words" admit "of the possibility of the messages being automatic."

* * *

Another example of confusion:

"Eighteen months ago He [the Master] told me to clear this matter up."—*To W. G. Interviewer.*

"I offered to take on myself the onus of formulating the charges against him (Brother Judge) . . . in this decision for which *I alone* am responsible. I meant to act for the best, but *it is very possible I made a mistake*."—"Neutrality T. S.," *Lucifer*, xiv. 458.

Can Mrs. Besant reconcile these two statements? Can she prove that the Master's instruction to clear the matter up is a genuine message? Is it as tangible, in form, as those Mr. Judge is accused of "forging," and which are stated to be in "the well-known script"? If not, can Mrs. Besant say how it was communicated? It is an important point, and should be "cleared up" if this prosecution is to go on. Will the accusers of Mr. Judge insist on a committee of investigation?

* * *

Now what is this expensive [£50 Mr. Mead wants] "indictment" all about; this revised edition of *Isis very much Unveiled*? Suppose we look for a moment at the "charge." Says Mrs. Besant:

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not charge, and have not charged, Mr. Judge with forging in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a *misleading material form* to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways, without acquainting the recipients with this fact."—*Lucifer*, xiv. 459-460. [Italics mine.—D.]

And again:

"*Mr. Judge's error* lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself, and not saying that he had done so."—*Lucifer*, xiv. 459. [Italics mine.—D.]

"A misleading *material* form." "Mr. Judge's *error*." Note the words. Was the "error" *really* Mr. Judge's? Let us see.

"Mr. Judge has believed himself to be justified in writing down . . . the message, psychically received, and in giving it to the person for whom it was intended, leaving *that person to wrongly assume* that it was a direct precipitation (Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, xiv. 461). Further, if "the sources of messages can only be decided by direct spiritual knowledge, or intellectually by the nature of their contents, and each person must use his own powers, and act on his own responsibility, in accepting or rejecting them," as Mrs. Besant states (*Lucifer*, xiv. 461), then I ask whose is the "error"? The "receiver" who, relying on the "material form," has "wrongly assumed," or the "giver," who does *not assume* the "receiver" to be ignorant of the manner in which the source of messages can be decided?

* * *

In this connection the following quotations on the methods of precipitation may not be out of place:

"Most of the precipitations are done by chelas. . . . I see His orders, and the thoughts and words he wishes used, and I precipitate them in that form."

"Well, what of their handwritings?"

"Anything you write is your handwriting, but it is not your personal handwriting, generally used and first learned, if you assume or adopt some form. Now you know that Master's handwritings, peculiar and personal to themselves, are foreign both as to sound and form—Indian sorts, in fact. So they adopted a form in English, and in that form I precipitate Their messages at Their direction. . . . The message has to be seen in the Astral Light in *facsimile*, and through that astral matrix I precipitate the whole of it."—H. P. B., "Conversations on Occultism," *Path*, p. 18, April, 1894.

"Scripts may be produced by automatic or *deliberate writing* with the hand . . . and those who afford the necessary conditions can be *thus used*."—Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, xiv. 461. [Italics mine.—D.]

"Another method which, since it saves time, is *much more frequently adopted*, is to impress the whole substance of the letter on the mind of some pupil, and leave him to do the mechanical work of precipitation. That pupil would then take his sheet of paper and, *imagining he saw the letter written thereon, in his Master's hand*, would proceed to *objectify the writing*."—*Transactions of London Lodge*, No. 24, p. 88, April, 1895. [Italics mine.—D.]

It will be seen, then, that a recognized method in precipitation, and the one most usually adopted, is for the pupil to objectify the writing through "that astral matrix," which is a "facsimile" of the form adopted by the Master. Why does Mrs. Besant always talk of "the messages being *automatic*," when, as she says, "scripts" may be produced by "*deliberate writing*" by those who afford the necessary conditions? Do the messages Mr. Judge is accused of "forging" not "admit of the possibility" of having been *deliberately* written?

* * *

There seems to have been a deliberate and systematic refusal to furnish Mr. Judge with certified copies of the documents on which the charges against him are based. Colonel Olcott hands them over to

Mrs. Besant in order that she may publish "her indictment against Bro. Judge," stipulating that the General Secretary of the European Section shall furnish copies, and this after refusing them on Mr. Judge's direct application, as will be seen on another page. What, then, is the result? Mrs. Besant is allowed every facility to publish the "full evidence," without the necessary opportunity being afforded Mr. Judge of replying in time for his reply to go out with it. In *Lucifer*, xv. 456, Mrs. Besant writes:

"I thought that the Committee was to try a brother, and so we did not desire any sort of triumph, or any kind of advantage, but only absolute truth. *Every possible opportunity for explanation should be placed in Mr. Judge's hands.*" "To try a brother" sounds strange, but why has not *the one* opportunity he asked been granted?

* * *

A very good course under such circumstances is suggested by Mrs. Besant in *Lucifer*, xv. 458: "If statements are made when a person has had no opportunity of answering them, it is right . . . *to form no opinion until the answer is made.*" How many will act on this suggestion? It will be interesting to see.

* * *

Just on the eve of going to press Mrs. Besant's "case" against Mr. Judge comes to hand. Supposition and suspicion absent, there is no evidence which will prove the "charges" made against Mr. Judge. It will be found the weakest "case" on record.

There are six charges, but, says Mrs. Besant, "they really form *but a single charge* of seeking to gain influence and authority by unfair means"—now mark what follows—"in assuming a position of authority in the T. S. to which his long and eminent services *justly entitle* him." And so this is the charge now: using "unfair means" to obtain what he was "justly entitled" to. Queer, isn't it? Why should there be any necessity to use "unfair means"? Did someone dispute the *just title*? If so, was it not obviously unjust and unfair to do so?

* * *

Turning to the "presentment of case," what do we find put forward as *proof* of non-genuineness of "messages."

- (a) Error in matter of fact.
- (b) Threat based on mistake.
- (c) Triviality.

No *proof of forgery here*; nothing about a "misleading material form." Those who are familiar with what H. P. B. has written on the subject of precipitation will remember that the accuracy with which ideas may be transmitted from the Master depends on the *chela's state*, so that, even admitting *a, b* and *c*, there is no evidence on the "main question," but rather to the contrary.

* * *

Mrs. Besant has taken extracts from Mr. Judge's letters to her, in support of a charge of fraud against him, and afterwards destroyed the letters. What think you of this? Is it *fair* means?

D. N. D.

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

THE following report from a correspondent will give a general impression of the proceedings of the first Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in America. The details and elaborations are equally important, but they will come later.

When the records and minutes concerning the early days of the T. S. were looked up, at the idea of some Boston members, a surprising state of things became apparent, making action by the Convention necessary. Had these facts been known, it is the opinion of those voting some proxies as "Nay" that the Branches so voting would have changed front and will change. As it was, there were not ten dissents—some individual, and not important when Branches—out of 205 votes. The voting was like the tramp of a great army. Yes, yes, yes, yes—almost unbroken. The first vote, which was "Yes," boomed and echoed through the Hall. A. K. was accorded an extraordinary reception, but the climax was reached when the resolutions were read. On the clause that the Chief be President for life, deep, loud, determined cheering set in, unlike any I ever heard; not excited at first, but having a cold determination about it that made the sound massive. It went on for two minutes and beat down like thunder upon the frail, bowed form of the Chief, who sat like a marble figure. (He has been very ill, as you know.) Then the audience took fire from itself, sprang from its feet to chairs, to tables even, and waved and roared, great lashings of sound. . . . This scene was repeated, but checked sooner by the same fear (the illness of Mr. Judge) when, towards the close of the Convention, the President for life took control of the Convention as "President." One wild roar leaped from the whole mass, in which were but two individuals of contrary opinion. The same thing occurred at the public evening meeting in a hired hall, filled with the public, when Mr. Judge as speaker was introduced as President of the T. S. in America. When the Convention had closed its dignified and fraternal session, marked by the entire absence of all ill-feeling, temper or accusation, the President for life *offered to the Section which had never asked it, and did not want it*, his explanation of the charges—necessarily incomplete as he had not the evidence. He is able to speak but a very few minutes, and hence asked Dr. Keightley to read the long paper. The stillness was intense and only broken at one point. When it became known that it was Mrs. Besant who had accused Colonel Olcott, coming to America for the purpose, and had endeavored to secure his removal, while allowing Mr. Judge to bear the blame in *The Westminster Gazette* and at the Adyar Convention when accused by Miss Müller, a gasp of astonishment made itself heard in the Hall. At the close, Dr. Anderson proposed a resolution of thanks, while saying that the Society did not need and had not asked Mr. Judge to explain, and cheers carried it in another ovation. An amusing interlude at the Convention, in a lull of business, was caused by a prominent Boston editor and F. T. S. showing a letter of Mr. Bertram Keightley's, saying that Mrs. Besant and himself had

"loyally" kept faith with Mr. Judge after the committee on charges until the circular of Nov. 3rd. As the letter was shown to person after person each would burst out laughing and would say, "How about 'Occultism and Truth'?" and "Doesn't Mr. Keightley read *The Review of Reviews* and Mrs. Besant's admissions?" There was merriment even at the reporters' table.

One of the best addresses was made by Mr. Smythe, of Dublin, now resident in Canada. It was markedly quiet and restrained where all were so, but had great force about it. This gentleman asked me to give to the Dublin Lodge "the Irish wish and the Irish heart." I've a mind to keep them for myself!

The work done has been greater than ever: the treasury is in better condition than ever before. Extracts from letters of H. P. B. were read—some bearing singularly upon the situation. In one she entreats Mr. Judge to be elected for life in reorganizing American T. S., and says it is the Master's wish. In another, on the eve of leaving Ostend for London, she says she goes to "galvanize a corpse" in England, and that later, when she has given it life, it will turn and destroy her. In another she gives a "vision" of the present state of the T. S., but predicts that America will prevail. Outside the T. S. public opinion is with Mr. Judge, as it is argued that the withholding of his legal rights, and the official action of Mr. Mead in refusing to examine the specification of charges and ascertain for himself Mrs. Besant's inaccuracy, show something rotten in the state of Denmark. The initiation of the cycle of accusation by the case of Colonel Olcott, as opened by Mrs. Besant, and her failure to free Mr. Judge of that blame, is also looked upon by the public as conclusive evidence of an ambitious plot. It is surprising how much interest the newspapers now take where once they would publish nothing. But the matter is now an old story, and the damaging circumstances under which the accuser has laid the "charges" leaves little room for interest in the evidence. Dr. Hartmann's letter was very greatly admired. A score of people asked for copies. The new Constitution is passed, and some of the bye-laws referred to the Executive Committee. And now we can all get to work.

In another letter a friend writes: The resolution putting the American Section on its original and proper basis was arrived at by 195 to ten—present and proxies. And the other people, who have been canvassing hard ever since January, could only get ninety to sign a protest out of some three to four thousand members. My own impression is that the action will be a surprise to most, for it is *not* secession and the legal points of the historical sketch cannot be got over.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE discussions at recent meetings have been devoted to subjects with somewhat doctrinal titles, such as *The Communion of Saints*, *The Resurrection of the Body* and *The Life Everlasting*, the last of which received masterly treatment at the hands of Brother Pryse.

Extracts from *The Light of Asia* and the seventh chapter of *The Bhagavad Gītā* were read on White Lotus Day.

The present session will be brought to a close by papers on *The Study of Theosophy and Christianity*. FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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VII.

COMRADES,—Replying to a former letter of mine, you say that some persons have advanced the following argument, to wit:

“That Masters may use bodies, but they never interfere, or notice, or take interest in temporary affairs.”

This is not an “argument.” It is a statement of belief, unaccompanied, as you put it, by reasons. It would not be noticed among people of good breeding, for the reason that it expresses a dogma, a creed, a personal belief, and one would not criticize such, any more than one would criticize the dress, or the manners, or the features of another. There is a good breeding of the spiritual plane—little as some may think it—and it exists in ethics as well as in psychical life, and everywhere it forms a part of the mental equipment of true souls, freed from the shackles of self-conceit.

If, however, anyone were to ask whether my experience agreed with that statement, I should frankly reply that it does not. Even upon its face it is illogical and against reason. For why should Masters have or use bodies—which bodies are governed by two brains—if all questions relating to the physical plane are to be excluded from those brains, the engines or motors of this plane of human life? There is some truth in the statement, I believe, but it needs a discriminating care. And I must admit that a feeling of indignation will, at times, arise in my heart against the cruelty—that worst form of cruelty which seeks to fetter the mind—exercised by those who make a veiled statement of that kind, knowing that other minds will be entangled in it, while they themselves, the only fit guardians of the truth in their own eyes, are saved from falsehood, and also from laying the truth before the multitude, by verbal double-dealing.

It is true, and may well lift our hearts, that Great Nature always recompenses. Those who bring us to doubt and despair become angel

visitors entertained unawares if, through the pain to which they bring us for purposes of their own self-seeking, we learn to think for ourselves. The race has not yet learned how to think; Manas is too recently acquired and is not yet fully involved by that race as a whole.

Let us, then, set aside interlopers and thresh out this matter for ourselves. We understand the "Mahâtma" to be a perfect Soul. And by the term "Adept" we mean one far advanced in practical occultism but not yet a Mahâtma. It is stated on the authority of H. P. B. and also in letters from himself, that Master K. H. was not yet a "Mahâtma" at the time when he wrote the letters in Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*. It would appear unwise, a waste of energy, that one of the very rarest products of Nature—the Mahâtma—should do work for which less advanced members of the GREAT LODGE are fit and able. And this is true, *as a rule*. But just as there is no gap in the ladder of Evolution, so there is no gap in that of the GREAT LODGE, and we may hence expect to find, and I believe that we do find, some one Great Being whose duty it is to preside over all that relates to the evolution of men, from our present plane on to the highest planes, and to assist, both by his own powers, knowledge and action, and by those of his hierarchical supporters, assistants and pupils, in that great work. For to THE LODGE this is the greatest work; it is THE WORK. Those who are engaged in deepest spiritual research, wholly remote from this earthy plane of ours, still pursue that arduous toil for man; Man, the final word of the manifested universe and the first promise of Spirit—perfectible Man and Man perfected. If the Mahâtma, in his duly appointed place and work, is to help man, he must take interest in this plane, of which man to-day almost wholly is, in which he lives and from whose chains he must rise. There always have been and there always will be natural distinctions, departments, duties in the universe, just as white light can always be decomposed into rays. There are Mahâtmas whose specialized function it is to watch over the East and others who watch over the West; there are those who watch on the starry confines of this globe and those who watch its teeming interior; there are those who search the Light and those who question the Dark; but each has evolved to his place and his duty and all pass along the rounds of universal duty, all great and none less. Else analogy has no voice and Law—or the sequence and order of Being—no meaning.

It is my belief that the Master, or Mahâtma, whose special function it is at this period of time to watch over the involution of Manas and its evolution by and through Egos now embodied in the West, is He whom we call Mahâtma Morya. But name Him as you please, or let

Him—better still—be nameless. Regard Him as a Great Soul known only to some advanced men “BY ITS LIGHTS,” and to others by its influence. We may be sure that matters *not* having to do with the evolution of human souls engage him not. Buying and selling, marrying and burying, the mart and the home, all these countless details of human interest are but effects of previous causes, and the Master deals not with them, but the Law runs its course. The Master deals not with them *as such*. But also, we do not know when, precisely, any given matter has to do with the evolution of the soul. A man is a fool who would limit the action of a power he does not fully understand. We may know, and some of us believe this, that the Mahâtmas occupy themselves with all men and movements tending towards evolution, by which I mean tending towards universality. It would be strange indeed if they did not. He who climbs helps those below him, else he risks one day to stand upon the peaks of solitude. In such an interior solitude the perfect soul will never be found. So the Master would naturally—*i.e.*, in virtue of his own nature—help the leaders and workers of a spiritual movement so long as these were capable of being helped at all. But he would do so upon strictly hierarchical lines, by duly appointed means and agents and agencies, all evolved to the point where reception and comprehension were possible. Observe the processes of Nature. In Nature, “gratitude” has its cosmic expression in that law by which a stream makes its bed along the line of least resistance and follows that alone.

In the Tao are these beautiful thoughts, sent to me by a friend. “Effecting difficult things while they are easy, and managing great things in their beginnings—this is the way of Tao. . . . Therefore the wise man takes great account of small things and so never has any difficulty. . . . Transact your business before it takes form. . . . The tree which fills the arms grew from a tender shoot.”

The last part refers to the mind, and its purification and wisdom, for from it all actions spring. But also it is very true that in very small things, unobserved by the crowd, lie the great results of the future. And why? Because all exists first upon the astral or etheric plane as a nodule, or embryo form. When these forms first come into activity upon one plane—and it is usually as what we call “thoughts” in human minds—they appear trivial; yet the right impetus can make them great. And that man or woman who has power to evoke the soul, and the high qualities of the soul, in others, that person has touched diviner things. Moreover, the life elementals are less obstructive while the grosser energies are inactive or subdued.

There is not space for me to extend these suggestions, but you can do that better than I. Yet one word more.

There is far too much talk of proving things of the spirit and soul by the things of sense. Would you smell, touch, hear, see the perfect Soul? When you know that Soul, there may be further lessons for you in the way the vibrations of its ethereal body or its thought-body affect your nervous fluid; but you will never prove the independent existence and perfectibility of the Soul to the world by any such means. You will only fall amid jeers and laughter. Rather say boldly: "I know the Soul by its touch upon my soul, and the Spirit by that which is nameless among men." In *The Voice of the Silence* we find that all senses must merge in the *concealed* sense before we can find the Master.

Moreover, such appearances are more rare than you suppose. In a letter published in *The Occult World*, Mahâtma K. H. says how very rare such an appearance is, that it is only in great crises. The ocean rolls between me and my books, but seek the quotation for yourselves. And the use of physical terms is forbidden to Chelas in this connection.

You will find, I think, that in most cases the Teacher teaches through the mind. He may, and doubtless does, instruct his special agents in other ways. But the appearance of his form is so rare because the student's mind creates an ideal image in his own mental sphere, which image can be made visible. The Master can use it as a vehicle of communication, but a special training on the part of the student is necessary before he knows how to *form such an image out of the proper grade (or plane) of nerve fluid*. In this secret lies the whole difference between right or wrong interpretation of the message sent through that form or vehicle, which may appear to speak, so far as your eyes and ears are concerned. Consider a moment. The "message" is vibratory, if real—a vibration sent along the Akasha. If the atoms of which you have composed this image are not atoms of a very highly evolved etheric substance ("light," as the occultists call it), those atoms do not vibrate "purely," *i.e.*, in consonance with the vibration, and you get a sense impression which is incorrect. It is for this reason, among others, that at least seven years of scientific training are required before the pupil can even begin, and far longer before he can be exposed to the energetic play of the real Mayavi-Rupa of a Mahâtma unless there is an Adept near at hand to protect him without undue waste of energy. In *The Path* for June you will find more upon this theme.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

A "MASTER BUILDER" TO THE SOCIETY IN KORINTHOS.

BUT concerning the Breath-beings, brothers, I do not wish you to be ignorant. You know that you were once of the common herd, deceived by means of the voiceless Shells, even as you were allured. For that reason I make known to you that no one speaking by the Breath of God calls Jesus a temple-offering; and no one *can* speak of Jesus as Master save by the hallowed Breath. Now, there are diversities of magical powers, but the same Fire-breath. . . . To one through the Breath is given the Word of Wisdom; and to another, the Word of Knowledge, according to the same Fire-Breath; . . . to another, the energizing of forces; to another, speaking by soul-inspiration; to another, the discerning of Breath-beings; to another, various symbolical languages; to another, the interpretation of mystery-languages. . . . Desire ardently the better magical powers—and yet I point out to you a more excellent Path.

Though I speak in the symbolical languages of Men and of Messengers divine, *but have not Love*, I am become but sounding brass or a cymbal clanging. And though I have speech soul-inspired, and know the Mysteries all, and all the Secret Lore; and though I have all Wisdom, so that I could remove mountains, *but have not Love*, I am nothing. And though I give away all my possessions, and allow my body to become parched up, *but have not Love*, it profits me nothing.

Love is patient, is kind; Love does not envy, does not vaunt itself, is not inflated, does not appear fantastic, seeks not the things of self, is not irritated, does not impute evil; rejoices not in injustice, but takes glad share in the World-Soul; accepts all things, understands all things, bears patiently with all things.

Love perishes never, whether soul-inspired speech shall cease, or symbolical languages be made an end of, or the Secret Lore be abolished. For our knowledge is from a fragment, and our soul-inspired speech is from a fragment; but when the Period of Consummation shall have come that which is from a fragment shall be done away with. When I was a child I talked as a child, thought as a child, imagined as a child; but when I became a man I put away the things of a child. For *now* we see as by means of puzzling images in a mirror; but *then*, face towards face. *Now* I know only from a fragment; but *then* I shall know again even as again I am known. And thereafter shall abide Wisdom, Realization, and Love, these Three; but the greatest of these is Love.

Follow Love, be desirous for the Fire-breaths; but more that you should speak soul-inspired. For he who speaks in a symbolical language speaks not to Men, but to God: no one *hears*, but by the Fire-breath he speaks Mysteries. But he who speaks soul-inspired speaks to Men for an upbuilding, an evocation, an exhortation. . . . I give thanks to my God that I speak symbolical languages more than you all; yet in the Society I would rather speak five words with my own Soul, than I may teach others also by word of mouth, than countless words in a mystery-jargon.

H. P. B.

[THE following extracts from the letters of H. P. Blavatsky are in several instances prophetic. Addressed to more than one person, the originals are all in the possession of the sender. Some are written as late as 1890, as will be seen by the allusion to Mrs. Besant's trip to America. Two are evidently to Mr. Judge (so stated), who was prevailed upon to give them to friends on account of their prophetic nature.—ED.]

"If, knowing that W. Q. J. is the only man in the E. S. in whom I have confidence enough not to have extracted from him a pledge, he misunderstands me or doubts my affection for him or gratitude, then in addition to other things he must be a flapdoodle. . . . There is nothing I would not do for him and I will stick to him till death through thick and thin. . . . He says and writes and prints he is my agent (of the Master rather, not mine). Therefore it is easy for him to say that any alterations are as by myself. . . . And look here, if he does protest . . . against what I say about him in my forthcoming Instructions, then I will curse him on my death-bed. He does not know *what I do*. He has to be defended whether he will or not. He has much to endure and he is overworked. But so have I, and if he threatens me with such a thing [as resignation] then I had better shut up shop. . . . May our Savior, the mild Jesus, have him in his keeping."

"He *who does all and the best that he can* and knows how does ENOUGH for Them. This is a message for Judge. His *Path* begins to beat *The Theosophist* out of sight. It is most excellent. . . . *The Path* alone is his certificate for him in Theosophy."

". . . Oh, my poor crushed chum, what would I give to help him. I try to be with him as much as I can. I am often watching him.

. . . He should gather strength from one who is oftener with him than he knows of."

"Judge . . . whom I trusted more perhaps than I did Olcott—or myself."

"My Co-Founder, W. Q. Judge, General Secretary in America."

"Master *wants* Judge to be elected for life, for reasons of His own—that's God's truth. . . . Less than you would I want to see X—or anyone (save Judge) elected for life. . . . But if I do not like the idea it is because I trust *no one* any longer, save Judge, and Olcott perhaps. I have lost my last faith in mankind and see and smell (rightly, if you please) Judases everywhere. But with Judge it is different. . . ."

"My dear W. Q. J. . . . my *only* friend. . . . Judge has done for me so much lately, I owe him such gratitude, there is nothing I would not do for him. . . . 'Pon my word, I never knew I cared so much for him personally. . . . I will never forget Judge's loyalty and devotion, his unswerving friendship . . ."

"Thanks for all, my dear old chum [W. Q. J.]; may the Masters protect him. His ever and till and AFTER death."

[To W. Q. Judge.] "Well, sir and my *only* friend, the crisis *is* nearing. I am ending my *S. D.* and you *are* going to replace me, or take my place in America. I know you will have success if you do not lose heart, but do, *do* remain true to the Masters and *their* Theosophy and THE NAME. . . . May They help you and allow *us* to give you our best blessings. I am offered any amount of money, an income, board, lodging, all free to come to America and work without you, *i.e.*, *against*. . . . I rather lose the whole American lot to the last man, X— included, than you. Perhaps soon now, you will know why. . . . Now be so kind as to write to me plainly (so that I could read) what you expect me to do and what I must *not* do. And I *give you my word* that I shall follow your instructions. Let us understand each other, mutually. But till now no one ever said to me a word about you asking to do this or that. Write to me direct and I will do it. Good-bye, my Irish crocodile, and may Masters protect you."

" . . . Affairs and events may be turned off by unseen hands into such a groove that you will be unanimously elected for life—just as Olcott and I were—to go on with the work after our deaths. Do you understand what it means? It means that, unless you consent, you force me to a *miserable* life and a MISERABLE DEATH, with the idea preying upon my mind that there is an end of Theosophy. That for several years I will not be able to help it on, and stir its course, because

I will have to act in a body which will have to be assimilated to the *Nirmānakāya*, because even in occultism there are such things as a failure and a retardment and a misfit. . . . Nothing that you will do will ever be discountenanced by me, my beloved W. Q. J."

"If I thought *for one moment* that *Lucifer* will "rub out" *Path* I would never consent to be the editor. But listen, then, my good old friend. Once that the Masters have proclaimed your *Path* the *best*, the most *theosophical* of all theosophical publications, surely it is not to allow it to be rubbed out. . . . One is the fighting, combative *Manas*; the other (*Path*) is pure *Buddhi*. . . . *Lucifer* will be Theosophy militant and *Path* the shining light, the Star of Peace. If your intuition does not whisper to you 'it is so,' then that intuition must be wool-gathering. No, sir, the *Path* is too well, too *theosophically* edited for me to interfere."

"I trust Judge more than anyone in the world. . . . He has numerous enemies who work against him underhand and openly too, as — does. Now I have to hold in check and counterwork their machinations when they write or say to Olcott that Judge is a liar, etc. Now this is a — lie. . . . I am thinking of going to U. S. with Annie Besant when the spirit moveth me."

"The night before last, however, I was shown a bird's eye view of the present state of Theosophy and its Societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death-struggle with the world in general and with other nominal but ambitious Theosophists. The former are greater in number than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as *you in America will prevail* if you only remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. Is Judge ready to help me to carry on the sacrifice—that of accepting and carrying on the burden of life, which *is* heavy? My choice is made and I will not go back on it. *I remain* in England in the midst of the howling wolves. Here I am needed and nearer to America; there in Adyar there are dark plots going on against me and poor Olcott." [*Note by K.*—And one "plotter," who is named by H. P. B., still plots to-day.]

[To W. Q. Judge.] "Take my place in America now and, after I am gone, at Adyar. If you have no more personal ambition than I have—and I know *you have not*, only combativeness—then this will be no more sacrifice for you than it was for me to have Olcott as my President. . . . I am yours truly in the work forever. Dispose of me. I will . . . help you with all my powers. . . .

"Well, I have raised a 'Frankenstein' [the T. S.], and he seeks to devour me. You alone can save the fiend and make of him a *man*.

Breathe into him a soul if not the spirit. Be his Savior in the U. S. and may the blessings of my SUPERIORS and yours descend on you. Yours—the ‘old woman,’ but one ready to offer you her *inner* life if you begin and proceed with the work. . . . But as the ranks thin around us, and one by one our best intellectual forces depart, to turn *bitter* enemies, I say—Blessed are the pure-hearted who have only intuition, for intuition is better than intellect. . . . Yours ever, H. P. B.”

“THE JUDGE CASE.”

[COPY.]

COL. H. S. OLCOTT, *President-Founder of the Theosophical Society of New York.*

DEAR COLONEL,—Last June and July I laid before you the point that I was never elected Vice-President of the “Theosophical Society”; consequently that office was then known to you to be vacant. The decision then arrived at by you, Mr. Bertram Keightley and Mr. George R. S. Mead that I was Vice-President was invalid, of no effect, and quite contrary to the fact. The original notification to the public that my name was attached to the office was merely a notice of your selection, without the authority of the Society you are the President-Founder of, and without any election by a competent, regular and representative convention of that Society. I also informed you in July that no notice was ever given to me of the said invalid selection.

A long and bitter fight has been waged by Mrs. Annie Besant and others, one of the objects of which is to compel me to resign the said office which I do not hold. I have refused to accede to their requests, and would refuse even did I hold that I was legally the Vice-President.

But as I have worked a long time with you in the cause of Theosophy, and am with you one of those who helped H. P. B. to start the American movement in 1875; as I would aid you in all proper ways, and since I hear that you are to be in London this summer to “settle the Judge case,” as you have proclaimed, I now beg to again point out to you that I do not hold, and never have held, the office of Vice-President of any Theosophical Society of which I am a member, and that you can consider this as my declaration that I cannot and will not oppose your filling the said so-called office in any way you may see fit, either arbitrarily or otherwise.

While on this point, I would say to you that my signing my name hitherto as “Vice-President” was in ignorance of the important facts since ascertained showing conclusively the *de facto* character of the act.

Should you ask why, then, I raised the objection so long ago as July, I reply that the Master whom you think I do not hear from directed me to do so, and at that time I found only the fact of non-election in support of it.—Fraternally,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

May 8th, 1895.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—May I request your insertion of the following letter to Editor of *The Vâhan*, for which I wish to secure a wide circulation. I also ask your permission to say, through your columns, that the Countess Wachtmeister has apparently misunderstood me to say that I believed H. P. Blavatsky to have reincarnated in a physical body. I never had and have not such belief. I have no *knowledge* upon the subject, one way or the other, but I always inclined and do still incline to the contrary belief. I also believe H. P. B. to be consciously working on the inner planes of Being.

Countess Wachtmeister apparently has reference to a confidential conversation, of no immediate interest to the public, which related to quite another point.—Sincerely yours,

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

To the Editor of The Vâhan.

May 21st, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Having read in *The Vâhan* for May, 1895, the statement of Mrs. Besant in regard to the "Chinaman" episode, I ask your editorial courtesy in order to say, definitely and clearly, that that statement, as such, is wholly incorrect. I do not use the word "untrue" because, to my mind, that word would imply a conscious moral perversion on the part of Mrs. Besant, while I do not know—I have no means of knowing—what her state of consciousness is. When working with or for Mrs. Besant, whether in America or in England, I always required from her her directions *in writing*, in order to guarantee myself against her constant forgetfulness and her characteristic inability to admit herself to be mistaken, an inability which I was wont to call "her sunspot." No human soul can maintain itself above its own experience for any great length of time; my experience inclines me to the belief that Mrs. Besant, when she changes her mental attitude, forgets much of what she thought and said under the influence of a prior state of consciousness. Examples of this on her part are not wanting, even from the English daily press. Hence I say advisedly that *the statement*, as such, is not true to fact.

Mrs. Besant herself requested that Mr. Mead be not told who the Chinaman was, and in response to to my suggestion to the contrary. She gave as her reason Mr. Mead's "feelings," and also the prevalent jealousy of the members of her household at 19, Avenue Road, in regard to the relations between herself and others. She used the words: "Do not tell these children." No promise of secrecy was asked from her at that interview, or ever, so far as my knowledge goes; but I understood that the usual *editorial* inviolability was implied, it was not worded.

Mrs. Besant sent me a letter from India, quoted in "Luciferian Legends," addressed inside to Dr. Keightley, the Chinaman and myself. In that letter she requests that it be not shown to Mr. Mead and two others (named; one, another employé of her own), because she named the Chinaman. If *we* had asked her to keep the matter private; if the wish for secrecy towards these persons was *ours*, why ask *us* not to show them the letter?

If Mrs. Besant asked Mr. Hargrove to tell Mr. Mead of his identity and Mr. Hargrove failed to do so, why her praise of Mr. Hargrove's moral worth in letters to me from India much later?

As to the matter of jealousy, I have a letter from Mrs. Besant which goes into that subject in relation to 19, Avenue Road, with clear and kindly criticism of her household.

While I cannot ignore facts—and facts of record—it is not my present wish to publish these letters, which are of a personal character; but on my return to England I contemplate some arrangement for their inspection by some honorable persons, under the auspices of the General Secretary for Europe (yourself); in the midst of a sudden and deep family affliction I cannot now give my mind to such matters.

It was my hope that the literature of contention would pass into oblivion without the smallest contribution from me. Let others fulfil their Karma uninterrupted by my intrusion. But the attack of Mr. Mead upon Mr. Hargrove, and that of Mrs. Besant upon Dr. Keightley for telling the truth as known to him, leaves me no alternative if I would maintain the right of others to have justice. May I be pardoned the suggestion that there are persons of private life to whom truth and honor are none the less vitally dear, because they do not make of them professional adjuncts? "I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted." So says one of Stevenson's most living characters.

There are also those whom it is necessary to impugn and impeach—in the interests of the present self-righteous outbreak—because they will not forget that noble saying of Master K. H. in the letters of *The Occult World*:

" . . . We see a vast amount of difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, *is on his way to his daily quiet work*, and another *is on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station*, while the men of science see none; . . . "

The italics are mine. We are, all of us, in danger of forgetting those early landmarks set up to direct pioneers upon the true theological path; why not study them afresh, then?

In conclusion, I beg to say that as my daily word is my word of honor to me, and as I strive ever to bring that more and more into accord with the unseen laws which alone are true, I can only affirm that the above is a true account of what took place (before three witnesses), such as I would give—and will give when desired—under oath in a court of justice. But I have no desire to influence others in their free choice between the true and the untrue facts. Right discrimination is their privilege. It is only attainable by the abandonment of the personal view.—Sincerely yours,

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

May 14th, 1895.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Mrs. Annie Besant has succeeded in breaking her own record. Very soon after the death of H. P. B. we see her rushing over to America, bringing accusations against Colonel Olcott, clamoring for his removal. Omitting minor instances, we next find her writing of H. P. B. as largely responsible for the “crimes” of her favorite pupil. In both cases acting privately and speaking of both Colonel Olcott and H. P. B. meanwhile in the highest terms, for the benefit of the public. After informing several persons that Mr. Judge was a “forger,” under promises of secrecy, we next find her publicly attacking him, and one by one all those who do not agree with her in this respect are added to her little list of criminals—Dr. Archibald Keightley being the latest addition. Fortunately there is too much of comedy in the situation to permit of serious indignation for any length of time.

In the April issue of *Lucifer*, Dr. Keightley wrote in regard to Che-yew-Tsing and Mr. Mead’s travesty of events in relation to the writing of “Some Modern Failings.” Dr. Keightley stated that it was at Mrs. Besant’s express desire that Mr. Mead was not told as to the personal identity of the writer. “B. K.” volunteered a footnote to the effect that Mrs. Besant denied this statement. In the May issue of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST I wrote that I must refuse to believe such a thing of Mrs. Besant until I saw it over her own name. This was because I knew Dr. Keightley’s statement in regard to Mrs. Besant’s connection with the matter to be correct in every detail.

And now, in the May *Vahan*, Mrs. Besant offers this denial for whatever it may be worth. She flatly contradicts Dr. Keightley’s account, and giving this as her only instance, bases upon it one of her characteristic accusations, amounting to a charge of wholesale lying—namely, that Dr. Keightley has been circulating “many extraordinary and false statements” about her during her absence from England.

I do not write in order to defend Dr. Keightley. It would be simply absurd to offer a defence when Mrs. Besant is the only accuser and the only witness. It would, in any case, be absurd to defend him from a charge of such a nature. But it is a good instance of the mental delusion from which Mrs. Besant would appear to be suffering. It is, in any case, my duty to state the facts.

Dr. Keightley wrote in “Luciferian Legends”: “We therefore suggested that Mrs. Besant be told who the Chinaman was. This was done on the evening of Friday, Oct. 6th, 1893, in our sitting-room at 17, Avenue Road, Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Keightley, Mr. Hargrove and myself being present. Mrs. Keightley, who has always had a loyal regard for Mr. Mead, then suggested that Mr. Mead be told. Mrs. Besant opposed this, on the ground that the feelings of Mr. Mead would be hurt. . . . However, Mrs. Besant adding, ‘Do not tell these children’ (referring to Mr. Mead and other residents at headquarters), it was then agreed that no one should be told.”

As stated by Dr. Keightley, I was present during the whole of that conversation, naturally following it with the closest attention, making a note of it in my diary that same evening (thus being able to supply the date), and I give my word of honor that Dr. Keightley’s account as above set forth is accurate in every detail.

And what does the fourth person present say? In the May *Vahan* Mrs. Besant denies the above account, putting forward an exactly opposite statement, asserting, "On the contrary, I advised Mr. Hargrove to tell Mr. Mead." The fact is, the whole of Mrs. Besant's first paragraph does not contain a word of truth, and the only correct statement made in it is the short sentence: "The facts are simple."

Here you have three people. Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand), Dr. Archibald Keightley and myself, the word of each being at any time at least as good as Mrs. Besant's, agreeing perfectly as to what transpired, stating that they have often referred to that conversation since, and now contradicted by the only other person present—Mrs. Besant. That should be sufficient in itself. But there is much more to say. It is not simply a question of veracity, three to one. It is a question of common-sense.

It should, at least, be evident that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself must be totally disinterested in the matter. It is trivial in itself. It is only of interest as a side-light on Mrs. Besant's state of mind. Her approval or disapproval of my action as Che-Yew-Tsang conveys nothing to me. Her approval would certainly not imply that my action was right; her disapproval could not possibly show that it was wrong. I alone am judge of that, and I am not interested in the opinions of those who do not know the facts. No one could imagine that either Dr. or Mrs. Keightley are personally interested. No other two members have made greater sacrifices for the Theosophical Society, both financially and otherwise. No two other members could have less to gain by association with it; few have as much to lose, for in a worldly sense we do so lose—in England at all events.

I do not believe that Mrs. Besant deliberately says what is false, but I make it a distinct issue that either she is hopelessly deluded and confused, or that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself are deliberately lying. It is impossible to conceive that we can have collectively forgotten, or collectively "made a mistake." It is either an unmitigated lie or it is true.

Examine the probabilities, apart from the fact that there are three witnesses against one, and that the accuracy and memory of that one have already been very seriously questioned. Mrs. Besant asserts that she advised me to tell Mr. Mead, and that I agreed to do so. (1) Mrs. Besant was at that time one of the outer heads of the E. S. T., of which I was a member. Those who know me must be aware that in a case of that sort, where no question of right or wrong was involved, I should have at once followed Mrs. Besant's advice, and with as little delay as possible, if she had advised any such thing. (2) If Mrs. Besant's version be correct, I failed to keep my alleged promise to her, by not telling Mr. Mead. Why, then, did she not mention the matter to me, either verbally or by letter? I find an entry in the diary which I then kept, that on Sunday, Oct. 17th, 1893, eleven days after Mrs. Besant had been told who the writer was, and two days after the first article had actually appeared—I had a long conversation with Mrs. Besant in "H. P. B.'s room" at 19, Avenue Road; that I then gave Mrs. Besant an outline of what I proposed to say in my next article; that I consulted her as to whether it should be sent in for the November or for the December issues of *Lucifer*; that she told me she knew that most of the "I. G." regarded her as a "deluded psychic," etc.; but no question about telling Mr. Mead, although I had had eleven days in which

to do so after having told her that it should be done. Did my alleged "failure to perform" cause her much anxiety?

(3) Repeating the question: Why did she not mention her alleged wish or advice again, seeing that she knew I had not told Mr. Mead and that many enquiries continued to be made as to the writer of "Some Modern Failings"? I have shown that, although talking future articles over with me, she never suggested such a thing. And how was it that in her letters from India, both to Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself, she said no word of reminder? As was shown in "Luciferian Legends," Mrs. Besant wrote in reference to "the Chinaman," and in a tone of very distinct trust and friendship; but no mention of telling Mr. Mead, only the words, "But don't give them [Mr. Mead and others] the letter, as I have put 'the Chinaman.'" In a letter to myself, dated Jan. 16th, 1894, after the appearance of the second article in *Lucifer*, Mrs. Besant wrote: "I did not think the Chinaman's second article up to the level of his first [I did not wonder!]. . . . He will not mind the friendly criticism." Mrs. Besant then adds: "Mrs. Keightley's influence, and the Doctor's, have been invaluable at Headquarters, as indeed I felt sure would be the case." But no word of reminder of my alleged unfulfilled promise; no question as to whether I should not tell Mr. Mead. Not a word!

Is more needed? Then take this sentence of Mrs. Besant's from *The Vahan*: ". . . but I should not have revealed Mr. Hargrove's identity, as I was told it as a secret, and *unfair as it was to trap me* without my consent, I felt none the less bound." Italics mine. The letters quoted in "Luciferian Legends," and the facts given above, must seem strange as coming from one who had been "trapped unfairly"! Or is this more of "the Christ who ate with sinners"? If so, it was out-Christing Christ, I would suggest. But consider the matter further: Mrs. Besant says she was "trapped unfairly" on Oct. 6th. The first article was then in proof only. *Lucifer* did not appear till Oct. 15th. If she felt she had been trapped, why not have stopped the appearance of the article? It would have been easy. It was what would have been done *if* Mrs. Besant had been "trapped unfairly." Those who know her know this. And I assert that Mrs. Besant gave no verbal promise of secrecy in any shape or form. She was not asked for any promise, nor did she volunteer one. There was an understood "promise of secrecy" on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, as well as on the part of Mrs. Besant, as I stated in *The Path*. But there was no verbal promise given in any case, and all assertion as to "trusting" to anyone's "honor" bears its absurdity on its face. In this I directly contradict Mrs. Besant. But it is not merely a question of contradiction. A few days after Mrs. Besant had been told, and had *not* promised secrecy verbally, Dr. and Mrs. Keightley left for the north of England. I wrote them, pointing out that Mrs. Besant had given no promise. I wondered if she would tell Mr. Chakravarti. Telling Mr. Mead would have been one thing; telling Mr. Chakravarti quite another. Mrs. Keightley replied on behalf of herself and Dr. Keightley. I still have that letter. She wrote that any formal promise would be a "crude superfluity." Remembering Mrs. Besant's words at the time she was told, I at once agreed to this view. But how account for this letter if Mrs. Besant had been asked for or had given her word of honor that she would keep the matter private?

The thing is absurd. I repeat again that there is not a single word

of truth in the whole of that long paragraph under the heading, "The Chinaman," in May *Vâhan*. Mrs. Besant seems to go through some such sub-conscious process as this in "remembering": What *would* I have said?—arguing from her present state of consciousness. Then this "would have said" immediately becomes "did say." She is utterly confused—and I do not wonder at it.

The Case against W. Q. Judge is full of similar instances. Accusation gone mad. A volume might be written on the subject, but I should hope the above is sufficient.

One word more as to a pamphlet just issued by the Countess Wachtmeister, entitled *H. P. B. and the Present Crisis in the Theosophical Society*. I am not surprised at its having been written, but surely it was published without the consent of the Countess Wachtmeister's friends! It consists almost entirely of what H. P. B. is supposed to have said to the Countess some years ago. One extract from a letter is given to which I will refer later. I am obliged to flatly contradict one statement she makes. On page 10 of her pamphlet she says: "Mrs. Archibald Keightley also confirmed this statement [that H. P. B. had reincarnated], telling me that she had seen and conversed with H. P. B. in her new body. This autumn Mrs. Keightley said to me that she had been mistaken in her vision." Taking the last statement first, I can only say that I was present during the whole of that conversation, which took place in the drawing-room at 62, Queen Anne Street, in the autumn of 1894. I was calling upon Dr. and Mrs. Keightley at the same time as the Countess and her son. Dr. Keightley was present. I sat between Mrs. Keightley and the Countess during the greater part of the conversation between them, and close beside them during the remainder. I heard every word that was said, and I absolutely deny that Mrs. Keightley said what the Countess puts into her mouth. If asked by the Countess to repeat that conversation, I will do so. She may remember some statements she made in regard to the occupants of 19, Avenue Road.

In regard to the first part of her statement: I was not present when Mrs. Keightley is alleged to have made this very remarkable and highly improbable statement. But at Maidenhead, when staying at Miss Müller's with Mr. Mead, the Countess and others, very shortly after this conversation is alleged to have taken place, the Countess gave me an entirely different version of it which flatly contradicts her present account. I did not say a word about it to Mrs. Keightley, but some weeks later she herself told me what she had said to the Countess, and this version agreed exactly with what the Countess had before told me. So I have the Countess's first version, confirmed independently by Mrs. Keightley, which absolutely contradicts her statement as made in her recent production. I therefore conclude that all the other hearsay which the Countess volunteers, from conversations with H. P. B. to those with Mr. Judge is, to put it mildly, faulty.

But the Countess does quote one letter which is of interest, and I thank her for doing so. She supplies a missing link. In the Preface to *The Case against W. Q. Judge*, p. 10, Mrs. Besant says: "It was these experiences, related to her by me, that H. P. Blavatsky wrote to Mr. Judge under date March 27th, 1891: 'She hears the Master's voice when alone, sees His Light, and recognizes His voice from that of D——.'" Mrs. Besant quotes this as a complete sentence, without asterisks to show the omission of words. It is put forward as a sen-

tence by itself. Now turn to what the Countess gives as the whole sentence, and notice the words left out by Mrs. Besant, who is so very particular about other people's "lack of straight-forwardness" that she cannot exist in the same Society with one whom she merely *accuses* of such a thing. Turn to the omitted words: "She [Mrs. Besant] is *not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect*, and yet she hears Master's voice," etc. Italics mine. But why did Mrs. Besant quote as a complete sentence what was only part of one? Why did she leave out those very pregnant words, "*She is not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect*"?

Bah! Why will not people try to purify themselves before trying to crucify others for alleged "lack of straight-forwardness." "If it were not for delusion such action could only be called hypocritical." But I would to God they would stop these slanders and leave others to go on with the work. It may here and there be momentarily amusing, but such amusement becomes monotonous. Here are thousands crying out for these eternal verities, for a knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation, and the time is taken up by attacks on Mr. Judge and his friends and in necessary refutation and defence. I say it is a shame. Let us go on with the Work, the Work, and leave time and great Karma to do the other work of scavenging if any at all be needed. Let us think of those who have not yet heard of Theosophy, and these petty attacks would soon be stopped and forgotten.—Fraternally yours,

E. T. HARGROVE.

25, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

I certify that I have seen the originals of all the letters quoted or cited by Mr. Hargrove, and that these quotations are correctly given.

BASIL CRUMP, *Temple*.

May 31st, 1895.

As Mrs. Besant's article in the May *Vâhan*, containing the above-mentioned incorrect assertions and accusations, required comment in the same journal, I wrote a letter to the editor endorsing Dr. Keightley's statement of fact. This I did well in time for the June issue, according to the usual rule. Mr. Mead had not the common courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, nor, as I now see, did he insert it. Is it possible that he thinks Mrs. Besant's attacks no longer require reply? Or must we take this as further proof that Mr. Mead is only interested in ventilating any accusation against one of "Mr. Judge's friends," since he will not insert an answer? Courtesy from our executive officer I have ceased to expect.

E. T. H.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

THE following interesting letter is sent for publication, with the writer's consent:

MY DEAR —,

I have been away in the North or I would have written to you sooner *re* the statement lately published above the signature of the Countess Wachtmeister concerning Annie Besant's claim to supersede W. Q. Judge. As I have now read it I think my testimony may have some weight with those who were with us in the Lansdowne Road days, when first the E. S. was formed.

I was sitting one afternoon with H. P. B. in the back part of the ground floor room of 17, Lansdowne Road; she was telling me about her disease, which was then beginning to grow very troublesome; she said she knew she must soon leave us. I asked her about the filling of the void and said it would be, so far as an ordinary man could judge, impossible adequately to fill it. She answered that W. Q. Judge was her favorite pupil and would worthily bear her mantle when she was gone. Shortly after he came over on a visit and she introduced me to him, saying distinctly that he was her destined successor. After he had gone back to America she always spoke of him in the same way to me and, I have no doubt, to others who were seeing her nearly every day. As for the letter quoted by Countess Wachtmeister, where H. P. B. couples Annie Besant with W. Q. Judge—she evidently hoped that all would proceed normally, and that no karmic flood would burst forth to whirl away a good woman on an evil tide; still, she seemed to know that some serious disturbance would surely occur after her departure. In this connection I asked her if she meant to reincarnate immediately; she answered that she would not do so but would be able to help in the good work better as a Nirmānakāya. This help is especially needed now that loyal support seems denied even to him who has been bearing the brunt of Philistine attack for so many years. But happily Judge is not yet surnamed Belisarius.—Yours sincerely,

ROGER HALL.

10, Southchurch Avenue, Southend, May 25th, 1895.

REVIEW.

LYRICS, by R. H. Fitzpatrick. [London: W. Stewart and Co.]

WHILE one race sinks into night another renews its dawn. The *Celtic Twilight* is the morning-time and the singing of birds is prophetic of the new day. We have had to welcome of late years one sweet singer after another, and now comes a volume of lyrics which has that transcendental note which is peculiar to our younger writers. It is full of the mystery and commingling of the human and the divine soul:

“Hail, thou living spirit!
Whose deep organ blown
By lips that more inherit
Than all music known;
Art is but the echo of thy mysterious tone.”

These lyrics, I imagine, have been wrought in solitary wanderings, in which the forms and shows of things and human hopes and fears have been brooded upon until the intensity of contemplation has allied them with that soul of Nature in which the poet finds the fulfilment of all dreams and ideals. And in this refining back to an Over-Soul there is no suggestion of the student of academic philosophy, no overwrought intellectualism. Such references arise naturally out of his thought and illuminate it. One can imagine how such lyrics were engendered:

“I stood and twirled a feathered stalk,
Or drank the clover’s honey sap,
Happiest without talk.

"The summer tidal waves of night
 Slowly in silence rippled in;
 They steeped the feet of blazing light,
 And hushed day's harsher din."

This aloofness from conflict, if it has hindered him from fully accepting and justifying life, the highest wisdom of the poet, has still its compensations. He has felt the manifold meaning of the voices through whose unconsciousness Nature speaks, the songs of birds, the aerial romance and intermingling of light and shadow, and has vision of the true proportion of things in that conflict he has turned his back on:

"All things sip,
 And sip at life; but Time for ever drains
 The ever-filling cup in rivalry,
 And wipes the generations from his lip,
 While Art looks down from his serene domains."

Æ.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE first annual Convention of the T. S. in America, held at the New England Headquarters, Boston, on April 28th and 29th, was a splendid and worthy achievement. The reports in the public press were numerous; all sympathetic, and many quite enthusiastic. The reply of our American brothers to the charges made against Mr. Judge was to elect him President for life. To quote Mrs. Besant's words with regard to Mr. Judge on a former occasion, in a somewhat similar connection: "If the past may count for anything in judging of the future, no hands could be found to which to confide its destinies more loyal, more strong, and more true."

* * *

The action of our American brothers is regarded by Mrs. Besant and others as secession from the "T. S.," and it is so put in this month's *Vahan*. By this time the historical facts regarding the T. S. are in the hands of members, and they will be able to judge of the truth of this for themselves. If these inside facts are correctly given, the action taken by the Convention at Boston was the only possible one. There is no doubt whatever that the T. S. in America was the parent Society. That has always been recognized. A declaration of independence in all administrative affairs is *not* secession. The point was admirably put by Brother Corbett at the Conference of the North of England Federation T. S. on May 11th, when he advised "that each Section should have its own rules only, and be perfectly autonomous, the bond uniting the several Sections to be not one of law, but of love and co-operation." Real secession, then, is disregarding this important fact of brotherhood; this union of harmony, the nucleus of which the T. S. was formed to create. Unless we succeed in making it real and actual we had better erase the motto from our shield.

* * *

The fifth annual Convention of the "European Section of the T. S." will be held, on July 4th and 5th, at the Portman Rooms, Baker

Street, London, W. It will afford a fitting opportunity, after nine months of internal turmoil and strife, to sink all personal aims "in one great sea of devotion to the cause." The Rules and Constitution of the T. S. will, of course, have to be fully considered and discussed, and some action taken. Two points have been commended by the Northern Federation to the representatives of their various Lodges, assembled at their recent Conference, for consideration before Convention: (1) with reference to each Section being autonomous; (2) with reference to expulsion of members. Whatever questions may arise, there can be no doubt that a great responsibility will rest on the delegates present. Only by calm judgment and wise discrimination can the existing crisis be tidied over. "The tranquil state attained, therefrom shall soon result a separation from all troubles."

* * *

In the matter of government, we could with advantage take a leaf from the masonic book. For example, in a new territory, when there are a number of lodges formed (three only are needed) they federate themselves together and become a Grand Lodge, which becomes sovereign in its jurisdiction, and communicates in various ways with other Grand Lodges all over the globe. This is a good illustration of autonomy. I can assure those who talk of secession that there is no "gulf fixed" between Ireland and America in consequence of the latter having declared for legislative independence. Why should there be, indeed? Our bond of union has not been one of "red-tape." United in aim and aspiration, we stand to-day as we stood before. Outward forms may change as necessities arise, the inner attitude remains unchanged; it alone gives strength and power, it is the attitude of the Soul. What matter if India, Europe, America, Australia, have each separate administrative organizations with full legislative powers, if they are joined hand and heart with one common object? Let each answer.

* * *

Conventions are generally supposed to have "keynotes." I would suggest that the "keynote" of the 1895 Convention be "HOME-RULE." Wherever we turn, we find that experience shows federal government to be too cumbersome and unwieldy for practical purposes. Business usually becomes so congested that progress is impossible. In the T. S. we have had, within the past twelve months especially, striking example of this. Let us, then, take advantage of a unique opportunity, and "go in" for autonomy. The "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland" would make a good and fitting title. We need not slavishly follow America in every detail in framing a Constitution; but we certainly should endeavor to have a Constitution as simple and practicable as possible, and theirs is, to my thinking, a model of simplicity. Branches on the continent, wherever strong enough to have an independent organization, should become perfectly autonomous also, and if desirable affiliate with the "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland." Wherever there are Lodges outside of Great Britain and Ireland not strong enough to have a separate administrative organization, and where there exists no T. S. affiliated—as indicated above—they could become federated with the "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland" on the same conditions as Lodges within its territory. The important thing to remember is: that the theosophical movement circles the world, and that it is not confined to the organizations that go under that name. There are probably

more outside the T. S. than in it doing Master's work. We are not building for to-day only, so that we need not be in too great a hurry to do all the work at once. Let us take as comprehensive a view of things as possible, and we will have more time to laugh. "One of the wants of the age is more laughter." A greater appreciation of the humorous side of things might have saved much of the trouble of the past year. Suppose we began the Convention with a good hearty laugh. I think the effect would be magical. All we want is the presence of the Supreme Humorist.

* * *

A feature of our General Secretary's report will necessarily differ this year from previous ones. I refer to that dealing with the wonderful "consumption of paper" by the H. P. B. Press. To regret the altered circumstances would be foolish (would it be theosophical?). There are so many fields and pastures left unexplored, that the cessation of one form of activity may be but the opening to other forms even more desirable, and leave many free to go in search of treasures "rich and rare" that lie awaiting the explorer. Consumption of paper is certainly not everything; on the contrary, it is of little value compared with the quality of the work produced. Much of our work in this direction has been of a tentative and temporary character; we will have to turn our attention to work of a more enduring nature that will be good as literature, and command attention. Literature, art, music and the drama, will all have yet to be enlisted in the service of Theosophy. Translations from Sanskrit, Greek, Spanish and French will have to be done, as well as original work. In fact, the work has already commenced.

* * *

Delegates to former Conventions, who turned in to the H. P. B. Press to see the "wheels go round," will remember the faithful worker who was responsible for the "ten tons" of work produced. Excellent as the work was, it but afforded opportunity for one phase of Brother Pryse's abilities. He has lately been engaged on work of a different character. From what I have seen of it, I can assure our readers that, if nothing occurs to interrupt, a treat lies in store for them if they care, when the time comes, to take advantage of it. He is busy unearthing "treasures."

D. N. D.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE regular weekly public meetings have, as usual in this Lodge, come to a close for the summer months, to be resumed in September. The Monday evening group for study of *The Secret Doctrine* will, however, meet as usual from 8.30 to 9.30.

The midsummer meeting of the Lodge for consideration of agenda relating to the Annual Convention in London, and other business, will be on Wednesday evening the 19th inst., punctually at 8.30. As important matters affecting the welfare of the movement will come up for discussion it is hoped that there will be a very full attendance.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

The Irish Theosophist.

THE WISDOM OF THE "FIRST PEOPLE."

WHILE many members of the European T. S., fondly imagining themselves to be the elect of the race, have been throwing away their opportunities for effective work, and in the clamor of denouncing each other, the din of personal recrimination, have all but forgotten the three objects for which alone the Society was organized, many an "outsider" of strong soul and clear sight has been working steadily and successfully along the exact lines pointed out to us by H. P. B. Among others is J. Curtin, whose *Hero Tales of Ireland*, though solely the result of independent investigation and thought, surpasses in wealth of material and depth of insight the entire hierarchy of meagre books, with pretentious titles, which of late years have almost destroyed the literary reputation of the European T. S. Since the glad days when the pens of H. P. B. and M. C. flew over paper and made our souls rejoice, not a book, or even a pamphlet, has been published inside the Society that would repay more than a cursory glance; and but for the contributions of American members and of the "outsiders" our library shelves would remain painfully empty of new works on Theosophical subjects. Mr. Curtin seems deeply impressed with the importance of rescuing, without delay, what still survives of primitive beliefs in record and tradition before time and materialism have obliterated them. He has supplemented his researches into Keltic literature by working eight years among the American Indians, whose traditions he considers the most complete he has yet met with. He says:

"The Creation myth of the New World is of great value; for by its aid we can reconstruct that early system of belief which was common to all races; which has one meaning, and was, in the fullest sense of the word, one—a religion truly Catholic and Œcumenical, for it was believed in by all people, wherever resident, and believed in with a vividness of faith which few civilized men can even imagine.

"The 'First People' of the Indian tales correspond to the earliest Gods of the Keltic and other races. For ages these 'People' lived together in harmony. But in each imperceptibly some mysterious change was going on, and at last conflicts arose among them.

"Some few of these Gods in whom no passion developed remained undifferentiated; they either went above the sky, or sailed away westward to where the sky comes down, and beyond, to a pleasant region where they live in delight. Of the majority, however, the struggles were gigantic, for the first people had mighty power; they had also wonderful perception and knowledge. They felt the approach of friends or enemies even at a distance; they knew the thought in another's heart. If one of them expressed a wish it was accomplished immediately; nay, if he even thought of a thing it was there before him. As the result of their conflicts came the Fall of the Gods, and all were forced to enter some lower form. Thus every individual is a divinity, but a divinity under sentence, weighed down by fate, with a history behind him extending back along the whole line of experience.

"During the period of struggles the Gods organized institutions, social and religious, according to which they lived. These are bequeathed to man; and nothing that an Indian has is of human invention, all is divine. An avowed innovation would be looked on as sacrilege. The Indian lives in a world prepared by the Gods, and follows in their footsteps—that is the only morality, the one pure and holy religion.

"These accounts of the life of the world before this, as given in the tales, were delivered in one place and another by some of these 'former people,' who were the last to be transformed and who found means to give needful instruction to men.

"To sum up, we may say that the Indian tales reveal to us a whole system of religion, philosophy and social polity, and from what is known of the mind of antiquity, we may affirm as a theory that primitive beliefs in all places are of the same system essentially as the American."

Orthodox mythologists and folk-lorists, glamored by the eighth-race aura with which Darwin got saturated during his investigation of the luckless eighth-race folk caged in the Regent's Park Zoo, interpret all ancient legendary lore on the theory of the worship of objective natural phenomena by "primitive" men who gnawed bones in caves and hollow tree-trunks. Against this repulsive notion, caught by Darwin and his followers from the thought-aura of baboons, we place the legends of all ancient peoples, who unanimously declare that out of the God-world man stepped full-formed, with the aura divine enfold-

ing him like a mantle, and the sacred Word of magic vibrant in his breast. Only as man lets the divine light die out within him does he fall progressively into the ritualistic worshipper, the materialist, the cave-dweller, the ape. In one of the oldest manuscripts found in Guatemala the first men are thus described:

"Men perfect and beautiful, whose form was the form of the divine man. Thought *was*, and went outward; they saw, and directly their glance was raised their vision embraced all things; the entire world they knew, and when they contemplated it their sight flashed in an instant from the vault of heaven to behold anew the surface of the earth. All the most hidden things they saw at will, without needing to move first; and when also they cast their eyes on this outer world they saw also all that it contains. Gentle was the appearance of these races, soft the language of these peoples, and great was their wisdom. Now, all had but one language; they did not yet invoke either wood or stone, and they remembered only the Word of the Creator and the Fashioner, of the Heart of the Heavens and Heart of the Earth. They spoke, in meditating, of that which the rising of the sun conceals; and filled with the sacred Word, filled with love, obedience and reverence, they made their requests" (*Popol Vuh*).

CAMPEON.

UNCOMFORTABLE BROTHERS.

TO ONE OF THEM.

"To freedom you are called, Brothers!—only that your freedom be not a pretext for the flesh. But serve each other by love. But if you bite each other and eat each other, take care that you are not exterminated by each other.

"I say: Act according to Spirit, and you will not obey the cravings of the flesh. Because the flesh wills what opposes Spirit; and Spirit, what opposes flesh. They oppose each other, so that you do not do what you would. But if you are led by Spirit, then you are not under law.

"The doings of the flesh are known, they are: unlawful sexual passion, sexual self-indulgence, impurity, self-indulgence; serving idols, sorcery; animosity, quarrels, envy, anger, contests, discord, separation, detestation; murder, drunkenness, disorder, and things like these; I warn you, as I warned you before, that they who act like this will not inherit the divine kingdom.

"But the harvest of Spirit: love, joy, peace, tolerance, gracious-

ness, charitableness, faith, gentleness, self-control; over these things there is no law."—THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

YOU say that you would willingly make an end of it, go away, and have done with these Uncomfortable Brothers once for all.

Yes, it would be easy enough, and a great relief perhaps, to be rid of this Uncomfortable Brotherhood; but what about the still more Uncomfortable Brotherhood that you were born into, and entered with no apparent choice of your own?—the Brotherhood of mankind. To this greater Brotherhood you are bound, you are tied hand and foot, and there is no prospect at all that your bonds will ever be unloosed.

No one who knows anything of this greater Brotherhood, and all of us perforce must know a good deal of it, will deny that there are in it Uncomfortable Brothers enough, and a large variety among them.

There are Uncomfortable Brothers who love to make daggers, and curved swords, and knives with ragged edges, to be presently thrust, with the keenest enjoyment, through each other's ribs and hearts. From Uncomfortable Brothers like these you would gladly separate yourself; yet, by your involuntary birth in the greater Brotherhood, you are bound to them, tied to them hand and foot, and there is no prospect at all that your bonds will ever be unloosed.

Then there are Uncomfortable Brothers who steal, and lie in wait for each other, and cheat, and by all possible means seek to rob each other of the fruit of their lawful or unlawful labours. Of them, too, you would doubtless gladly be rid; yet you are bound to them, tied to them, and there is no prospect that your bonds will be unloosed.

And again there are Uncomfortable Brothers who, to gratify all sorts of unholy passions, to satisfy all sorts of dark and midnight cravings, will hesitate at no cruelty or knavery, or uncleanness. Here, again, you would doubtless gladly be quit of these Uncomfortable Brothers of yours, yet you seem to me to be so bound and tied to them that there is no prospect at all of your ever getting separated from them.

Then there are Uncomfortable Brothers, perhaps the most uncomfortable of all, who, for the sake of their truth and for the sake of their goodness, would use every effort to strangle your truth and your goodness; who would bind your thought, and fetter your heart, and lay chains on your soul; nay, who would and did and will again, at the first possibility, put chains and fetters on your body, and prepare for you the rack and the thumbscrew and the stake, in the cool of the morning; prepare them, and apply them too, till there is nothing left of you but

a handful of ashes, until you are born again among them to your sorrow. From these last Uncomfortable Brothers, you would gladly escape and be rid of them, without any question at all; yet it seems again that you are so bound and tied to them that there is no hope at all of your ever getting away.

It seems, therefore, that, quite against your will, you have fallen into a very discreditable Brotherhood indeed; a Brotherhood that private opinion and public opinion, and every other opinion, including that of each Uncomfortable Brother about all the others, will without hesitation condemn, and with very little hesitation denounce. Yet to this quite discreditable Brotherhood it seems to me you are so tied and bound, as indeed we all are, quite as much as you, that there is no prospect at all of your, or our bonds being unloosed for ever.

And as it is impossible for you and for us to get away from this discreditable Brotherhood, it seems to me that there are only two courses open to us: to bend our eyes only on what divides us from these Uncomfortable Brothers, to look only at our points of difference; or to bend our eyes only on what unites us, to look only at our points of union.

In other words, we may follow the course that the Chief of Sinners—who felt himself to be a very Uncomfortable Brother indeed—has called the way of the flesh: animosity, quarrels, envy, anger, contests, discord, separation, detestation.

Or we may follow the course that he has called the way of Spirit: love, joy, peace, tolerance, graciousness, charitableness, faith, gentleness.

These are the two ways. And I do not think that you have any doubt, that we have any doubt in our heart of hearts as to which of these two ways will, in the long run, be most effectual towards making this discreditable Brotherhood a little more creditable, towards bringing a measure of comfort to these Uncomfortable Brothers.

And it seems to me that in their credit and comfort lies your only hope and ours, for we are bound and tied to them, hand and foot, soul and body, and there seems no prospect at all that our bonds will ever be unloosed, either here or there, either now or at the end of ends.

And if you come to look at it in this way of good-natured tolerance, of charitableness, of graciousness, this way of Spirit, as the Chief of Sinners called it, you will begin to see that each of your Uncomfortable Brothers has a case of his own, a truth of his own, a rightness of his own.

The first, the Brother of daggers, is really, in a blind way, fighting for the divine and inviolable Self; when he comes to see the Self in all

beings, he will find a wiser way of doing its work. And we have no real doubt in our hearts which conduct of ours, the way of the flesh—detestation—or the way of Spirit—love—will sooner bring this Uncomfortable Brother to the wiser way of looking at things.

And the Uncomfortable Brothers who lie in wait for each other, who would satisfy all kinds of dark and midnight cravings, they are really, in the blindest way, trying to give expression to the Self which is bliss. And here again we have no real doubt which of the two ways is likely to bring them to a more comfortable and more creditable mind.

Even the most Uncomfortable Brother of all, the Brother of the thumbscrew, is only trying to give expression to the Self which is Truth. Some day he will learn that Truth is reality, that the highest reality is oneness, that the expression of oneness is not detestation but love; and that this love's companions are joy, peace, graciousness, charitableness, gentleness, and other qualities far enough apart from thumbscrews.

So that, if you rightly look at it, each of your discreditable, Uncomfortable Brothers is only following his highest truth for the time being; is only trying after his highest good.

For it is a law of pretty wide extent that a man cannot help trying for his highest good; can help it as little as a dog can help trying for the largest and nicest of two bones. If you have tried it you will agree—if you have not it is worth trying—that the best way to wean a dog from a bone that is objectionable to you, is not to lay hold of the other end and pull, but rather to offer him a bigger, nicer, and more tempting bone.

So with your Uncomfortable Brother; show him a less discreditable highest good, and he will presently leave his own way to follow the better. In other words, try the way of union, not of discord. And if you have no more creditable highest good to tempt your Brother, then be counselled, leave him to himself, and he will presently find a new and better highest good for himself; one, perhaps, in advance of yours, and which you will therefore have the pleasure and advantage of following too.

So that, Uncomfortable Brother, be counselled to follow the largest tolerance, not sour and supercilious at all, but good-natured, genial, full of understanding and sympathy, full of graciousness, charitableness, gentleness. This is the only way, as you in your heart of hearts know, by which this great discreditable Brotherhood to which we all belong may, some day, after a long time, be won to a better and sweeter mind.

A truce with evil? Toleration of evil-doers? Yes, or rather a truce, a lasting peace with your Brothers, from whom by no chance or accident you will ever be separated, even at the end of time.

For there is no evil but stupidity, but the seeing of the highest good in the wrong places; there is no stupidity like discord, and no cure for discord but—well, the answer to that you know well enough yourself.

“He who beholds all beings in Self, and in all beings beholds Self, thereafter censures none.

“In whom all beings have become Self through wisdom, for him what delusion, what sorrow is there, beholding Oneness?”

This, therefore, is the counsel of an often equally Uncomfortable Brother.

C. J.

A DREAM.

I DREAMT I stood in a beautiful glen, with flowers and ferns abounding, birds twittering, and the sound of a running stream making soft murmur in my ears. All was music. By my side was one, fair as a god, winning in manner, with speech soft, sweet and flowing; he was telling his love, and I—I returned that love as one fascinated, yet with a strange inward shrinking. Not far away stood his mother, tall and stately, clad in flowing garments, watching. Presently he asked me if I loved him and would promise myself to him, and though as he pleaded something within me repelled, yet my great love conquered, and I gave the promise. He threw his arms around me and pressed his lips to mine; then swift at the touch my soul awoke, and I knew it was no god I loved, but a devil. With all the strength of my will I recalled that promise, and tried to withdraw myself from his embrace. Then his mother, watching there, seeing that I knew and was inwardly strong, stretched out her arms and waved them with strong gestures fiercely around her. At once all was black darkness; I was thrown violently to the ground; tongues of flame darted round me, lightning flashed, thunder shook the very earth; great shapes arose living, moving, terrible—twisted, curled, and then shrieking, hissing, roaring, flaming, exploded and disappeared, giving place to things still more awful and venomous. I struggled violently to escape, but held firmly in the terrible clutches of these creatures, I could not. How can I tell of the horrible tortures these hellish legions inflicted on me; their very hand-touch was as a flaming sword passing through me. And I seemed to know that if I would but say in my heart, “I yield,” all this would

cease; but I dare not say it, so fierce a power stirred in me, and through fearful sufferings I held firm, till suddenly these fiends left me, writhing on the brown earth in agony, and then—all was blank. . . .

I awoke; my hands were wet with clammy moisture; I lay exhausted, restless, haunted with the horror of my dream. The little clock on the mantel chimed three—I felt relieved, those notes somehow seemed sweet as a companion's voice. A little while and I slept again.

I found myself in a great, wandering old place, curiously built—past and present, ancient, mediæval and modern shapes mingled and confused—situated in a rocky wild, cragged and formless. It was filled with women—some old, some young, the faded and the beautiful side by side. And as I looked on them, I knew all had been deceived as I, but had been conquered, and now were slaves though no chains bound them and they seemed to know it not, half unwilling, half unhappy, yet not wholly discontented with their lot. I wandered about lonely, for I had nothing in common with the others; a great longing was in my heart to escape. Soon I became aware that passing in and out amongst the women were the dread mother and son, those fiends wearing human form, and ever as they passed they struck and jeered at me. Nowhere could I rest, for, unlike my companions, my pillow would be beset by large beetles or horrible crawling things, and I must still wander on, worn and weary. So some time passed—I know not how long—until at length I became conscious that there was a symbol by which I could force a passage from this bondage and save myself. Then I was seeking, ever seeking. At last I met four unhappy creatures who desired to escape too, but weak and miserable, lacked the hope and strength to try. One day, as I longed with eager longing to be free, there was borne into my mind the symbol of the cross, and I knew it was the weapon of self-defence I had been so long seeking. With swift trembling hands I fashioned out of a piece of cane a cross or sword, and grasping it tightly in front of me, full of hope, I set out on my journey. The perils that beset me I cannot describe. I know that I passed through winding passages, down tortuous stairways, the fiend himself following, lurking in corners, darting out at me, striving to make me fall or so frighten me that I might drop the cross, for with that he was powerless to harm or touch me; but clutching the symbol I pressed on and on, slipping and stumbling almost at every step, my heart now beating high with hope, now sinking with dread and fear. At last, oh, joy! I was free and unharmed; I stood beneath the starlit sky, the cool, pure nightwind seeming to whisper sweet welcome, my being pulsating with joy and thankfulness. Suddenly I became sick

with horror, for I remembered those four trembling, unhappy weaklings whom I had left behind. How could I rejoice while. . . . I turned, grasping the cross firmly, and filled with desire to help them, went back. I felt strong with a great strength; dangers and horrors that before had nearly broken me now scarce caused a start. Back through those perils into that dreary rocky waste of dead aspiration I went, and then returned with those poor fainting souls. As I emerged with the little band, a ray of rosy light stole gently over the eastern horizon, a bird's sweet call rang out from a neighbouring tree; the light and the note were in our hearts, for we knew we were delivered from hell.

P. G. T.

BROTHERHOOD.

TWILIGHT a blossom grey in shadowy valleys dwells:
 Under the radiant dark the deep blue-tinted bells
 In quietness reimage heaven within their blooms,
 Sapphire and gold and mystery. What strange perfumes,
 Out of what deeps arising, all the flower-bells fling,
 Unknowing the enchanted odorous song they sing!
 Oh, never was an eve so living yet: the wood
 Stirs not but breathes enraptured quietude.
 Here in these shades the Ancient knows itself, the Soul,
 And out of slumber waking starts unto the goal.
 What bright companions nod and go along with it!
 Out of the teeming dark what dusky creatures flit!
 That through the long leagues of the island night above
 Come wandering by me, whispering and beseeching love,—
 As in the twilight children gather close and press
 Nigh and more nigh with shadowy tenderness,
 Feeling they know not what, with noiseless footsteps glide
 Seeking familiar lips or hearts to dream beside.
 Oh, voices, I would go with you, with you, away,
 Facing once more the radiant gateways of the day;
 With you, with you, what memories arise, and nigh
 Trampling the crowded figures of the dawn go by;
 Dread deities, the giant powers that warred on men
 Grow tender brothers and gay children once again;
 Fades every hate away before the Mother's breast
 Where all the exiles of the heart return to rest.

R.

A BASIS FOR BROTHERHOOD.

MANY have wondered how the study of ancient religions, philosophies and sciences, and the knowledge of the psychic powers latent in man, could in any way help forward that universal brotherhood, to work for which is the foremost aim of the Theosophical Society. In an ideal state, the love of a man for his comrade would be natural, and without motive; love would be part of life. But we have so far departed from the elemental attributes of being, that I do not slander men when I say that it is much easier to be indifferent than interested; our hates are more passionate than our loves. For one born into an age with universal coldness of heart as his heritage, but one thing remains, and that is to do his duty.

Now our conception of duty must depend upon our knowledge, and he to whom this last wish remains, must study the development of society, and the nature of the units of which it is composed. I do not think that there can be found any real basis for altruism in the speculations of modern science.

It coldly shows the necessity of coöperation in order that the Self may exist, but there is nothing in such a knowledge to give birth to that divine heroism which flings self-interest aside, when the interests of others are concerned. I do not mean to say that among materialists heroism does not exist; we all know it does, but it is in spite of their creed, and because man in his essence is good, not evil. One feels a strange reverence arise for that which has worked unceasingly for others, with no chilling of tenderness because no reward, or fruition of life, seemed possible in the hereafter. How many of those whose names are foremost now in philanthropic effort because their creed promises them much, would work as Charles Bradlaugh did, and as others have done, if they too had no belief in a future state? I had better not think it out. Returning to those whose opinions are founded upon the theories of modern science alone, I say, if love does not already exist, there is nothing in their creed which would make altruism a duty—that which ought from the nature of things to be done. We must look elsewhere for a conception of a nobler scheme of things. Having satisfied ourselves that little light can be thrown upon our spiritual life by a study of force and matter alone, we should make sure that we have reasons for our belief in spirit, and that it is not a mere will-o'-the-wisp we are following.

The examination of a few of the simpler experiments in hypnotism, if well considered will, I think, be sufficient for this purpose. They show clearly that within the mind there are agencies at work which the physicist cannot explain; factors in the evolution of man undreamt of by the Darwinian; for it is clear that in the scheme of development conceived of by Darwin, where the life evolved departs suddenly from the normal line, there is no provision made for intellectual sanity or clearness of vision. Hypnotic experiments show, on the contrary, that people who in the normal condition are ignorant or dull, show great powers of imagination; the faculty of vision becomes something almost miraculous in its acuteness, and there is a similar increase of intensity in the other faculties. This is beyond question, and is quite sufficient as evidence without investigating any of the rarer phenomena, such as clairvoyant vision, diagnosis of disease, or the appearance of the "double." The development of these powers not being due to conscious effort on the part of the individual who displays them, they must belong to a different stream of evolution. To put it shortly, while matter has been evolving upwards, ever tending towards rarer and finer forms and essences, capable of interpreting spirit; spirit has been involving itself into matter, following a line of development of its own, and it is from a knowledge of these forces, so potent for good or for evil, that our conceptions of duty must arise, and the brotherhood of humanity be built up in the ages to follow ours.

The methods of investigation employed in Europe, admirable for their accuracy in dealing with physical things, have been most barren of result touching the problems of life and mind. We meet everywhere confessions of inability to determine their character; they fall within the region of the "unknowable." Confessedly, then, as the bridge between mind and matter is impassible to the scientist, we must adopt other than material instruments and means in our search; and here the study of ancient literatures, sciences and religions helps us. The modern scientific investigator has, in his search, gone further and further away from the primeval fountain of life, and sits bewildered amid deserts of barren matter of his own creation, while those, to whom matter has been but a passing illusion, have laid hold of the eternal.

I do not propose to make any analysis of the different religious systems. In their essence they are identical, though they differ somewhat from each other in the application of their ideal to life and conduct. They all postulate one universal, eternal life, from which all things proceed. This life periodically manifests, and as it outbreathes

a great drama begins, in which Gods and men take part; worlds are generated, sphere within sphere,

And beauty, wisdom, love and youth,
By its enchantment gathered grow
In age-long wandering to the Truth,
Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

From this it would follow that all life in its essence is one, and we should therefore expect to find that, the more spiritual self-consciousness was aroused, the more this unity would be felt, and from a deeper life there would come a wider vision.

It would seem that there is a law in these things; that every man must *become* for himself that life before he *knows* its meaning. But this at least he can know: that the way is clear. With the multitude of things observed by men of science, there is not one fact which contradicts this unity of life, and the intimate connection between mind and mind. In the *Journal of the Psychical Research Society*, January, 1884, we find that Society claims "to have proved the reality of thought transference; of the transmission of thoughts, feelings, and images from one mind to another by no recognized channel of sense." It has been no hasty conclusion; hundreds of the most carefully conducted experiments have proved that this psychic connection between mind and mind is no mere theory, but a fact in nature. Thoughts, feelings and images are communicable, not alone by speech and gesture, but also by the inherent energy of silent will. These do not pass in a miraculous way without bridge or medium of communication. A substance which we may call ether is diffused through space; it receives and registers these images generated in the mind, and its currents are capable of being controlled and directed by the will. This is the memory of nature, the "book of life" of the Apocalypse. It is a vast storehouse in which are garnered up all the thoughts and feelings of men; not an action is unnoticed. All that is noble, all that is base; the god-like visions of the poet; love and consuming hatred; strange fantasies; the brooding of despair; all that men desire, are caught and pictured in this universal ether which surges around and breaks in upon the consciousness of men.

(To be continued.)

COUNTRESS WACHTMEISTER'S OPINION IN 1894.

[COPY.]

P. O. BOX 26, SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

June 2nd, 1895.

Dr. Buck.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I would like to say a preliminary to what follows, that personally I am very fond of Countess Wachtmeister, and only write the following because I consider it duty pure and simple. If at any time W. Q. J. or yourself should consider it testimony that should be made public, do so. It is at your disposal, make what use of it you choose.—Fraternally,

L. A. RUSSELL, *Sec. St. Cruz T. S.*

In May, 1894, during the lecture tour the Countess Wachtmeister made through California, I had the pleasure of accompanying her from Santa Cruz to Watsonville.

Knowing her to be an earnest student of Theosophy and a pupil of H. P. B., I naturally confided to her some personal experiences and asked her opinion. I told the Countess I had tried to tell the same experiences to Mrs. Besant but could gain nothing from her. Countess Wachtmeister, after listening to all the facts of the case, advised me to write just what I had related to her to W. Q. Judge, as he was a more experienced occultist than Mrs. Besant, cautioning me not to act in any way without consulting Mr. Judge, as he was the only person who could decide upon it.

The day before the Countess left Watsonville we were sitting together visiting. Looking up, she said to me: "I am writing to Judge concerning X. [a gentleman of our Branch who was gifted in oratory and had previously worked along humanitarian lines] asking Judge to take him under his especial charge"; as she thought if he could be brought under theosophical influences he would be of great use in the T. S., and through the T. S. his gifts would be of service to humanity.

I asked her why she did not correspond with him herself, as he had met her and seemed very much drawn toward her.

The Countess's answer was: "I do not feel myself competent to even assist such a turbulent nature as X. has." Then referring to what Claude F. Wright had accomplished under Mr. Judge's training, she

turned from her letter, faced me, saying in a most decided and earnest manner: "Do you not know that W. Q. Judge is the greatest living occultist known to the Western world since H. P. B.'s death?"

L. A. RUSSELL.

REVIEW.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA. Translated by Annie Besant. [Theosophical Publishing Society, London.]

THIS is another instance of the tireless energy with which Mrs. Besant pursues her ideals. To make familiar to English-speaking people the noblest of books in Indian sacred literature, this translation has been made. It is most convenient in size, and its price (in paper, 6d.) is unprecedented in works of this character. We could have wished, however, that for the purpose of popularizing the *Gita* some one of the many translations already existing could have been utilized. An accomplishment Mrs. Besant has not acquired is the writing of good English. Her sentences are often tortured and involved beyond reason or grammar, and sometimes are simply barbarous, an effect due to her habit of leaving Sanskrit words in a state of semi-translation, as here:

"Whence hath this dejection befallen thee in this perilous strait un-âryan, Svarga-closing, infamous, O Arjuna?"

There is a sentence for you! There are many like it. We fail to see what advantage is gained by the use of words such as "Manas," "Buddhi," asuric," "Svarga," which occur on every page and convey but a faint meaning or none at all to readers unversed in Sanskrit. If Mrs. Besant wished to convey the precise shade of meaning which ought to be attached to our words "mind," "understanding," "demoniac" and "heaven," she could have used footnotes to give the Sanskrit term and any further definition she thought necessary. We hope that in future editions the Sanskrit words will drop to the bottom of the page, and the despised English equivalents be promoted from the footnotes into the text.

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE EUROPEAN SECTION T. S.

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the European Section T. S. was called to order on Thursday morning, July 4th, at 10 o'clock, at Portman Rooms, Baker Street, London. The chair was taken by the President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott.

Mr. Jameson (Bow Lodge) pointed out that, according to the Rules of European Section it was necessary to elect a chairman from the

meeting, and at same time formally moved that Colonel Olcott take the chair. This was seconded by a delegate.

Mr. Mellis (Liverpool Lodge): "I protest against Colonel Olcott occupying the chair at this Convention until we have investigated the charges brought against him by Mrs. Besant, because while those charges rest on him he is not a fit and proper person to preside at this meeting."

Mrs. Besant: "I rise to say that I have brought no charges of any kind against Col. Olcott, and therefore the statement made is not the fact."

Election of Secretaries and roll-call of Branches was then proceeded with.

Mr. Bertram Keightley was received as delegate of the Indian Section, and Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett as a delegate from "the intended new Section in America." A telegram was also produced from the General Secretary, Australasian Section, sending greetings on behalf of Australian Branches.

Minutes of last Convention were taken as read.

Colonel Olcott then proceeded to read his address. He gave a rough sketch of the Society's history, and the powers conferred on him by the Council in America, ignoring the fact that such powers not having been given in accordance with the by-laws of the parent Society, were illegal. He referred to the "Judge case" and the "secession" of the American Section, and suggested that those who were dissatisfied with what he had said should appeal to the General Council. He also referred to the "dastardly and iniquitous action" of those who brought charges against the private character of an official, especially when the accused made "no pretence of superior sanctity" (loud and prolonged applause). Considering his attitude in the "Judge case," this could not be taken as referring to Mrs. Besant's action in bringing charges of a private character against Mr. Judge as an official. It was evidently a reference to the charges brought against himself by Mrs. Besant, his address having been prepared before Mrs. Besant's public denial in Convention. He concluded his address by making various suggestions to the "discontented minority" within the Section as to what steps they might take to obtain sectional autonomy, at the same time making it quite clear that they would not be permitted to have any connection with the new Society in America.

The next business was the arrangement of programme and under this head Dr. Keightley moved and Mr. Dick seconded that the resolution standing in Dr. Coryn's name on the agenda, to consider the legal status of the Section as related to "Parent Body" should be taken immediately following "Reports of other Departments of Theosophical Work."

Colonel Olcott proceeded to argue against the resolution, at same time ruling Dr. Keightley's motion for precedence out of order.

After some discussion, it was moved by Mr. Hargrove and seconded by Mr. J. T. Campbell, "That this meeting begs to dissent from the ruling of the Chairman, who has ordered that Dr. Coryn's resolution be not taken." This was put to the vote and lost by thirty-nine to fourteen.

The next business was reading of "Letters of Greeting." Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett read a letter of greeting from some American Branches.

Mr. Dick (Dublin) then moved and Mr. Jameson seconded that the letter of greeting from the T. S. in America be read.

Colonel Olcott ruled this out of order, owing to a technical inaccuracy in the way it was addressed.

The matter was discussed for some time, and on a vote being taken it was decided that the letter should be read. Colonel Olcott then read the letter.

Mr. Dick then moved that a reply be drafted to the letter that had been read, as it was asked, and expected from the Convention. This was seconded by Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Hargrove and Mr. Jameson then spoke at some length in support of the motion.

Mrs. Besant then moved as an amendment: "That the letter do lie on the table," and supported the motion by a long speech. Mr. Firth (Bradford) seconded.

Colonel Olcott ruled all reply out of order, and on the amendment being put it was carried by thirty-nine to thirteen, as reported from the chair.

Colonel Olcott proposed that business be proceeded with.

Mr. Hargrove (H. P. B. Lodge) then rose on a question of privilege and asked to make a statement, which was as follows:

"I have to protest on behalf of some others, who perhaps will speak with me by rising from their seats [a large number of members here rose], against the action taken by this Convention in rejecting the address presented to us by the Theosophical Society in America [shame]. The address has been laid on the table, which really means a rejection of their brotherly overtures, because they ask us to answer it and the majority here present have declined. They hold out to us the hand of brotherhood. You have laid that hand down. As a Convention we have refused to accept it. And now we beg to say that, in our opinion, this action has been the final abandonment by the majority of this Section, of the fundamental basis upon which we are working [hear, hear]. I said 'the final'—I am corrected, and it is a good correction—not final, but temporary, we will hope.

"But so long as these views are held by any majority, it is a mere farce for us to continue together, since we are not working for the same object.

"We protest, then, on this point of brotherhood. The majority have continually rejected each friendly overture and suggestion: first by refusing to even consider Dr. Coryn's resolution; now by refusing to reply to the overtures made by the Theosophical Society in America. We protest, and I believe for the last time [hear, hear]. We will now leave the meeting." [A large number of delegates and members then left the room.]

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE.

(ORGANIZED AUTONOMOUSLY AS SUCH.)

FOLLOWING the proceedings above reported, the delegates, members of Branches and unattached members who had found it necessary to protest against the action of the "European Section T. S.," first, in rejecting the resolution of Dr. Coryn to consider the legal relation of the so-called "European Section T. S." to the Parent Society established at New York in 1875, and second, the refusal to send a fraternal

reply to the letter of greeting sent by the T. S. in America, assembled at the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm, 23, Great Cumberland Place, W., who had, with her usual kindness and courtesy, set apart the necessary accommodation for their use. On the meeting being called to order Dr. Coryn was elected chairman, and D. N. Dunlop was elected secretary to the meeting.

Dr. Coryn called upon the Secretary to read Preamble and Resolutions, which were moved and seconded.

After some discussion a Committee was appointed to draft a new Preamble, to be submitted to the meeting.

The first resolution was then considered separately:

"That the members of the 'European Section T. S.' here assembled hereby declare their complete autonomy, and that from and after this date this new organization shall be called 'the Theosophical Society in Europe.'"

Various suggestions and proposals were made regarding the name, and after a lengthened discussion the following Committee of delegates and representatives were selected to consider the question of legal status and name: Dr. Keightley (H. P. B. Lodge), E. T. Hargrove (H. P. B. Lodge), Dr. Coryn (Brixton Lodge), C. H. Collings (Bow Lodge), F. J. Dick (Dublin Lodge), W. Jameson (Bow Lodge), Miss Morant (Blavatsky Lodge), H. Crooke (Southport), J. Hill (Liverpool), Dr. Packer (York), C. H. Rosher (Croydon Lodge), M. A. Opperman (Charleroi), R. Machell (Earl's Court), D. N. Dunlop (Dublin).

The Committee retired, and after about an hour's deliberation returned to make their report to the meeting.

Dr. Keightley as Chairman of Committee reported that they had considered the facts submitted in the Historical Sketch and decided unanimously that their connection with the Parent Society was *de facto* only and not *de jure*. They had then proceeded to consider the name and decided (Miss Morant dissenting) that the most suitable one was "The T. S. in Europe," the name of each country to follow in brackets. This report was put to the meeting and unanimously adopted.

Dr. Keightley, Dr. Coryn and D. N. Dunlop were then appointed a Committee to draft a Constitution. Miss Morant proposed that the same Committee should draft the preamble, in place of the one chosen earlier. This was agreed to and so ordered. The meeting then adjourned till Friday, July 5th, at 2 p.m.

The meeting reassembled on Friday at the hour appointed.

Dr. Coryn was elected chairman *pro tem.*, in the absence of Dr. Keightley.

D. N. Dunlop then read the following report on behalf of Committee on Preamble and Resolutions:

"WHEREAS, conditions have arisen within the body hitherto known as the 'European Section of the T. S.,' contrary to the principles of Universal Brotherhood, evidenced by its formal refusal, in Convention assembled, to reply to the fraternal letter of greeting sent by the T. S. in America, and

"WHEREAS, the 'European Section of the T. S.' in Convention assembled further formally refused to consider its legal status and connection with the Parent Society established in New York in 1875, notwithstanding the fact that a carefully prepared statement of the historical facts had been brought under the notice of its officials and members, and

"WHEREAS, the said historical statement clearly shows that 'The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,' with headquarters at Adyar, had none other than a *de facto* existence as related to the Parent Society founded in New York in 1875, and that the powers conferred on the President-Founder were not given in conformity with the Rules and By-Laws of said Parent Body, and

"WHEREAS, it is clear that there is nothing final or sacred in the external form of the T. S., and that new forms must be adopted to meet the requirements of the world-wide theosophical movement whenever and wherever required, and

"WHEREAS, the control of a central authority, as regards the movement as a whole, is no longer necessary, and

"WHEREAS, it is desirable that each national part of the movement shall be completely autonomous;

"Resolved, that the representatives of Branches of the so-called 'European Section T. S.' here assembled do hereby declare their complete autonomy, and that from and after this date the new organization shall be called 'The T. S. in Europe.'

"Resolved, that this meeting is the first Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe organized autonomously as such,

"Resolved, that the T. S. in Europe hereby places on record its appreciation of the long-continued services to the theosophical movement of Col. H. S. Olcott, and affirms his right to the honorary title of President-Founder of the Theosophical Society."

The Preambles and Resolutions were considered point by point, and on being moved and seconded and put to the Convention were carried unanimously.

Dr. Keightley, having arrived, then took the chair, and explained the difficulties experienced by the Committee on Constitution and how they had, after long deliberation, been overcome.

Secretary Dunlop was then called upon to read the new Constitution, the chief features of which are as follows:

(a) Objects:

1. To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, caste, sex or color.
2. To encourage the study of Eastern and other literatures, philosophies, sciences and religions, and to vindicate the importance of that study.
3. To investigate the psychic powers latent in man, and unexplained laws of nature.

(b) Complete autonomy for each national Branch or group of Branches.

(c) A President of the whole Society, elected annually.

(d) President's duties to be confined to ratifying existing charters and diplomas on application, and the issuing of new ones in countries where no Branch or group of Branches already exists.

(e) An Executive Council composed of members elected annually by each National Branch or group of Branches, one only for each country.

(f) Each Executive Councillor to perform the duty of the President, as regards issuing charters and diplomas for his own country.

(g) Annual Conventions.

(h) Perfect neutrality as regards beliefs or disbeliefs of members.

(i) Affiliation with other autonomous organizations of the T. S. not in Europe.

The following Resolution, having been moved and seconded, was

put to the Convention: "*Resolved*, that the Constitution hereby submitted be adopted, subject to further consideration at next Convention." This Resolution was carried unanimously.

The Chairman announced that the next business before the Convention was the election of President of the "T. S. in Europe."

Dr. Coryn moved and G. Mellis seconded "that William Q. Judge be President of the T. S. in Europe."

Dr. Keightley and other speakers supported the Resolution, and on being put to the meeting the whole assembly rose to their feet and carried it by acclamation and with great enthusiasm. The motion was quite unexpected, and some difficulties appeared at first; but on looking more closely into the provisions of the Constitution it seemed as if it had been specially drafted to suit such an arrangement. It was also felt by all present that, in view of the recent charges, it was a duty to the one who had "suffered most" and "expected least," and that the connection with the original body through one of its Co-Founders was thus ratified and established.

The Letter of Greeting from the "T. S. in America" to the "European Section T. S." was then considered, and E. T. Hargrove read a draft reply thereto. This was agreed to and accepted, subject to the altered conditions, and was ordered to be sent. On the question of our attitude towards other Societies pursuing the same or similar objects, it was moved by D. N. Dunlop and seconded by James M. Pryse that the following Proclamation be adopted and issued widely.

PROCLAMATION.

The Theosophical Society in Europe by its delegates and members in first Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of theosophical societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and coöperation.

To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race or religious belief, whose intentions aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of man and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose effort is directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

And lastly, it invites to its membership all those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *Path* to tread in this.

This was agreed to unanimously.

The first Annual Convention of the T. S. in Europe was then adjourned *sine die*.

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The representatives of the English group of Branches then proceeded to elect officers for current year as follows: Dr. Keightley, President; W. A. Bulmer, Vice-President, and H. T. Edge, Treasurer; the

President having power to appoint such other assistants as the duties of his office required. President, Vice-President and Treasurer were then appointed to draft by-laws for the English group of Branches for use during current year.

The Irish delegates also met and proceeded to elect officers for their national division as follows: D. N. Dunlop, President; Geo. W. Russell, Vice-President; F. J. Dick, Treasurer.

After all the business of Convention was over Dr. and Mrs. Keightley submitted to those present evidence of an important character, which they had received since Mr. Judge's reply to the charges made against him was issued.

After the inspiring events of the day, the members met in the evening to talk over what was in their hearts. The storm had passed and there was a great calm. Want of space prevents a full report. Mrs. Keightley said there was no longer any doubt that the "living wedge" would cleave the darkness of the next century. Brothers Croke, Mellis, Pryse, Oppermann, Russell, Coryn, Machell, Dunlop, Hargrove, Keightley and others also spoke.

NOTICES.

A VERBATIM report of the proceedings at Portman Rooms, up to the time that Brother Hargrove protested against the action of the Convention in refusing to reply to the letter of the T. S. in America, together with a report of the proceedings at the Convention of the T. S. in Europe, held at 23, Great Cumberland Place, including Resolutions, Constitution, etc., will be published as soon as possible.

Members on the roll of the "European Section T. S." on July 4th, 1895, desirous of coming under the Constitution of the T. S. in Europe should send their diplomas for endorsement by the President. Where Lodges are not unanimous, a new Lodge should be formed (five members are necessary for this), and application made for a charter under the Constitution of the T. S. in Europe.

Mr. Judge being President of the T. S. in Europe, all existing charters and diplomas of those accepting its Constitution, require endorsement by him. To facilitate the work they should all be sent, in the first place, to Dr. Keightley at 62, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Information regarding the new organization can be had from Dr. Keightley or H. T. Edge at above address; W. A. Bulmer, Eaglescliffe, Yarm-on-Tees, and from the office of this paper.

IMPORTANT.—Mr. Judge wrote to THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST in November last that, when the proper time arrived, events and circumstances would combine to speak for him. This is now being fulfilled. From many sources evidence is being sent in spontaneously. Those who have seen some of it declare that it entirely disposes of "the case against W. Q. Judge." It will, no doubt, all be published as soon as possible.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE [IRELAND].

3, Upper Ely Place.

THERE will be a special meeting at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, 17th inst.

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The Irish Theosophist.

—“YES, AND HOPE.”

They bring none to his or to her terminus or to be content and full,
Whom they take they take into space to behold the birth of stars, to learn one
of the meanings,
To launch off with absolute faith, to sweep through the ceaseless rings and
never be quiet again.—WHITMAN.

HERE is inspiration—the voice of the soul. And we, who professed to bring such wisdom, what have we to say? Have we uttered with equal confidence such hopes, or with such daring and amplitude of illustration? Let us confess we have not. There are one or two exceptions which will occur to everyone. Now, as we adventure afresh, let us see what it is has brought despondency and failure in our work upon us in the past. I think it is because we have been saying things we have never realized; we have been repeating without imagination the words of those few leaders. We have lowered their heroic tone because we thought we were speaking to a fallen people who could not respond to our highest. But it was not the way, it was not the way. It is not with the dust we have brotherhood, but with the ancient spirit it clouds over. To this spirit we must speak heart to heart as we know how. I would not willingly recognize aught in anyone but the divine. Often indeed the form or surface far removed from beauty makes us falter, and we speak to that form and so the soul is not stirred; it will not respond. But an equal temper arouses it. To whoever hails in it the lover, the hero, the magician, it will answer, but not to him who accosts it as *Mr. So-and-So*. Every word which really inspires is spoken as if the Golden Age had never passed. The great teachers ignore the personal identity and speak to the eternal pilgrim. Do we not treasure most their words which remind us of our divine origin? So we must in our turn speak. How often do we not long to break through the veils which divide us from some one, but custom, convention, or a fear of being misunderstood prevent us, and so the moment

departs whose heat might have burned through every barrier. Out with it—out with it, the hidden heart, the love that is voiceless, the secret tender germ of an infinite forgiveness. That speaks to the heart. That pierces through many a vesture of the Soul. Our companion struggles in some labyrinth of passion. We help him, we think, with ethics, with the moralities. Ah, very well they are; well to know and to keep, but wherefore? For their own sake? No, but that the King may arise in his beauty. We write that in letters, in books, but to the face of the fallen who brings back remembrance? Who calls him by his secret name? Let a man but feel for that is his battle, for that his cyclic labor, and a warrior who is invincible fights for him and he draws upon divine powers. Let us but get that way of looking at things which we call imaginative, and how everything alters. For our attitude to man and to nature, expressed or not, has something of the effect of ritual, of evocation. As our aspiration so is our inspiration. We believe in life universal, in a brotherhood which links the elements to man, and makes the glow-worm feel far off something of the rapture of the seraph hosts. Then we go out into the living world, and what influences pour through us! We are “at league with the stones of the field.” The winds of the world blow radiantly upon us as in the early time. We feel wrapt about with love, with an infinite tenderness that caresses us. Alone in our rooms as we ponder, what sudden abysses of light open within us! The Gods are so much nearer than we dreamed. We rise up intoxicated with the thought, and reel out seeking an equal companionship under the great night and the stars.

Let us get near to realities. We read too much. We think of that which is “the goal, the Comforter, the Lord, the Witness, the resting-place, the asylum and the Friend.” Is it by any of these dear and familiar names? Alas, our souls are becoming mere bundles of theories. We follow the trail of the *Monad*, but often it is only in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. And we talk much of *Atma*, *Buddhi* and *Manas*. Could we not speak of them in our own tongue and the language of to-day will be as sacred as any of the past. No wonder that the Manasa do not incarnate. We cannot say we do pay reverence to these awful powers. We repulse the living truth by our doubts and reasonings. We would compel the Gods to fall in with our philosophy rather than trust in the heavenly guidance. We make diagrams of them. Ah, to think of it, those dread deities, the divine Fires, to be so enslaved! We have not comprehended the meaning of the voice which cried, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord,” or this, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates. Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of

Glory shall come in.” Nothing that we read is useful unless it calls up living things in the soul. To read a mystic book truly is to invoke the powers. If they do not rise up plumed and radiant, the apparitions of spiritual things, then is our labor barren. We only encumber the mind with useless symbols. They knew better ways long ago. “Master of the Green-waving Planisphere, . . . Lord of the Azure Expanse, . . . it is thus we invoke,” cried the magicians of old.

And us, let us invoke them with joy, let us call upon them with love, the Light we hail, or the Divine Darkness we worship with silent breath, hymning it in our hearts with quietude and more enraptured awe. That silence cries aloud to the Gods. Then they will approach us. Then we may learn that speech of many colors, for they will not speak in our mortal tongue; they will not answer to the names of men. Their names are rainbow glories. Yet these are mysteries and they cannot be reasoned out or argued over. We cannot speak truly of them from report, or description, or from what another has written. A relation to the thing in itself alone is our warrant, and this means we must set aside our intellectual self-sufficiency and await guidance. It will surely come to those who wait in trust, a glow, a heat in the heart announcing the awakening of the Fire. And, as it blows with its mystic breath into the brain, there is a hurtling of visions, a brilliance of lights, a sound as of great waters vibrant and musical in their flowing, and murmurs from a single yet multitudinous being. In such a mood, when the far becomes near, the strange familiar, and the infinite possible, he wrote from whose words we get the inspiration:

“To launch off with absolute faith, to sweep through the ceaseless rings and never be quiet again.”

Such a faith and such an unrest be ours: faith which is mistrust of the visible; unrest which is full of a hidden surety and reliance. We, when we fall into pleasant places, rest and dream our strength away. Before every enterprise and adventure of the soul we calculate in fear our power to do. But remember, “Oh, disciple, in thy work for thy brother thou hast many allies; in the winds, in the air, in all the voices of the silent shore.” These are the far-wandered powers of our own nature and they turn again home at our need. We came out of the Great Mother-Life for the purposes of soul. Are her darlings forgotten where they darkly wander and strive? Never. Are not the lives of all her heroes proof? Though they seem to stand alone the eternal Mother keeps watch on them, and voices far away and unknown to them before arise in passionate defence, and hearts beat warm to help them. Aye, if we could look within we would see vast nature

stirred on their behalf, and institutions shaken, until the truth they fight for triumphs, and they pass, and a wake of glory ever widening behind them trails down the ocean of the years.

Thus the warrior within us works, or, if we choose to phrase it so, it is the action of the spiritual will. Shall we not, then, trust in it and face the unknown defiant and fearless of its dangers. Though we seem to go alone to the high, the lonely, the pure, we need not despair. Let no one bring to this task the mood of the martyr or of one who thinks he sacrifices something. Yet let all who will come. Let them enter the path, "Yes, and hope," facing all things in life and death with a mood at once gay and reverent, as beseems those who are immortal—who are children to-day, but whose hands to-morrow may grasp the sceptre, sitting down with the Gods as equal and companions.

Æ.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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VIII.

COMRADES,—What you ask me of pertains to the mysteries. Therefore I must make answer in parable.

You say: "Who are the companions?"

It is said:

Before the aspirant can become one of the Companions, he shall have taken the vow of Poverty. Now this Poverty shall be intimate and interior.

And when one of them is attacked the Companions shall defend him, because he is their Brother. But they shall defend him without malice and without aggression, because he is their very Self.

In that Self are the aggrieved and the aggressor; the minute and the inexhaustible; the good, the evil and that which is the Cause of both.

Therefore the poverty of the Companions is that great humility of soul which manifests itself by the abandonment of results. It is not what the world calls humility, which is but another form of vanity arising from intense self-consciousness. By this is meant consciousness of the false self as "I," or perception confined to a reflected and distorted light. Study the laws of light on this plane and a clue will be manifest.

When the Companion turns his face to the world, he will not be seen to be in a state of great sweetness and light. What the world sees as such qualities are but rays proceeding from the false and refracted lights. THE PEACE is not objective; it is not a state of *human* serenity; it is a Consciousness of the Universal. A Western mystic,

Thomas à Kempis, has bidden men beware of this mental state of sweetness and false satisfaction, which is one of the more subtle snares of Mâyâ. Those *who know*, in facing the world, wear the gathered brows of self-restraint and have a power of silence. When the light of the Master Presence is upon them they are only seen by one another. Yet there are many who are of this company and know it not; they will know when their lowliness of mind has dispelled those mists which throw up the mirage of the false self.

A Companion passed through the Hall of Learning, the rock corridor leading to THE LODGE. All must pass through its various stages, but none should linger.

Where the spiritual consciousness is fully developed, the psychic consciousness exists also, for it is the vehicle of the higher consciousness, for use, *when trained*, upon lower planes of Being. He who has the whole, has the parts.

There are sentences written in light upon the walls of the Hall of Learning. They sparkle out as the neophyte advances. Some fade; they are not for him as yet. Others sparkle out and engage his attention. These are the clues by means of which he may pass safely through the labyrinthine Hall. They are in cipher, but this cipher makes their meaning known at once to the brain in any language. A first difficulty is that the neophyte is prone to strive after those sentences which fade as he approaches and to neglect those which are obvious and easy to be had. The evanescent lures and bewitches him, while any time will do for the sentence so deeply graven there, as he thinks. This is a false concept, for all things have their karmic hour. Let him take only that which is his own.

A Companion saw this:

THE TRUE MASTER.

The true Master is felt; He is not seen.

When He who was unseen is seen, He disappears.

Then the spiritual Presences are gathered into the Unity; they know not one another, but they are the One Self.

In that Darkness there is but One.

In that Silence there is no knowledge, but Being—which is all—is fulfilled.

This is the path of the true disciple.

Before man, the lowest immortal, can find the true Master, he must lose Him; that loss is pure gain. To lose Him thus, is to find Him indeed.

This should be known: the disciple who finds Him on the plane of

the senses has objectivized his Karma; he loses the Master after a higher fashion.

When He speaks through the soul, the ignorant disciple says, 'it is I myself;' he rejoices to be so wise.

Know that there is only the ONE SELF, THE MASTER, and lose thyself also to find Him who is never found until He has been lost.

When He is lost to every sense then the One Flame arises, pure as before the beginnings of worlds.

This thou shalt never know: thou art It.

1. There are many and serious mistakes made on the subject of so-called appearances of Masters. The voice, the form, the "Lodge perfume" of the Masters, all can be parodied or simulated. All exist as pictures in the nerve-aurea of individuals, for the brain, the wonder-worker, has fashioned them out of nervous matter only one degree less gross than the matter of the physical brain, but many degrees more subtle and dynamic. The play of energy, liberated by Thought, upon these pictures, sets them in motion, and their vibrations, communicated along the lines (or media) of nervous ether, causes the brain to receive their reflection. Anything which (a) inhibits physiological action; or (b) which heightens nervous action; or (c) which causes increased tension in the etheric field (such as, for example, (1) the creation of vortices or currents therein, whether by magnetic passes, music, sound or concentrated thought, and also (2) the control, by a magnetizer, of the mere physiological senses of any person or persons), would cause such voices, sounds, odors, forms or what not else, to be visible or to be made visible in the place where they exist, to wit, the aura or magnetic sphere of man, or in the nervous ether of the earth. The more evolved elementals—as well as consciously dark powers among men—and intelligences could also clothe these pictures, so existing, with grosser matter, thus causing these to become visible and for their own purposes. There is thus both (a) evocation and (b) automatic action tending to objectivization of these pictures.

Consider these lines of *The Voice of the Silence*.

"Allow no image of the senses to get between its light and thine. . . ."

"Silence thy thoughts, and fix thy whole attention on thy Master, whom yet thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest."

"Merge into one sense thy senses, if thou wouldst be secure against the foe."

The one sense is the sense of *feeling*. With eyes closed, ears

stopped, we know the presence of one friend from another, all untouched by them. We have sensed the aura. The true Master may be truly known by the aura, read esoterically. The Companions know Him "*by His lights.*"

There is but one safe mode by which the disciple of at least seven years training (and it is usually far more) may know the Master. This means is by the seventh (esoteric) principle; it is the highest âkâshic differentiation. To sense it, or rather to have the apperception of it, you must have developed to some extent, at least, a rudiment of the same thing in yourself. The path leading to the Master is "that sense alone which lies concealed within the hollow of thy brain" (*Voice of the Silence*); to put it differently, the Master's aura can only be "felt" in that *hollow spot* which is the "home of Mother Isis." This purely spiritual quality must be, to some extent, developed in the seer before he can "feel" its like. There must be, in his own sphere, a conscious centre of similar âkâshic substance to receive and register (*i.e.*, feel, or get the impression stamped upon it) this highest âkâshic vibration. This hidden centre, the Isis home, is made "white" by will; to this refer all the sentences in the *Voice* about cleansing the "mind body" and also paralyzing the lunar body; the lower vibrations of the nervous ether are checked and the âkâsha in the hidden spot of the skull held "white" or negative, plastic, by will-power. It is a matter involving a distinct knowledge of noëtic action in a high grade of substance, and how to prevent the atoms, or monads, from throwing up those pictures which they hold, as already impressed upon them by the action of energy. This is the difference between the medium and the disciple. The one makes his nervous ether and brain stuff passive. The disciple rolls back all currents from the secret hollow and "whitens" (*i.e.*, intensifies its tension) by a supreme effort of will-power. But this will-power must be intelligently directed *and it must be fire-born.*

Most of the forms of Masters seen are these mind forms made temporarily visible by increased vibration, as that caused by a train, or by the etheric tension in an audience, or in many other ways. The Master might use these pictures as a vehicle to impress an idea to those seeing them; so, also, may the dark powers in Nature or among men. By "dark powers among men" I mean and include those persons who merely work for some end to which they are partial. Hence Masters by preference, in cases where there is no Adept-guru helping on the physical plane, prefer to speak "through the inner planes of being," which are the soul and mind. But mere sentiment and religious gush are not within the Master Mind.

As I understand the matter, the thought-body (Mâyâvî-Rûpa) of a Master (which is himself) does not visit any but a highly trained disciple, unless an Adept be at hand to modify the great vibrations coming from this energetic "body" for the unprepared (by long training) disciple. As in the case of H. P. B. when Colonel Olcott first saw the Master. Otherwise the energetic volume and force would injure the physical and nervous body of the perceiver. The training extends over many years and even many lives. It differs in different races. Embryo students of less than seven years' training in any one or several lives, and without the aforesaid "spiritual quality," are unable to tell whether an appearance of a Master, or any of His manifestations, down to letters written by His order, are genuine or not genuine. Seven years are required for each new body, even by an Adept. Those who have evolved certain centres, and can cause them to "breathe" (*i.e.*, intensify and vibrate) at will, at a spiritual rate far beyond any known to ordinary men—only such persons can "feel" the Master. And these persons will never be found to use terms of the senses to describe "The Presence," even "feel" being a blind or substitute for "tremble" or "vibrate." Nor will they endeavor to prove the spiritual Presence by terms of sense to the material mind. The Companions say fearlessly:

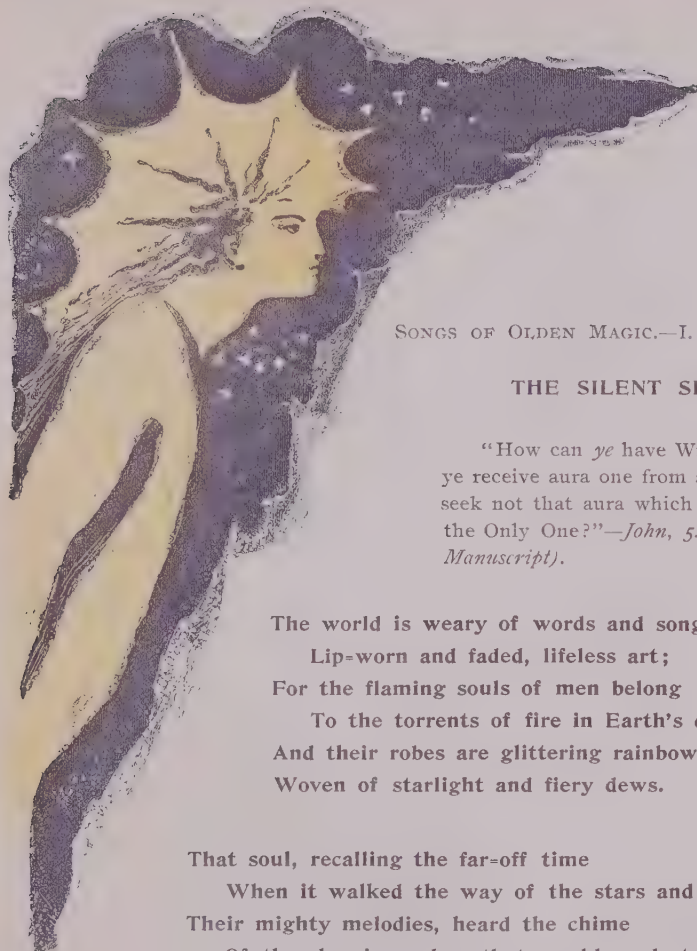
The spiritual is its own proof. Only to Consciousness can Consciousness be known.

A large proportion of men and woman know what absolute, interior conviction is. To such, the first rudiment of the real Consciousness is known. It would be wise to trace it *to its source* in ourselves; a clue lies there.

Consider also that paragraph in *The Secret Doctrine*, where the seer is depicted as watching the first differentiation of a milky "spiritual substance." The human process is an image or model of the world process.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)



SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—I.

THE SILENT SEER.

"How can ye have Wisdom, when ye receive aura one from another, and seek not that aura which comes from the Only One?"—*John, 5. 44 (Vatican Manuscript).*

The world is weary of words and song,
Lip-worn and faded, lifeless art;
For the flaming souls of men belong
To the torrents of fire in Earth's deep heart,
And their robes are glittering rainbow hues
Woven of starlight and fiery dews.

That soul, recalling the far-off time
When it walked the way of the stars and knew
Their mighty melodies, heard the chime
Of the clanging colors that sparkle and strew
Space with worlds and the life they hold,
Has hearing for naught but the magic of old.

And he who has come to his own again
Though he speak no word, and sing no song,
Himself is a Voice to the hearts of men:
For the silent Seer, the swift, the strong,
Has touched the radiant vesture spun
By the starry Gods for the Only One.

ARETAS.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.]

V.

"Now as to *The Voice of the Silence* and the cycles of woe (undergone by the Arhan who remains to help mankind) it is easy to understand. You must always remember, when reading such things, that terms must be used that the reader will understand. Hence, speaking thus, it must be said that there are such cycles of woe—from our standpoint—just as the fact that I have no amusements and nothing but work in the T. S. seems a great penance to those who like their pleasures. I, on the contrary, take pleasure and peace in the 'self-denial,' as they call it. Therefore it must follow that he who enters the secret Path finds his peace and pleasure in endless work for ages for Humanity. But, of course, with his added sight and knowledge, he must always be seeing the miseries of men self-inflicted. The mistake you make is to give the person thus 'sacrificed' the same small qualities and longings as we now have, whereas the wider sweep and power of soul make what we call sacrifice and woe seem something different. Is not this clear, then? If it were stated otherwise than as the *Voice* has it, you would find many making the vow and then breaking it; but he who makes the vow with the full idea of its misery will keep it."

"Be true lovers, but of God and not of each other. Love each the other in that to one another ye mirror God, or that God is in you each."

"There are valleys in which the greatest shadows are due to old lives in other bodies, and yet intensity of universal love and of aspiration will dissipate those in an instant of time."

"The question of sex is not the most difficult. The personal one is still harder. I mean the purely personal, that relating to 'me.' The sexual relates really only to a low plane gratification. If Nature can beat you there, then she need not try the other, and *vice versa*; if she fails on the personal she may attempt the other, but with then small chance of success."

"We all err; I too. We never *were* anything but only continually are. What we are now determines what we will be."

"This is the right conclusion, to let all talk and other people's concerns slip by and not to meddle. No one should be taking information to another, for it fans a flame, and now we have to ignore every-

thing and just work on, be good and kind and, like St. Paul's charity, overlook all things. Retire into your own silence and let all others be in the hands of Karma, as we all are. 'Karma takes care of its own.' It is better to have no side, for it is all for the Master and He will look out for all if each does just right, even if, to their view, another one seems not to do so. By our not looking at their errors too closely the Master will be able to clear it all off and make it work well. The plan of quiet passive resistance, or rather, laying under the wind, is good and ought to work in all attacks. Retreat within your own heart and there keep firmly still. Resist without resisting. It is possible and should be attained. Once more, *au revoir* only, no matter what may happen, even irresistible Death itself. Earthquakes here yesterday; they signify some souls of use have come into the world somewhere; but where?"

"Woe is set apart—not by Masters but by Nature's laws—for those who, having started in the path with the aid of H. P. B., shall in any way try to belittle her and her work, still as yet not understood and by many misunderstood. This does not mean that a mere person is to be slavishly followed. But to explain her away, to belittle her, to imagine vain explanations with which to do away with what is not liked in that which she said, is to violate the ideal, to spit back in the face of the teacher through whom the knowledge and the opportunity came, to befoul the river which brought you sweet waters. She was and is one of those brave servants of the universal Lodge sent to the West to take up the work, well knowing of the pain and obloquy and the insult to the very soul—worst of all insults—which were certain from the first to be hers. 'Those who cannot understand her had best not try to explain her; those who do not find themselves strong enough for the task she plainly outlined from the beginning had best not attempt it.' She knew, and you have been told before, that high and wise servants of the Lodge have remained with the West since many centuries for the purpose of helping it on to its mission and destiny. That work it would be well for the members of the Theosophical movement to continue without deviating, without excitement, without running to extremes, without imagining that Truth is a matter of either longitude or latitude; the truth of the soul's life is in no special quarter of the compass, it is everywhere round the whole circle; and those who look in one quarter will not find it. . . . Push forward and raise high on the circular path of evolution, now rolling West, the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world—the light of the true Self who is the true Master for every human being; all other Masters are but

servants of that true ONE; in it all real Lodges have their union. . . . Organizations, like men, may fall into ruts or grooves of mental and psychic action which, once established, are difficult to obliterate. To prevent those ruts or grooves in the Theosophical movement its guardians provided that necessary shocks should now and then interpose, so as to conduce to solidarity, to give strength such as the oak obtains from buffeting the storm, and in order that all grooves of mind, act or thought might be filled up."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE SWEET-TONGUED VOICES OF ILLUSION."

DURING the past three months there have been appearing in *Lucifer* a series of "extracts of letters received from Indian friends" of Mrs. Besant's, and which are put forward by her under the high-sounding title of "The Doctrine of the Heart." That Mrs. Besant can seriously, and in all sober earnest, present these extracts as appropriate subject-matter to be placed under the almost sacred title of "The Doctrine of the Heart," only proves to what extraordinary lengths she has gone in the acceptance and promulgation of what is certainly a more dangerous form of religious teaching than the gush and emotionalism which is usually associated with certain forms of orthodox Christianity.

It would seem scarcely necessary, or indeed worth while, to take much notice of these "extracts of letters"—for one would imagine that to most sensible and unprejudiced men and women they would carry on their very face their own condemnation—were it not that Mrs. Besant now figures as a prominent teacher of Theosophy; and when this sort of thing is given out to the world seriously, and under such an utterly misleading title, it is time that some protest should be raised, some word of warning uttered, in the interests of what many of us conceive to be the true theosophical teaching. For the pen of the writer of these letters exudes a honied and cloying sweetness; and the mâjavic regions to which he beckons have allured and detained even the highly cultivated and otherwise sane and keen intellect of so gifted a woman as Mrs. Besant.

Let us examine a little closer this pabulum for the soul which Mrs. Besant has found so "helpful" that she wishes, and very rightly and naturally, to share it with others.

We find, in the first extracts given, that much stress is laid upon "devotion." So far so good. But devotion to what? To the Lord within? Man's seventh principle, the Self? Not so, but to something

altogether outside; something, or someone, that the devotee "feels nearer to . . . when he lands in India"; the "Lords of Love and Light" (picture, *en passant*, the disgust of our old Lion of the Punjab over these lusciously-sweet "letters that have helped" Mrs. Besant), the mention of whose "Lotus Feet" occurs with constant and painful iteration throughout these extracts.

What is all this but a return to the worship of the personal? A return—subtle and insidious, it is true—to the cultivation of priestcraft and its attendant abominations. Is there not here creeping in, and that apparently quite unobserved by Mrs. Besant, for she appends no warning or explanatory footnotes, a return to the old domination of the PERSONAL GOD? With that obsessing and monstrous idea H. P. B. waged an almost life-long war. Yet it is one of her own pupils (her "successor," according to the pupil) who is now doing her unconscious best to help lay this burden once more upon the shoulders of those who had succeeded in freeing themselves from it, under the influence of H. P. B.'s saner, wholesomer, and more virile teachings.

Again, I note in these extracts a peculiar glorification of the virtue of self-sacrifice, that virtue which so dangerously soon becomes a vice, and a praise of suffering which seems to be exaggerated out of all just proportion. Take a few sentences at random:

"It seems to me that there is a peculiar sweetness in being resignedly patient, in gladly sacrificing one's own will to the will of Those Who know better and always guide aright."

"Try to realize the beauty of suffering. . . ."

"How sweet it is to suffer when one knows and has faith; . . ."

"Let us rejoice that we have opportunities of serving the great Cause by personal sacrifices, . . . a disciple . . . should, therefore, suffer ungrudgingly and gladly. . . ."

Comments on the above are surely not needed, nor do the omitted portions materially alter the sense, indeed they do but serve to emphasize the truth of what I have already put forward.

The writer further assures Mrs. Besant that the idea—the *feeling*—of *isolation* is a mere product of *Mâyâ*, that from it flow ignorance and all personal desires, and that it is at the root of all our misery. I had understood that it was the "sense of *separateness*," rather than the "*feeling of isolation*," which is the fertile cause of all these above enumerated woes. That I am not in error in making this distinction is proved by the constant mention of "the blessed Feet of the Lords" ("under" which the disappointed disciple is driven "to seek shelter"), the "Holy Ones"; in fact, something outside ourselves to which we

should fly for refuge, much as the devout Christian is bidden to seek shelter under the cross of Jesus. "Life," for instance, is said to be "only worth having as it is sacrificed at Their Feet."

All this is bad enough; but there is more, and worse, to follow. Take the extract given on p. 301 of the June number, where the writer says that "self-reliance is quite unavailing and even deceptive" under trials which are stated to proceed from "the Dark Powers." That as "these troubles and illusions come not from the self, the self is powerless against them," and that, therefore, "the only way to escape from these illusions is to devote oneself completely to Them." Now note the corollary. "The reason of this, too, is plain enough. *The force, in order to be effective in its opposition, must be on the same plane as that on which the power to be counteracted plays*" [*italics mine.*—A. L. C.], and proceeding, as these "troubles and illusions" do, "from the Dark Ones, they can only be neutralized by the White Brothers"!

So then, we find to our amazement that, according to this Hindu letter-writer, those Masters in whom so many of us believe *act on the same plane as "the Dark Ones."* That any appeal to, or call upon, the Higher Self (for that, I presume, is meant by "the self," though it is not even treated to a capital letter) is useless, because it is "powerless" to help. Masters, however, will neutralize *for the disciple*—so I understand the writer—the operations of "the Dark Powers" which so distress and harass him. If this is not good Christian orthodoxy I am at a loss to find another name for it. But enough of this sorry travesty of the true Doctrine of the Heart. We have not so learned Theosophy.

Mrs. Besant is absorbing her new teachings with almost fatal rapidity; witness her reply to Mr. Gladstone in *The Nineteenth Century* for June. Therein can plainly be traced her subtle and misleading interpretation of the idea of sacrifice. She says: "The Law of the world's progress in the whole and the parts is sacrifice, . . . the very Logos is the Self-limited God; . . . such self-limitation and manifestation can only be a supreme act of sacrifice . . ."—and so on, as we have all probably read for ourselves.

It seems sufficiently evident that this blind and almost unintelligent devotion to the idea of pain and self-sacrifice can only proceed from an unbalanced attitude of the soul in the presence of the difficulties and trials which beset the path of the would-be occultist. For if, as we believe, the Mahâtma is he who works in perfect harmony with Nature's laws, he must accept the fact that he cannot give without receiving, for this is the Law; nor could perfect equilibrium be other-

wise preserved. Yet this is precisely what is so completely lost sight of in this new teaching of Mrs. Besant's.

Finally, I must maintain that all this continued harping on self-sacrifice and pain is not only morbid and unhealthy, it is false, because only a partial and one-sided presentment of fact, of Law; that such presentment is contrary alike to common sense and the true science of Life; that it is at variance with the real trend of all theosophical teaching, which is founded on observation of the nature and action of Law, and not on mere emotionalism, of however refined and exalted a nature, and however ably put forward.

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

If we wish to control the forces that are in us we must study them. Mere surface information or theoretical knowledge is not enough; science must go hand in hand with art, theory with practice. The completest intellectual acquaintance with facts is only like being familiar with the tools and rough materials brought together to construct an edifice; it requires higher powers to design, adjust, accomplish. Besides unremitting study, keen observation and practical testing are needed for the task of conquering the animal and liberating the god.

Every kind of knowledge is a help in dealing with these complex forces—whether of their nature, origin, interaction or relation to the Kosmos—for the action of the mind transmutes and absorbs them. When transferred to the rarefied atmosphere of the intellect gross entities cannot breathe; dense matter is soon disintegrated by a high rate of vibration.

The presence of titanic forces acting in and through us in defiance of our will is felt by everyone. Who has not, at some time, been swept away by appetite, passion, emotion, or struggled in vain against sloth and mental torpor? By studying these things we get partly aloof from them, and they become attenuated. It is possible to literally starve them to death by persistently refusing them food; to do this a strong and steady will is necessary. In a little while they grow ravenous and clamor fiercely; they will fling themselves with the desperation of a starving man on the smallest scrap of nourishment we grant them and thus prolong their own existence and our discomfort, for we cannot but feel pain while any part of us is suffering. The fire of knowledge, focussed by concentration, helps to burn up what cannot

be starved out; and still more potent aids are the endeavors to live in the Eternal, and the yearning of the inner man to go out into the Infinite.

To get some preliminary ideas of the constitution of man it is well to regard it in as many different ways as possible. The familiar septenary division might, of course, be treated so as to include all the various points of view, but for clearness it is better to take each one separately. The following are a few of the aspects in which the constitution of man may be regarded:

As the product of three distinct agencies.

As manifesting the six primary forces in Nature.

As connected with the "Celestial Hierarchies."

As pure spirit and its five sheaths.

As related to the Kosmos—the earth chain—the three streams of evolution, etc.

As Atma, and the three vehicles in which Atma can function independently of the rest, *i.e.*, the three vehicles which can be separated by an adept without killing himself. (The seven principles cannot, of course, be so separated.)

Such various standpoints might be multiplied indefinitely, and from the study of each some useful practical hints might be gathered.

The first-mentioned of these different aspects in its baldest presentation is merely a translation of the septenary nomenclature into terms of Spirit, Force and Matter. The greatest possible number of combinations of three things is seven, as algebra shows. Thus we have S, SF, SM, SFM, F, FM, M, representing the seven principles Atma, Buddhi, Manas, Kâma, Prana, Astral Body, Gross Body.

As a general rule, whenever seven entities are mentioned in any connection whatever in Eastern philosophy, we find that these *seven* come into existence from *three* primary entities, which three again are evolved out of *one* single entity or Monad. To take a familiar example: the *seven* colors of the solar ray which are evolved out of the *three* primary colors—yellow, red and blue—are merely the *one* white ray unfolded.

These secondary principles are quite different in their nature from those they spring from. Their union does not correspond either to mechanical juxtaposition or to chemical combination. Consequently no valid inferences as regards the nature of the combinations can be drawn by analogy from the nature of the components. For instance, it does not necessarily follow that if Spirit, Force and Matter correspond to yellow, red and blue respectively, that Buddhi (SF) must be orange, or Manas (SM) green, or the astral body (FM) lilac. Such facts, how-

ever, as that Kâma is Force (Fohat, Shakti, etc.) and that Prana is the only principle uniting all three should be suggestive.

These same three primary causes which bring a human being into existence must be present whenever life is to be evolved. Professor Tyndall demonstrates it thus in his *Germ Theory*. Whenever any of the myriads of protoplasmic germs floating in ether fall into water some form of life will be evolved. The energy which springs into activity at the touch of the germ and the water corresponds to Force; the protoplasm to Matter, and the water, the basis or field in which this takes place, to Spirit.

E. W.

WORDS TO REMEMBER.

[Extracts from Mr. Judge's speech at close of European Convention, 1893.]

"I WOULD like you to reflect for a moment on the history of the Society. Eighteen years ago it was founded, and I am talking to you as one who was present at its foundation. It was begun with a purpose by those who were determined to proceed. But soon the greater portion of those who had entered in its early days left it. These deserters were many of them spiritualists who expected to see a new and more striking form of phenomena, because their mediums had been prophesying wonderful things; spirits were to appear in public in the streets and upon lecture platforms. But when they discovered the real aims and purposes of the movement to be different from their notions, they left it. Yet the Society grew, members increased, work spread, the organization embraced the earth. Now, was this growth due to a constitution and to red tape? No; it was all because of the work of earnest men and women who worked for an ideal. Red tape, and votes, and laws to preserve votes, or to apportion them, are useless for any purpose if they are such as to hamper effort. Bind your soul about with red tape, and like the enwrapped mummy it will be incapable of movement. . . .

"The next point I would like you to consider is that of dogmatism. . . . One has a perfect right to have a settled conviction, to present it forcibly, to sustain it with every argument, without being any the less a good member of the Society. Are we to be flabby because we are members of an unsectarian body, and are we to refuse to have convictions merely because no one in the Society may compel another to agree with him? Surely not. . . .

"Most important of all . . . to be acted upon during the next twelve months, is a deep and living feeling of harmony and brotherhood. A union in name has no force or power. Eighteen years ago

we formed the union, the attempt to create a nucleus of a universal brotherhood, and since then we should have made progress towards realizing what was then but a sound. Such an actual brotherhood is an important fact, its absence a very great obstruction and difficulty.

"Too many have failed to make brotherhood a real thing in their life, leaving it merely as a motto on their shield. Our brotherhood must naturally include men and women of very various characters, each with different views of nature, having personal characteristics which may or may not grate upon others, as the case may be. The first step, then, to take is to accept and tolerate personally all your fellows. In no other way can we begin to approach the realization of the great ideal. The absence of this acceptance of others is a mortal defect. It leads to suspicion, and suspicion ruptures our union. In an assembly where harmony is absent and brotherhood is not, the labors of those assembled are made almost *nil*, for an almost impenetrable cloud rolls out and covers the mental plane of all present. But let harmony return, and then the collective mind of all becomes the property of each, sending down into the minds of everyone a benediction which is full of knowledge."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE T. S. in Europe is not dead, as some appear to think. It lives. At no time, perhaps, were its prospects brighter. The forces that operated to shake the firm fabric of Theosophy to its base have but burst the commonplace. When such forces are at work the true issues are obscured and real things become inverted, like shadows in a stream—broken into strange fantastic lines. Masters do not fail before such shocks.

* * *

Now that the sun has arisen, expelling the last lingering remains of the old troubles, it is not well to recall them. Forward! The future beckons. We work for the future. In New York in 1875 the seed was dropped, which was intended to sprout up and grow till its branches covered the world. Nothing has, so far, succeeded in impeding its growth. To-day, from the same centre, flows the life-stream. Its currents are strong and can be felt. What can withstand it? Nothing. Cheer, brothers! It will go on and on.

* * *

Let us get, then, to our real work. The liberating powers are at work which unbind the Soul in men. We can be instruments, if we will. Let us build, build, build, like Titans, "firm, fast and sure."

* * *

Ah! that meeting at 23, Great Cumberland Place, London, on the evening of July 5th was wonderful. I can't forget it; it was like one grand apocalypse. One was there who furnished the base all through the storm; one was there whose strong hand held it. Such services should not easily be forgotten.

* * *

Since the foundation stone of our new theosophical structure was laid, the building operations have been going on steadfastly and sure. "The building forces are busy as universal-bees. . . . Everywhere the storm-drenched are lifting their heads. . . . I seem to hear the hum of vast energies at work, and the skies are vibrant with the passage of Great Souls." Thus writes a correspondent.

* * *

It seems that a few Branches in America have been converted into a section of the T. S. (Adyar). This list looks something on paper, but it is well not to be deceived by appearances. The most of the Branches mentioned have for a long time been "dead," and three of them are incorrectly given, as they have been chartered under the T. S. in America.

* * *

On the other hand, the T. S. in America is growing rapidly. All the strong workers belong to it, and are working with undiminished zeal in the cause of Theosophy, with a determination to succeed in spreading it everywhere, so that in the coming century it will revolutionize the thought of the whole country.

* * *

Good news from N. S. W. (Australia). Brother Willans writes "that a beautiful start has been made," and that over twenty members have applied for a charter under the T. S. in America.

* * *

The illustrations in this number are due to experiments with the process said to be communicated to the mystic artist William Blake by the spirit of his dead brother. They make no pretensions to elaborate artistic execution; but we hope that, however crude, they may serve to add variety and interest to our pages.

D. N. D.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

A PERIOD of great quiet—almost silence—has followed the eventful "Fourth of July," when out of the stormy vortex of the Fifth Annual Convention of the "European Section" of the Theosophical Society, the Theosophical Society in Europe was born. Free once more, our Child of the Ages has paused awhile to gather its forces and bend anew

to the work. The moment of choice has passed out to the Lodges and Centres; Brixton and Croydon quickly ratified the new Constitution, and Southport soon followed suit, the motion being carried *unm. con.* At Bow the result is not yet reported but is expected to be the same, as also with the H. P. B. Lodge; but at Bristol only three have come under the new *régime*. The first new Lodge to which Dr. Keightley has had the pleasure of granting a charter (no more charter fees, comrades!) is one at Liverpool, named Arjuna.

There has been a busy search for a suitable central office for the T. S. in Europe, and a very convenient first floor front in Great Portland Street has been selected. Negotiations have been entered into with a view to taking it on a short agreement, as a beginning, and it is hoped that they will soon be completed. The position is a capital one, close to Oxford Circus and the Underground Railway. The H. P. B. Lodge will make use of the room for its meetings, classes, etc., and will pay half the rent. It will also be open as a reading-room, library, and dépôt for books and periodicals.

An important piece of work has been the framing of the By-Laws of the T. S. in Europe (England), which are now printed, and will probably be ere this in the hands of members.

Finally, there is a happy thought in fixing the annual general meeting on White Lotus Day, when the members, met together from all parts, will be able to close the day's work with an evening meeting in honour of H. P. B.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

At the meeting on July 17th the action of the delegates was fully and unanimously ratified, including the election of officers to end of present year, as announced in last issue. The Constitution of the T. S. E. and By-Laws for Ireland are now in the hands of all members. Those not present on 17 ult., and others who have not already done so, are requested to send their diplomas at once to the President of the T. S. E. (I.), 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin, so that they may be forwarded in bulk for endorsement by the President of the T. S. R. (William Q. Judge).

The regular weekly public meetings will be resumed on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, at 8 p.m. The subjects for first two evenings are: Sept. 4th, *The Earth and her Children*, G. W. Russell; Sept. 11th, *Karma*, A. W. Dwyer.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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VIII.—(*Continued.*)

2. *When He who was unseen is seen, He disappears.*

Those who come to rely upon appearances (or sounds) of a Master, such as may be experienced by physical or psychic (lower) sense, soon lose touch with His true and real Being, for the cheating powers gladly rush in to deceive that person. Are we not warned against *lingering* in the Hall of Learning? All must pass there, but should not "*linger*" (see *Voice of the Silence*). The noëtic is one mode of atomic action, from within outward. The psychic is another, from circumference to centre. The atom must have both inbreathing and outbreathing. It should inbreathe—from circumference to centre—only from the spiritual world; "the breaths" are drawn from that world; it is the world of the highest energies or force, and not, as some think, the world of religious sentiment. It is not by means of religious emotion that Brahman formed the worlds. It was by Yoga concentration—or intensified vibration.

The atom, drawing in its breath from the spiritual, should breathe out into the world of form. It should take from the spiritual and give to the psychic, which animates or informs the physical. The reverse is what most frequently takes place. We take from the (lower) psychic world instead of giving to it.

The terms "psychic" and "astral" are too loosely used. They have become terms of reproof and of offence. There is the higher and lower psychic, the higher and lower astral. The pure psychical plane is that of the pure ether. A nervous body formed of such pure ether is a necessary vehicle. The pure astral is the plane of the highest starry influences. Beyond these is the spiritual, the innermost. Let us discriminate and avoid offence. We shall thus avoid (to some extent) ignorance, which is only inoffensive to itself. The psychic is no

proof, but it is an indication: when purified it is a vehicle of the Nous, the noëtic. Those who know the noëtic action will not harshly judge the psychic plane, however they may warn.

When the Master Himself uses such forms as His temporary vehicles or modes, reaching a man by the only avenue as yet opened by that man, He trains the disciple to the use of the "spiritual quality," and the disciple is soon beyond the need and reach of form and sound manifestations, in the usual acceptance of "sound" and "form." In other words, the disciple is helped to enter that condition which is the One Master, Alaya's Self. It is described in:

3. *The spiritual Presences enter into the Unity.*

These Presences are Atma-Buddhi-Manas. Gathered into the Unity, coördinate and one, they are the Higher Self. "The Higher Self is a state, a breath, not a body or form," wrote the Master. It is a state of Universal Consciousness. "The Higher Self of one is that of all." It is far above sense registration. Its first indication is "a sense of freedom"; this is not one of the five physical senses; it is a consciousness of freedom. In the Unity, these Presences do not know one another, *i.e.*, as separate one from another, but they are the One Self.

4. *In the Darkness (and Silence) there is no knowledge . . .*

That is, no knowledge of external manifestation, or of anything external to the Self. Knowledge implies a knower and a thing known, two distinct and separate things or states of Consciousness.

. . . but Being, which is all, is fulfilled.

In pure Being the states above named become one; there is only the One Self. Along this path is led the true disciple. He is not misled by the senses or sense appearances in super-sensuous matter. Behmen said, as did Paracelsus, that the spiritual sense was one, it was Sensation, pure and simple. That is to say, Consciousness of the spiritual Breath. In the next stage that Consciousness of the Breath as external to ourselves, or separate, passes away; the Consciousness and the Breath are one, are pure Being. The Breath is the spiritual energy in Spirit-Substance. This is the path of the true disciple; he becomes that path himself.

If we talk of appearances which are satisfying to the physiological standards, we fall into a trap.

There are sentences quoted from letters of Masters which seem to give point to an opposite view. It should be borne in mind that these referred to chelâs in training under supervision, and also that they are to be taken, often, in a spiritual sense. "Form an image of the Master in your heart as a focus of will-power." This does not mean that you

shall make in your mind a little picture of a Master's physical body and try to drag it into your physical heart by an effort of the imagination. It means that you should dwell in thought upon the great qualities of the real Master, the perfected Being (not his house, or form, which he uses) and do this until your imagination warms to the sublime conception of absolute justice and wisdom, and the heart (the inner heart) kindles and emits its energies; the divine conception, immaculate, invokes the Soul; it arises in majesty and goes forth to find its own.

To take in a literal sense the directions given to disciples living under conditions quite different from our own is to make a grave mistake. We live where gross magnetisms, lower psychic action and low grade emissions of nervous ether make up picture-forms which will vibrate into objectivity under the play of currents corresponding in grade wherever and however such currents arise. Therefore let us arise and go unto the Master *within*, the Father of Lights, in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.

5. *Man, the lowest immortal.*

That is to say, the lower quaternary. It is only immortal when Lower Manas is transmuted. The three aspects are not immortal. Lower Manas, identical in essence with the Higher Manas, is alone immortal of the lower quaternary. Before it can find the true Master, it must lose all preconceptions of Him as aught of sound and form. Abandon form and sense. Look for the first traces of the Master in the purified thoughts of the lowest immortal. Thus the false conception may be absorbed and the real Presence found.

6. *He has objectivized his Karma.*

The Karma, or action and reaction of the less evolved atoms in his sphere, cause the living pictures he has impressed upon these atoms to become visible, and the more he depends upon them and their false voices the more he puts aside all opportunity for communion with the Master "*after a higher fashion.*" He grasps at the form and loses the touch of the spirit.

7. *The ignorant disciple says, "It is I myself."*

When the first promptings of the Master Self are felt in the mind, the disciple does not recognize them to be such. He should know that all which is universal partakes of that higher Consciousness which is the same to all who reach it, though each attains after his own fashion. Trance is not that state. Trance, as the term is generally understood, has nothing in common with that state. All lower, personal tendencies of mind must be uplifted and enlightened before man can himself become the path on which is found that Master who is never (really)

found until all sense preconceptions of Him have been utterly merged and lost. When they are indeed lost, then Buddhi (centre) becomes action and the *one Flame* arises. But also it must be *pure as before the beginnings of Worlds*, that is, forms or bodies; pure as before differentiation into crystallized form. It can only be thus pure in the absolutely pure mind. In occultism, "pure" means wholly free from sense of self, from the concept of the false self as being the real. The beginner is adjured to leave every sin behind before he sets his foot upon the lowest rung of the mystic ladder (of the spinal cord).

8. *This thou shalt never know; thou art It.*

The disciple can never know that Flame, for in knowledge is duality. In Being there is unity. When we are the Self, consciously, we cease to observe or to know it as a separate object or state, for we are the One Self.

Now when he is seen to shine with "Great Glory," the Companions rejoice. But when "Divine Dark" enfolds him, that highest they have not seen, save as they have become That.

Not knowing, thou shalt deem it ever possible. Salute in every man this divine possibility. But in thyself await it not, but create it.

Create the Uncreate by awakening "Great Glory." Upon that follows the Darkness, the Not-to-be-named, the Unknowable.

For Knowledge cannot contain Being. Can the drop contain the well-spring?

Can man, the spark, know the Flame? Not so, yet all men are That.

May the Flames, the devourers of the gross, arise! May they purify our lowest immortal ones! May we become wise! May we see as we are seen! May the Aum resound!

JASPER NIEMAND.

AN OLD STORY.

A MAN journeyed in the night. And there came out unto him a soul that gazed into his soul, and said, "Who art thou?" And he answered: "I whom thou seest am the soul."

And later there crawled unto him a strange beast that peered into his flesh, and said, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "I whom thou seest am the body."

And the strange beast said, "Behold he has lied!" But the man went on his way in peace.

C.-Y.-T.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

NOTE.—The following translation of the passage in *Matthew*, from iv. 23 to vii. 27, is not a paraphrase but an attempt at a more literal rendering than the received version done from the Latin *Vulgate* and “diligently compared with the original Greek.” Waiving the fact that the Greek text is acknowledged to be not an original but a translation from a lost manuscript, supposed to be in Syro-Chaldee, the diligence of the learned translators and revisers failed to compensate for their absolute ignorance of all psychic things, not to speak of things spiritual and magical. They have made woeful havoc of the mystical terms employed; all their work is vitiated, even to the extent of *suppressio veri*, by their pious desire to disassociate what they believed to be the unique literary productions of Deity from all pagan sources. As said with unconscious honesty by the lexicographer Parkhurst, when apologizing for the very unclassical Greek of the New Testament: “Let us suppose, that a person whose native language was *Greek*, and who had read some of the best *Greek* authors, but was entirely ignorant of the *eastern* tongues, had met with some or all of the sacred books of the New Testament soon after their publication; the *principal* difficulty, I apprehend, which one thus qualified would have found in understanding their *style*, would have arisen not from the *oriental* idioms occurring therein . . . but from the peculiar senses in which they apply *single words*; as, for instance, *pistis* for *faith*, or *believing in God*; *dikaïosunē* for *imputed righteousness*; *ktisis* for *creation*, or *production from nothing*; and it will be necessary to observe, that in delivering that precious doctrine which was *to the Greeks* *foolishness*, it was absolutely impossible for the sacred writers to express themselves at all, concerning the *most essential points*, unless they had either coined new words, or used such old ones as they already found in a *new sense*. . . . The writers, therefore, of the New Testament, or rather (with reverence be it spoken!) the Holy Spirit whose penmen they were,” etc. Thanking quaint old Parkhurst for the candor of his admissions and the delicacy of his humor in reducing the Deity, fresh from his successful feat of “production from nothing,” to the necessity of using old words in a new sense in the very book where he advises against putting new wine into old bottles, we still prefer to ignore these “peculiar new senses” and return as nearly as possible to the old ones. For, purified from the theological atmosphere which now envelops them, an aura of untold mustiness and of stuffiness unutterable, and with the technical meanings restored to the mystical ter-

minology, pagan in origin, which is consistently employed in them, the books of the New Testament, and preëminently the four Gospels, stand unrivalled in religious literature, only a few other scriptures being comparable to them for depth of occult meaning, breadth of moral teaching, height of spiritual exaltation, or *plerōma* of tenderness and compassion.



AND Iēsous went about all Galilaia, teaching in their assemblies, and openly making known the good magic* of the Realm, and healing every disease and weakness among the people. And the rumor of him went abroad into all Syria; and they brought to him all who were ill, being afflicted with various diseases and torments, and obsessed by evil spirits, and moon-stricken, and paralyzed, and he healed them. And large crowds followed him from Galilaia, and Dekapolis, and Ierusalēm, and Ioudaia, and beyond the Iordanos. But when he saw the crowds, he went up into the mountain;† and when he was seated his pupils came to him, and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Immortal‡ are the votaries of the Breath:§ because theirs is the

* Gr. *evangelion*, of which "good tidings" is an inadequate rendering; it is a magical message, precisely as the *angeloi* are magical messengers—ethereal beings of every degree, from the high Gods down to mere magnetic breaths. The "Evangel of the Realm" (*basileia*) is the instruction concerning the "single eye" and its awakening through the action of the Holy Breath (*pneuma*) or electric Fire—the "Fiery Power" and "World-Mother" of *The Voice of the Silence*. The Breath is the "Intercessor with the Father" (*paraklētos*, mistranslated "Comforter" in the authorized version).

† According to *Luke*, vi. 17, the sermon was delivered on a plain, after Iēsous had come down from the mountain. "Mountains" are the usual glyphs for force-centres in the aura of man, and the psychic and spiritual states of exaltation to which they correspond.

‡ Gr. *makarios*, free from fate or death, emancipated, immortal. The *makarōn nēsoi*, "Isles of the Immortals"—the Gods and deified dead—were golden islands floating in the blue ocean at the extreme West; and there the blest dwelt in "a tearless eternity." The pagans apotheosized their heroes, the R. C. Church canonizes its saints; and the first step towards canonization is the beatification or public declaration that the individual is received into heaven (whether the western heaven of sunset skies or not, Jehovah alone knows) and should be revered as one of the blest. The *makarioi* are the souls freed from the bondage of rebirth.

§ Gr. *pneuma*, wind, air or breath, a female principle, the daughter of the Logos, and mother of the world. It is sevenfold, as given in *Rev.*, v. 6-14: "In the midst of the Throne [chair of initiation] and of the Four Beings, and in the midst of the Ancients, stood a Lamb [Neophyte] as though it had been sacrificed [initiated], having seven horns [or, "wing-like appearances"—auric radiations] and seven eyes

Realm of the Over-world.*

Immortal are they who mourn: because they shall be interceded for.†

Immortal are the tranquil ones:‡ because they shall inherit the earth.

Immortal are they who hunger and thirst after right conduct:§ because they shall be provided for.

Immortal are the compassionate: because they shall receive compassion.||

[the seven centres of the Breath], which are the Seven Breaths of the Heavenly One (*theos*) sent forth into all the earth [psychic world]. . . . And I heard the voice of many messengers [*angeloi*] . . . thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was sacrificed, to receive force and wealth and wisdom and power and majesty and radiance and good-will.' And every created thing which is in the sky and on the earth, and under the earth, and those that are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying: 'Unto him who sits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, good-will and majesty and radiance and victory throughout the life-cycles within the life-cycles!' And the Four Beings said 'Amén.'"

And these are the magnificent magical writings which for centuries have been monopolized and misread by pretentious theologians, who should all have said, as did the disciples at Ephesus when Paulus asked them if they had received the Holy Breath, "We have not so much as heard whether there *is* any Holy Breath" (*Acts*, xix. 2).

The above initiation scene from *Revelation* may be paralleled with the one which concludes *The Voice of the Silence*: "In songs of praise both heaven and earth unite. And from the fourfold manifested Powers a chant of love ariseth. . . . From the deep unfathomable vortex of that golden light in which the Victor bathes, all Nature's wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth," etc.

* Gr. *ouranoi*, skies, considered to be the abode of ethereal beings and Gods. Symbolically, the different states or strata of the earth's aura. In the singular, *ouranos*, visible space, the vault of the sky; the conception appears to be that of a hollow globe ensphering the earth and constituting a world for the Gods, who move upon its surface as men do upon earth. As a God, Ouranos is the husband of Gaia, the Earth; the two symbolizing respectively the spiritual (sidereal) and psychic aspects of the earth's aura—the sphere of star-stuff surrounding it, the astral (starry) light. They who, by the evocation of the Breath or Fiery Power awaken the "single eye" attain to this sidereal world.

† When the soul, after ages of immersion in matter, out of world-weariness longs for its primal home, then the Holy Breath becomes its Intercessor (*Paracletos*) with its Father, or real Self, who "has naught to do with the purgations of matter."

‡ Or, "dispassionate ones." Inner tranquility or quiet gives vision of the higher psychic regions.

§ Gr. *dikaio sunē*, the practice of rectitude; the perfect performance of duty which leads to illumination. To aspiration for guidance in life, the soul itself gives answer.

|| Compassion being the purest manifestation of the World-Soul.

Immortal are the pure in heart:* because they shall see the Holy One.†

Immortal are the peace-makers:‡ because they shall be called the Sons of the Holy One.

Immortal are they who have been exiled for the sake of right conduct: because theirs is the Realm of the Over-world.§

Immortal are you when they shall upbraid you, and exile you,|| and utter every hateful expression against you falsely for *my* sake. Rejoice and exult: because your recompense is great in the Over-world; for in this way they exiled the soul-inspired ones¶ who were before you. *You* are the salt of the earth.** But if the salt becomes tasteless, with what shall it be salted? It is good for nothing any more but to be thrown out and be trampled on by men. *You* are the light of the world.†† A town lying on the mountains cannot be concealed.‡‡ Neither do they burn a lamp and put it under the measure,§§ but in the lampstand, and it gives light for all who are in the house. In the same way let *your* light shine in front of men, that they may see your good [magical] operations,||| and add radiance to your Father who is in the Over-world.

* By all ancient peoples the heart was regarded as the seat of the soul. Purity of soul brings the vision of the Master or real Self.

† Gr. *theos*, "a name reclaimed from the Heathen, and used by the writers of the N. T. for the *true God*," says Parkhurst. On the contrary, it is certain that the writers of the N. T. used the word in its glorious pagan sense, and could have known nothing, except by clairvoyant prevision, of the "true God" which a night-marish theology of later times created after its own image. *Theos* conveyed no such conceptions as *God*, and it is to be feared that the latter word is past reclaim.

‡ Those who attain to "that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons" (*Light on the Path*).

§ Referring to the highest of the men-immortals, those souls who, though having reached emancipation from the bondage of rebirth, voluntarily incarnate as teachers. This properly ends the series of nine classes of Immortals, the last possessing, like the first, "the Realm of the Over-world," or divine seership.

|| This paragraph is simply in antithesis to the last, as the self-exiles are usually slandered and exiled by the mob of profane mankind whom they are trying to aid.

¶ Gr. *prophêlēs*, one who interprets, or declares, the will of the Gods.

** The stable and pure souls of the psychic world.

†† Embodied souls.

‡‡ A sacred city among the ancients was usually built upon a mountain or hill, natural or artificial, a crypt or underground chamber beneath the temple being used for the sacred rites.

§§ *Luke*, xi. 33, reads "in a crypt," or cellar.

||| Gr. *ergon*, a work, or operation; a word technically applied to the dramatic performance of the ritual, by the *leitourgos* or priest; or the display of phenomena by the *theourgos*, magician, or *thaumatourgos*, marvel-maker.

Do not suppose that I am come to abolish the ritual or the soul-inspired. I am not come to abolish but to make complete. Amēn,* for I say to you, Till the Firmament and the Earth pass away, not one letter *i* or one accent shall pass away from the ritual, until all things come into being. Whosoever, therefore, shall relax the most insignificant of these injunctions, and teach men so, shall receive a small name in the Realm of the Over-world; but whosoever shall fulfil, and so teach, shall receive a great name in the Realm of the Over-world. For I say to you, Unless *your* right conduct much excels that of the Transcribers of the Ritual and the Pharisees, you surely shall not enter into the Realm of the Over-world.

You have heard that it was said to the people of old:

“You should do no murder;

“And whosoever shall do murder shall be liable to condemnation” [*Ex.*, xx. 13; *Deut.*, xvi. 18].

But *I* say unto *you*, every man who rashly becomes angry with his brother shall be liable to condemnation; and whosoever shall say to his brother “Dolt,”† shall be liable to the High Council; and whosoever shall say “You soulless being,”‡ shall be liable to the Burning Valley of Fire.§ If, therefore, *you*|| offer *your* gift upon the altar, and there remember that *your* brother has anything against *you*, leave there *your* gift before the altar, and go, first be reconciled with *your* brother, and then come and offer *your* gift.¶ Be of kindly disposition towards *your* opponent promptly, until *you* are on the path with him, lest perhaps

* The Greek *Amēn* is an exact equivalent for the *Aum* or *Om*, and has no such meaning as “verily” or “so be it.” It is the mystic “Name” of Christos, the word used in evoking the Holy Breath. “These things saith the Amēn, the Witness wise and real, the First of the Foundation (*klisis*) of the Holy One (*theos*)” (*Rev.* iii. 14).

† *Raka*, a contemptuous expression; its precise meaning is unknown, or from what language it is derived.

‡ Gr. *mōros*, tasteless, insipid, mad; an evident reference to the preceding passage, “if the salt becomes tasteless,” where the verb is a derivative of *mōros*.

§ Gr. *gehenna*, after Heb. *gey hinnom*, Valley of Hinnom, which was devoted to crematorial purposes. It is the opposite of Paradise, and symbolizes the animal passions in man.

|| The singular pronoun is here distinguished from the plural by a point preceding it.

¶ Freedom from all uncharitable and impure thoughts is imperative before beginning the mystic meditation, else will the Fire, instead of rising to Paradise (the occult brain centres), strike downward into the centres of animal passions—an actual “hell” a trifle worse than the fanciful one of the orthodox. Similarly, a group of students who are not in perfect harmony while studying will only arouse the impure and malignant forces of the animal soul.

the opponent deliver you up to the judge, and the judge deliver you up to the officer, and you be cast into prison.* Amên, I say to you, You shall not come out thence until you have paid the very last farthing.

You have heard that it was said :

“You should not commit adultery” [*Ex.* xx. 14].

But *I* say unto you: Every one who looks at a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery with her in his heart. Now, if your right eye ensnare you, pluck it out and cast it from you: for it is an advantage to you that one of your members perish, and not your whole body be cast into the Burning Valley. And if your right hand ensnare you, cut it off and cast it from you: for it is an advantage to you that one of your members perish, and not your whole body be cast into the Burning Valley.†

But it was said :

“Whosoever puts away his wife,

“Let him give her a divorce” [*Deut.*, xxiv. 1, 3].

But *I* say unto you: Every one who puts away his wife, except for the cause of harlotry, makes her commit adultery; and he who marries one who is put away commits adultery.

Again, you have heard that it was said to the people of old :

“You should not forswear yourself,

“But should pay unto the Master your oaths” [*Ex.* xx. 7; *Lev.* xix. 12].

But *I* say unto you: Do not confirm by an oath at all; neither by the Firmament, for it is the throne of the Heavenly One [*Isa.*, lxvi. 1]; nor by the Earth, for it is his footstool [*Isa.*, lxvi. 1]; nor by Ierusalēm, for it is the city of the great Ruler‡ [*Ps.*, xlviii. 2]; neither swear you by your head, for you can not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be Yes, yes; No, no; for that which is more than these is useless.§

You have heard that it was said :

“An eye for an eye,

“And a tooth for a tooth” [*Ex.*, xxi. 24].

* The “prison” is simply the physical body, which the offending soul will be compelled to inform.

† Referring to soul-death; the terms “right eye” and “right hand” having each a special mystic sense.

‡ The hierophant of the national mysteries.

§ Or, “from the left-hand path.” Gr. *ponēros*, useless, depraved; a term applied to the profane, and to those who practise the magic arts, or sorcerers; as opposed to *chrēstos*, noble, worthy, bestowed upon the neophyte.

But *I* say unto *you*: Resist not the useless; but whosoever shall strike you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also: and him who would sue you at law and take your frock, let him have your cloak also: and whosoever shall press you into service for one mile, go with him two. To him who begs of you, give; and from him who would borrow of you, turn not away.

You have heard that it was said:

“You should love your neighbor,

“And hate your enemy” [*Lev.*, xix. 17, 18].

But *I* say unto *you*: Love your enemies, and speak well of those who call down curses upon you; do rightly by those who hate you; offer prayers for those who abusively threaten and pursue you: that you may become sons of your Father in the Over-world, for he causes his sun to rise on the useless and the good, and sends rain upon the just and the unjust. For if you shall love those who love you, what recompense have you? Do not even the tax-collectors do that? And if you shall welcome your brothers only, what do you more (than others)? Do not even the multitude do the same? You, therefore, shall be perfect,* even as your Father in the Over-world is perfect.

Take heed that you perform not your charities before men, so as to be seen by them, else you have no recompense in presence of your Father who is in the Over-world. When, therefore, you perform charities, do not sound the trumpet before you, as the interpreters† do in the places of assembly and in the streets, that they may be glorified by men. Amēn, I say unto you, They fully have their recompense. But when you perform charities, let not your left hand know what your right hand is doing, that your charities may be in the occult; and your Father who sees in the occult shall repay you in the manifested.

And when you offer prayers, you shall not be as the interpreters; for they love to pray, standing in the places of assembly and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men. Amēn, I say to

* That is, *universal*, accepting all men, rejecting none. The Perfect (*teleioi*) are the Initiates, those who have reached the perfecting period (*telos*) or unity with the Father. Thus Paulus says: “We talk wisdom among the Perfect, yet not a wisdom of this present time nor of the Archons [occult teachers] of this present time, who are becoming of no account; but we talk wisdom divine, in a Mystery arcane” (I *Cor.*, ii. 6, 7). Or as said by the Christos in an invocation to the Father: “The Radiance (*doxa*) which thou hast given to me I have given to them, that they may be one, even as we are one, I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made Perfect in one” (*John*, xvii. 23).

† Gr. *hypokritai*, “those who explain,” as actors; diviners, who professed to interpret dreams and omens.

you, They fully have their recompense. But when *you* offer prayers, enter into your treasure-vault,* and when you have closed the door pray to your Father who is in the occult, and your Father who is in the occult shall repay you in the manifested.

But when offering prayers do not jabber, like the foreigners; for they think that they will be understood because of their volubleness. Do not be likened to them: for your Father understands your need before you have asked him. Thus, then, *you* should pray:

Our Father who art in the Over-world, thy Name be intoned,† thy Realm‡ return, thy Will§ arise.

As in the Firmament, so on the Earth.||

*That Bread of the coming day¶ give us to-day; and free us from our obligations, as we also have freed those under obligation to us; and bring us not to the test, but deliver us from uselessness.***

For thine is the Realm, the Force and the Radiancy,†† throughout the Life-cycles. Amēn!

For if you forgive men their mistakes, your Father in the Over-world will also forgive *you*; but if you do not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive *your* mistakes.

ARETAS.

(To be concluded.)

* Gr. *lamicion*, treasure-house, store-room, cellar or subterranean vault for concealing valuables; here used symbolically for the auric sphere or treasury of all the soul's experiences, into which the aspirant should withdraw and "close the door"—that is, insulate himself magnetically—before evoking the Breath, or Fiery Power.

† Or, "chanted." The Name is the Amēn, or word of evocation.

‡ Divine seership.

§ The self-creative power of the *monogenēs*, the one "born from one (parent)," that is, born from himself as his own Father.

|| The psychic nature has become pure like the spiritual.

¶ Gr. *epiousion*, a coined word found nowhere except in this prayer; it clearly does not mean "daily," but evidently "which is coming" or "of the future." The Bread is the "Bread of Life," of which the Christos says: "I am that Living Bread that came down out of the Firmament. If anyone eats of this bread he shall live throughout the Life-cycle (*aion*)" (*John*, vi. 51).

** All the conditions and incidents of earth-life, for each incarnate man, being regulated for him by his own soul or mystic "Father" as a training through which he may rise from the uselessness of a mere "image" (*eidōlon*) to be a Master-builder in spatial life.

†† Gr. *doxa*, shining; the auric body of the Self-born.

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—II.

THE ROBIN OF THE KING.

His candle shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness.—*Job*, xxix. 3.

ON the bird of air blue-breasted
 glint the rays of gold,
 And a shadowy fleece above us
 waves the forest old,
 Far through rumorous leagues of midnight
 stirred by breezes warm.
 See the old ascetic yonder,
 Ah, poor withered form !
 Where he crouches wrinkled over
 by unnumbered years
 Through the leaves the flakes of moonfire
 fall like phantom tears.
 At the dawn a kingly hunter
 passed in proud disdain,
 Like a rainbow-torrent scattered
 flashed his royal train.
 Now the lonely one unheeded
 seeks earth's caverns dim,
 Never king or prince will robe them
 radiantly as him.
 Mid the deep enfolding darkness,
 follow him, oh seer,
 While the arrow will is piercing
 fiery sphere on sphere.
 Through the blackness leaps and sparkles
 gold and amethyst,
 Curling, jetting and dissolving
 in a rainbow mist.
 In the jewel glow and lunar
 radiance rises there
 One, a morning star in beauty,
 young, immortal, fair.



Sealed in heavy sleep, the spirit
leaves its faded dress,
Unto fiery youth returning
out of weariness.
Music as for one departing,
joy as for a king,
Sound and swell, and hark! above him
cymbals triumphing.
Fire an aureole encircling
suns his brow with gold
Like to one who hails the morning
on the mountains old.
Open mightier vistas changing
human loves to scorns,
And the spears of glory pierce him
like a Crown of Thorns.
As the sparry rays dilating
o'er his forehead climb
Once again he knows the Dragon
Wisdom of the prime.
High and yet more high to freedom
as a bird he springs,
And the aureole outbreathing,
gold and silver wings
Plume the brow and crown the seraph.
Soon his journey done
He will pass our eyes that follow,
sped beyond the sun.
None may know the darker radiance,
King, will there be thine,
Rapt above the Light and hidden
in the Dark Divine.

Æ.

THE SIXTH SENSE AND THE SEVENTH, WHICH IS NON-SENSE.

THE big Joke vibrated in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. *From an Ogham Inscription.*



GRUESOME experiences have I had in the astral regions. Many of these I have written out for theosophical magazines under the title, "A Chelâ's Dreams"; and some have even been published during the temporary absence of the editor, or of his fifth principle. But they were all elaborated by me in the astral sub-state of my waking consciousness. Until the last few min I was yet a neophyte of the pin-feather degree, and incapable of coping successfully with elemental and mental forces. Somewhat to my surprise, however, I *have* had a dream: it was that I heard a big goose cackling as it laid an egg, which fell from a height of four planes upon my head. It produced a protuberance on my caput and awakened a chakram which reaches from ear to ear, and which I have not discovered in any of the Hindu diagrams. Then it was that for the first time I went out into the astral, boldly and bodily. Hence this experience is genuine, which accounts for its not hanging together very well. Neither did my astral body, which did not go out simultaneously, so to speak, but proceeded by detachments.

Now, as every anxious enquirer knows, there are six directions of Space, leading to various places, and a synthesizing seventh, which leads nowhere. I struck the latter track, my mind following its natural bent. Somehow I felt at home there—as if at last I had found my own ray, and would be appreciated.

Absolute and vacuous darkness gloomed before me. Written on that darkness, in letters darker than the darkness itself, were these words, which I read:

Hear the Doctrine of the Liver:
Blest are they who agonize;

Tight boots rub out much bad karma;
 Toothache leads thee to the skies:
 On thy tramped-on corns, lugubrious,
 Thou shalt rise to greater pain.
 Know that every burst of laughter
 Goes against thy Manas' grain.
 Humor is the blackest magic;
 Dugpas *always* love a pun:
 Jokers' feet take hold of Hades;
 Hell is paved with *Punch* and *Fun*.

Cheerfulness is not for those who
 Tread with stocking'd feet the car-
 Pet-tacked path of self-inflicted
 Needless rows that jolt and jar.
 Small discomforts, channel crossings,
 Indurate thy budding mind,
 Till at length thou welcomest gladly
 All the woes that vex mankind.
 Other planes will then awaken;
 Macrocosmic tears must pour,
 Ere thy hand can grasp the knocker
 On the Cosmic Nightmare's door.
 When thou near'st the Cosmic Nightmare,
 Where no laughter comes elate,
 Put thy head beneath the knocker,
 Beat thy brains out on the plate;
 Empty-headed then returning,
 Write of Chelâ's dreams, and things,
 Sagely talk of metaphysics,
 Get thy moulting astral wings;
 Be a Charon unto others,
 Guide their bogies o'er the river,
 Introduce them to the knocker:
 Preach the Doctrine of the Liver.

A. STRAL.



REVIEW.

A MODERN PANARION.

THE sub-title, "A Collection of Fugitive Fragments," from the pen of H. P. Blavatsky, indicates the nature of the contents. They are mainly reprints of the ephemeral journalistic warfare carried on in the early days of the T. S. against spiritualism, and many of them seem hardly worth including in this bulky volume. Almost everything of value in them has been amplified and better stated in her other books. We look forward with more interest to the next volume, which we hope will include the magnificent articles contributed to *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*. Some of these have been already issued in a most convenient form by the New England Theosophical Corporation, Boston. We recommend their admirably printed little books to everyone.

BY THE WAY.

WITH this issue we complete another volume. When we started three years ago I saw before me what I conceived to be an ideal theosophical monthly. Experience revealed the difficulties in the way of its realization, but now that they have been in a large measure overcome it is needless to enumerate them. With such contributors as J. N., C.-Y.-T., Aretas, C. J., Æ. and others, it becomes possible to produce a magazine which will be a living force in our movement, and be in every way worthy of support.

* * *

"Give me seven mystics in earnest," said one not long ago, "and we will evoke the ancient spirit; we will bring back the old magic; the fires will burst forth and illuminate the land. These things we have spoken of, and of which we have written in our books, will no longer be mere metaphysical abstractions; they will be actual realities." And as we adventure afresh, as Æ. puts it, I think this is a note worth considering. We must speak and write more from the depths of our being, not afraid to open our hearts to one another as we go along the way. Do not let us be over-anxious to follow entirely the old methods; let us follow the bent of our souls more. Grooves, whether of thought or action, hamper and bind us; we must strike out boldly, daringly, realizing fully the importance of our work. If we enter our work in this spirit, we will do it better. Its influence will be far-reaching and effectual. It will go forth and touch the same centre in others, as that

from which it received the initial impulse. Only thus, it seems to me, will Theosophy be made a *living* power.

* * *

It is a fitting time to discuss methods of work. I will be glad if those who have experience in different branches of work, or those who have ideas upon the development of new methods, will write me. I could then publish one or two articles on the subject for the benefit of all Branches and Centres. I hope some of our American brothers will respond with their ideas. The first article will appear next month, by Mrs. Keightley.

* * *

The mystic fire played an important part in the philosophy of the ancient Theosophists. They regarded it as "the soul of the world." To them it was the emblem of the Deity. This is how one of them describes it: "Our fire is equable, it is continual; it does not evaporate; it is not taken from matter; it destroys all, it dissolves, it congeals, it calcines all. It is humid, vaporous, analyzing, penetrating, subtle, ethereal, gentle, unconsuming, uninflaming, surrounding all, containing all, and absolutely unique. It is also the fountain of living water, in which the king and queen of nature continually bathe themselves. It is at once hot, dry, moist and cold, and neither burns nor inflames."

* * *

I have occasionally heard visitors at theosophical meetings make strange comments, when speakers used Sanskrit terms too frequently. Burton, in one of his "Indian Tales," tells how the minds of people were changed on hearing a donkey speak Sanskrit, and how they confessed that, although he had an asinine form, he was unquestionably the son of Indra, for it was never known that an ass could speak Sanskrit. The application of the tale may be left to readers. I think, however, that it is wise, as far as possible, to confine our exposition of Theosophy to the English language, in public meetings particularly.

D. N. D.

T. S. NEWS AND NOTES

BOW LODGE, T. S. E. (E.).—In many respects the activity of this Lodge is really remarkable. Its members have a printing press, and run a monthly magazine for circulating in their district. A special series of articles have been contributed by its members to a local paper, by special invitation of the editor. Increased activity in every direction is reported, and five new members have lately been added to its roll. More power, "Bow."

Brother Crooke of Southport Branch, T. S. E. (E.), has issued a circular to clubs, literary societies, etc., intimating that a "small body of students" are desirous of meeting their members to exchange ideas, and discuss subjects of mutual interest. This is an idea that might be adopted by others with advantage. New fields of work have constantly to be opened up, and a wide general interest aroused.

Brother C. J. Ryan, Cambridge House, Ventnor, I. W., writes that fresh interest is being taken in Theosophy in his neighbourhood. Meetings for enquirers have been held with good results. Theosophists who can pay him a visit will be heartily welcomed, and good use made of their services.

A letter has been received from Brother Willans of Sydney, N. S. W., on behalf of twenty-three members there, and two Centres in N. Z., setting out in detail the methods that were adopted to obtain the vote and influence of the Australian Section in favor of Mrs. Besant's action in the "Case against W. Q. Judge." It is unnecessary at this stage to go into these matters. It is satisfactory to know that there is a devoted group of workers in Australia and N. Z. who have, through all, remained loyal to Mr. Judge, and who have upheld the principles of Theosophy. Having taken a definite stand, and organized accordingly, they can proceed uninterruptedly with the work they have at heart.

With reference to Mrs. Besant's statement at the "European Section" Convention, that she had "brought no charges of any kind against Colonel Olcott," Bro. E. A. Neresheimer of New York writes, "that in case some confusion should exist in the minds of those not acquainted with the facts," he thinks it right to state that Mrs. Besant went to the U. S. early in 1892 expressly for the purpose of bringing accusations against Colonel Olcott, and that upon the strength of those accusations a formal Olcott case was laid to rest. He also states that the account given by Mr. Judge in his reply is correct.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

The following are the subjects for the Wednesday evening meetings during ensuing month: Sep. 18th, *The Occultism of the Ancient Irish*, P. E. Jordan; 25th, *The Perfectibility of Man*, D. N. Dunlop; Oct. 2nd, *Death*; 9th, *The Solitude of Earthly Life*, Jas. M. Pryse.

The Monday evening meetings at 8.30, for study of *The Secret Doctrine*, are continued as usual.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

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